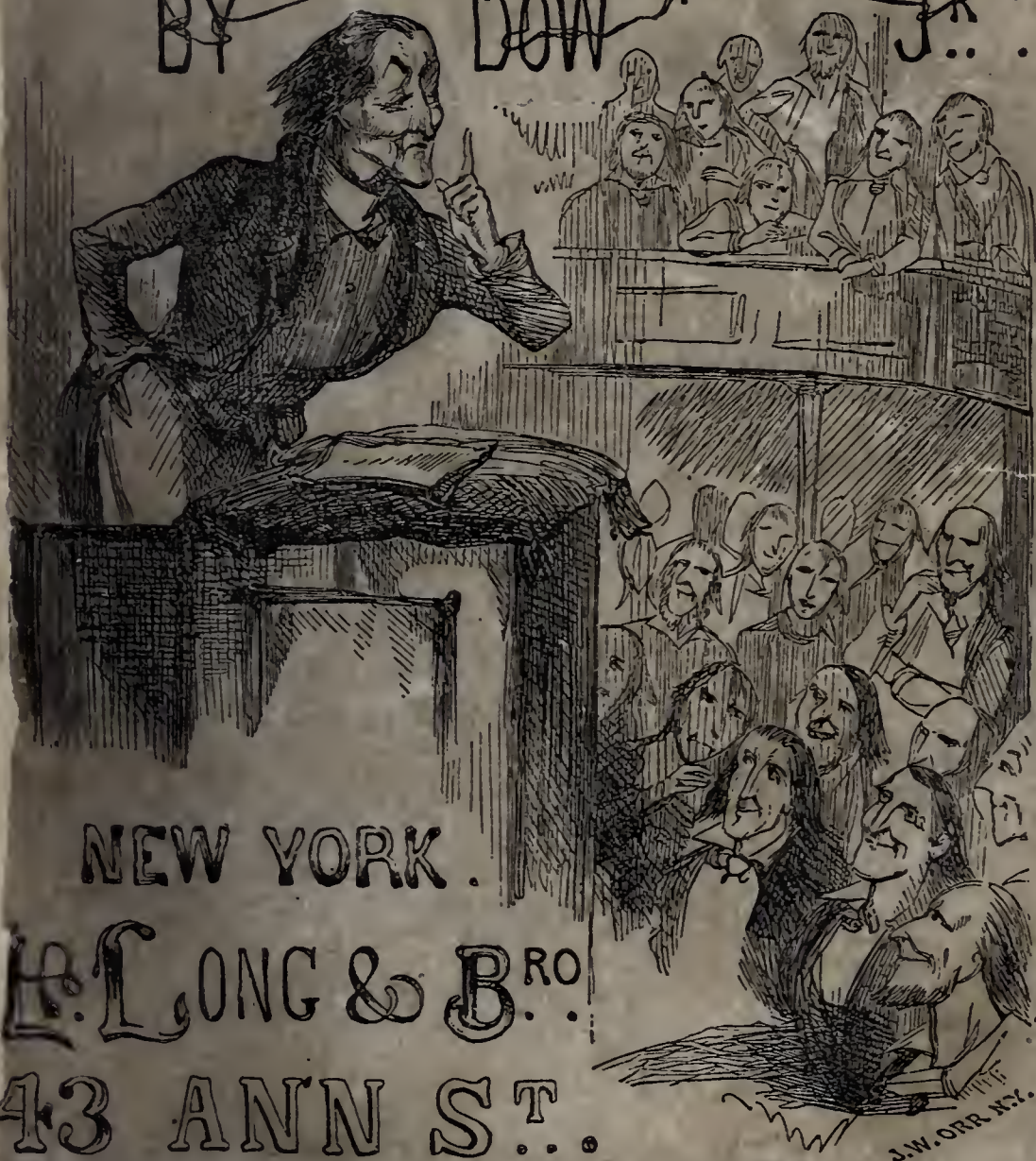


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SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

ON VIRTUE.

TEXT.—He lives in fame who dies in virtue's cause.

MY FRIENDS: If you were to ask me my opinion as to whether all mankind are equally possessed of the germs of virtue, I should tell you that I believe its seeds are implanted in every human heart; but that, with some, they are allowed to rot in a cold uncongenial soil—with others, the weeds of vice are permitted to overshadow and choke them in the blade—while others spring up and flourish, under proper cultivation, and bring forth fruit, some sixty, some seventy, and some an hundred fold. Since we reap the harvest of virtue in the autumn of life, and as its abundance depends upon its cultivation in the spring-time and summer of our existence, I feel it to be my imperative duty to beat into my young auditors, with the beetle of persuasion, a sense of cultivating virtuous inclinations, while the soil of the heart is rendered productive by the genial showers of life's gentle spring. O, you young candidates for perdition! how many have I seen of you running bare-headed and bare-ended in the storms of iniquitous folly, with your lips all besmudged with the filth of blasphemy, knowing no father but him you call 'dad,' and caring as little for him as you do for the Maker of the man in the moon! O, you juvenile clippings of total depravity! how much longer must I have the mortification of seeing you dance with your naked feet upon the prickly beds of vice, when you might just as well enter upon the flowery lawns of virtue, and surfeit upon the sweets of happiness! And you older fry, who have been spawned in the mud of corruption: you second-hand loafers—upon whose backs the scales of iniquity are like tiles upon a Dutchman's roof! I warn you to forsake your midnight alleys of lewdness—your evening debaucheries—your daylight transgressions—or your latter days will be clouded with woe, and the thunder and lightning of retribution will frighten peace and comfort from your domicils, leaving them unto you as desolate and dreary as the lower coal hole of Pluto. Yes, and you still older rascals! you, whose heads have become whitened by the premature frosts of sin—whose barren polls shine like greasy gourds by candlelight—whose steps totter upon the very brink of eternity! I must give you an admonishing punch under the ribs, and bid you beware lest your names be

destined to rot in the stagnant pool of oblivion, when you shall have been gathered into the mouldering sepulchre, and the worms hold a banquet in the deserted temple of the soul. Yea, old men, I bid you beware! for your journey is nearly ended; you can see life's final goal without the aid of spectacles; and O, be prepared, while you may, to die in virtue's cause, that you may then live in fame through six or eight thick-nesses of posterity!

My friends: virtue, like a cucumber vine, puts forth a great many false blossoms, that flourish for a time, and then drop to earth, yielding no fruit whatever, and having no other claim to merit, than as mere useless ornaments in the moral vineyard. Yonder, my friends, goes a pretty female posey. She was all purity in the bud, and the petals of genuine virtue were enfolded in the calyx of her heart; but when she suddenly expanded in the hot-bed of fashionable society, her germ became poisoned by its effluvia—and what is she now? Nothing but one of those false blossoms of virtue, whose only fragrance is a sprinkling of cologne, and that is wasted upon the midnight air. Don't endeavor to pluck that attractive flower, my young friends, without the gloves of prudence; for her stem is surrounded by thorns that protrude in every direction, threatening woe to the rash youth whose infatuation leads him to grasp hastily at so deceitful and dangerous an object. Let her go it on the Canal street plan till she bursts life's corsets, and falls to pieces in the cold embrace of Death! Ah! she is as fragile as she is deceitful and fair! A few more years, and the wings of Time shall brush every particle of rouge from her cheeks—a few more years, and the sparks that now glisten in her eyes shall be dimmed in their sockets—a few more years, and the tears of repentance will have worn deep gutters in her chin; every trace of former beauty will be obliterated and she will be borne to the tomb, resembling in appearance a corn-cob wrapped in a half sheet of foolscap. There Memory shall sit and pick her teeth with cold unconcern—there, no stone shall be reared to tell who sleeps below—no willow shall bend no cypress shall wave, and no traveller shall pause for a moment to meditate in sympathy over the sacredness of the dust upon which he treads.

O, my dear friends, I would have you espouse the cause of Vi



ue if you wish to live in peace, die in glory, and have your names carved upon the very highest pinnacle of fame. She is a lovely maiden who scatters evergreen wreaths along the graveled walks of Paradise—guards its gates from the intrusion of sorrow and remorse, and sprinkles every drooping bud of Hope with the refreshing waters of heavenly love. Born of the angels, and adopted by the wise and the good, she is entitled to your regard and protection: and, I ask, would you stand idly by, and see her violated by that bull-headed monster, Vice? No, I know you would fly to her aid—fight for her sake—and, if necessary, die in her cause—that you might then LIVE in everlasting fame, and have your ashes safely deposited in the urn of remembrance till it shall be dashed to pieces by the last convulsive throes of expiring Time. So mote it be!

---

ON HOPE.

TEXT.—When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War  
 Yoked the red dragons of his iron car;  
 When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,  
 Sprang on the viewless winds to heaven again,  
 All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,  
 But Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.

MY DEAR HEARERS: There's no kind of use in my preaching myself to death, unless you have a mind to grow wiser and become better for it. I'm obliged to put just so much seasoning in my sermons—for half of the moral soup that is ladled out now-a-days is so very insipid that people won't even smell of it. Egad! they fall asleep with their noses stuck right in the dish. You don't sleep over mine—but I am very sorry that some of you will sit and laugh, and giggle, when you ought to look as grave as the Jack of Spades. Why, you seem to think I preach just to amuse you, and poke fun into serious matters; but it's no such thing. Whatever I say contains a moral, and if you don't profit by it the fault is all on your side, and the misfortune on mine. The fact is, if you don't make more inside improvement, I shall go straight over to Jersey, and preach to the heathens. I'll see if I can't raise a rumpus with the devil's supernumeraries, somewhere. Enough said on this subject.

My friends : how do you suppose we could possibly get along through such a cold, rainy world as this, unless we had that charming creature, Hope, to smile upon us, cheer us up, and help us out of the mud of disappointment whenever we got stuck there ? Why, we couldn't budge an inch toward the goal of happiness—a little more than like the frog in the well, we might jump two feet every day, and fall back three every night. We should always be as sad as an oyster, and look as unco dolofu round the corners of the mouth as a codfish ; but, thanks to kind Providence, we have the delightful companion, Hope, by our side always. She kisses us in the cradle—promises to be an affectionate mother—and leads us therefrom over the flowery lawns of life, to cull all manner of posies, from the modest violet up to the brazen-faced sun-flower. She directs our footsteps from the poisonous pools of despair, and only takes us occasionally into the shady vale of despondency, in order that we may see more clearly those beautiful castles she has built for us on the summit of some ' heaven-kissing hill.' That's the way with her—she never lets a person stop to luxuriate long over a banquet of pleasure, before she says, Come, don't make a hog of yourself—let us take a trip yonder, where the blue skies mingle with earth, and enter that bower which shades the porch of heaven. But, my hearers, Hope is mistaken here—because, when this delightful spot is reached, lo and behold another heaven opens to view, which must also be attained. This is the greatest fault I find with Hope—she goes it too strong on the credit system—always giving promissory notes, and extending them ninety days at a notch ; and the chances are ten to one she don't burst up and leave a fellow bankrupt in happiness ! But, then, only think what a faithful companion !—how tenderly she watches over and sings lullabies to hush the fretful child of care !—how kindly she journeys on with man, through weal and through woe, in his pilgrimage to the grave ! Yes, she lends him a staff when his knees begin to totter with age, and sits smiling, with her pinions folded, upon the tomb when he lays him down to die ; but ere the vital spark has fled, she spreads them to the air, and takes a heavenward flight, to prepare for him a mansion of peace in the boundless realms of immortality.

Now, that's pretty considerable for a young female, like Hope, to do ; and it should overbalance all the falsehoods she ever told,



and consign to the shades of don't-recollect it all the deceptions she has been practising. The origin of Hope is coeval with Error. You all remember the time when Jove formed a woman of clay—animated her with Promethean fire, and sent her down to earth? I presume you do. Well, when man saw her descending, he ran and caught this falling star, and hugged her to his breast; but unluckily he squeezed her so tight, that the Pandora box, which she held, burst open, and out flew all the evils with which we poor innocent lambs are now beset: but at the bottom of this very box lay snugly curled up the little cherub, Hope; and when she found herself in the muss, she unfolded her tiny butterfly wings, and flitted away in the airy footsteps of her suspicious predecessors, to guard them from too frequently molesting the whole human race. My text says that, during the time when Murder rolled up her sleeves—when War hitched the red oxen to his iron car—when Peace and Mercy ran home like cowards—and when all, everything, bid 'bone jaw, monsieur' to everybody, Hope, the dear little spunky deviless, still lingered behind. This shows exactly what sort of stuff she's made of, and how highly we ought to prize her; for there is no mistake but she is first rate company, and will stick, to the last, like cobbler's wax.

My quiescent hearers: though Hope is always at hand, let me warn you against hoping for too much; for it has spread a pall of despair over the bright joys of many. You can't live on hope alone, as poets do—for the reason that you are men, and they are noonshine, and can make a dinner on dog's meat and doggerel; but you require good, substantial food—and if you sit down and suck your fingers till Hope brings it to you, I shouldn't wonder if you didn't get fat very soon. You that have children, don't pat them on the head and say, this is my son, and I expect to have the honor of seeing him President of the United States one of these days—because, one of these days, you may have the honor of seeing him peeping through the grates of a prison. Let me request all to be content with enough, and to go to work industriously, honestly and rightly to obtain it; and if you live up to the dictates of a rectifying conscience, the angel Hope will soar aloft with the list of your virtues, and enter them upon the registry in the courts of the blest. So mote it be!

## ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

TEXT.—Oh, life ! I breathe thee in the breeze,  
 I feel the bounding in my veins,  
 I see thee in these stretching trees,  
 These flowers, this still rock's mossy stains.

MY HEARERS : It is not to be expected that I am about to go into a perfect analyzation of life—and explain the magnetic principle by which we live, and move, and have our being : because it is something that I can't understand—and the more I think of it, the more I get puzzled. I can only say, that it is a sort of perpetual motion, which keeps the anatomical machinery in operation till it wears out, or gets out of kelter by some fatal accident. I believe that the principle of life pervades all bodies, and is everywhere ; but we can't always see the effects of it. We see the effects of it in flesh—in flowers, shrubs and trees, and in all the stars and planets composing the universe ; and we can taste the effects of it in three-cent rum—no mistake about that. My hearers—don't die with surprise when I tell you that life is precisely the same, in every respect, as fire. Fire, like life, is in all bodies, and is everywhere—even in the air itself. The effects of fire, like life, are only seen while operating on some substance, which it gradually consumes : fire exists without air the same length of time as life ; a candle, placed in a cellar that contains fixed air, will burn as long as life can exist, and no longer : and when the blaze and life both expire, they return, together, mysteriously back to the state from whence they sprung ; and all that man really knows about them, is a very little, I tell ye. If you can grasp a handful of air, and tell me how much fire you have got with it, I'll tell you how many souls I can count in a moonbeam. These are my sentiments, and I don't care if all creation turns up its nose at them. I know what is what, just as well as anybody else knows which is which ; but the fact is, we don't any of us know for a certainty what's to happen when the great by-and-by comes. You must not believe, however, with some foolish atheists, that when the body dies, the soul (or life) dies with it. This is all gammon. I tell you that the soul will live for ever, in some form or other ; for natural philosophy teaches that not a single particle of matter can be destroyed ; it only undergoes changes. Then why does not reason tell that the soul can't be destroyed, but simply undergoes a change,



also? When the body dies, the material that composes it dissolves and returns to its native dust; and the soul also goes back to the element that gave it birth. This is all sound truth—and if any of you remain skeptical on the subject, I will drive it into you with the mallet of logic, till you are willing to admit that there is some force in my argument.

My attentive hearers! life is a great mystery; nobody can fully explain it. Its home is in the heart; and there its springs are operating secretly at the bidding of Him who first set them in motion, and cannot be revealed to the eyes of mortals. If you undertake to tear away the casement that surrounds them, for the purpose of making discoveries, the whole of the machinery at once stops—and you are just as much in the dark as you were before. This is something not for man to know—he never has understood it, and never will, if he lives to be as old as Beelzebub's grandmother. When the hand of Omnipotence first scraped together a parcel of red dirt, on the banks of the Euphrates, and caused the lump to rise, with the leaven of life, the being who was formed thereby knew no more how he became possessed of the powers of locomotion than a steam engine; and all he knew concerning the mechanism of his wife was, that an extra rib in his left side (which always caused him to walk lame) was missing—and she must, of course, have been formed from it; but the puzzler was, how came she by as many ribs as he possessed—for he soon ascertained this fact—and how either of them came to spring from the earth, in such a noble form. But, my friends, let us be thankful that we are endowed with life, for it is a great blessing—in fact, we couldn't well do without it. We should all feel as grateful as a person I happen to know of does, who says that his father and mother never had but one child, and he is that one; and that he considers himself the luckiest being in creation—for he came within only ONE of not being born at all. My friends, this was a narrow escape; and we should every one entertain a similar feeling, and make the most of such a luxury as life, till it assumes a new form—puts on a new dress—and settles down upon an ever-blooming isle of bliss, surrounded by the boundless ocean eternity. So mote it be!

## ON HONOR.

TEXT—Honor and shame from no condition rise ;  
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.

MY DEAR FRIENDS : AS I apply the dissecting-knife to my text, and enter into a minute examination of its parts, you may each, very probably, form the opinion that it is unsound and inconsistent as a whole ; but it is no such thing. Pope was a man of sense, though he had round shoulders and a big nose—the latter always indicates a strong mind (I've a pretty good nub myself)—and he displayed his talents in all his writings. Those two lines of his contain much truth, when taken together, because they dovetail nicely ; but when separated, the first is as useless as hot whiskey punch in summer. To say that honor doesn't arise from any condition or circumstance, is all stuff. I know, and you know, my hearers, that to hold an office of any kind is more honorable than loafing ; no matter if it's nothing more than street-sweeping, or inspecting the Bay off the Battery. The laurels that deck the brow of the President of the United States, are far more comely than the scanty wreaths which petty office-holders wear ; and the party in power is always sure to command a certain amount of respect. Such, my dear hearers, are the honors arising from condition. Some people think it an honor to preach ; but they are just as much mistaken as though they tried to see their way to bed by a red flannel shirt. We preachers enter the vineyard as laborers, and work like Trojans for the salvation of all. Our daily bread is all we require—and I admire your parsimony in not allowing us more ; for if the body is pampered, the spirit gets proud of its habitation, and grows headstrong. We seek not terrestrial honors—for, like Jonah's gourd, and the old woman's soap—they come and go in a night. We ask not fame—it is but a meteor in the storm, or a rainbow upon a shower ; its colors won't stick. No, my friends, we seek for an unfading crown of glory ; the hope, even, of which we wouldn't swop for the diamond mines of Golconda, or the coal-beds of Pennsylvania.

It is neither true that shame from no condition rises. I appeal to your own sense of modesty or pride, whether there be one among you who would not experience a share of humiliation and shame on being seen in company with infidels, horse thieves, and broken-down poets ; or taken in the act of stealing newspapers,



bbing a beggar of his crust, voting twice at elections, &c.? The  
 mmittal of such acts ought to be sufficient to create a blush up-  
 a brazen image. And let me ask, if any of you were to be  
 und snoozing in a mud-gutter, under the influence of some 'evil  
 rit'—whether you would have reason to be proud of your con-  
 tion? I perceive you all hang your heads as if directly accus-  
 ; but I have more confidence in your sobriety and general good  
 nduct, than to suppose you guilty of such misdemeanor. I  
 now—                    \*            hem!            \*            ahem!!            \*            hem!!!

My sleepers! unless more particular attention is paid, I must  
 onclude my discourse. I cultivated my voice for preaching by  
 ying charcoal; and it is a little surprising that any of you can  
 eep during the vociferous exercise of my oral faculties! but you  
 re awake in season to hear the most important part of my text  
 iscussed. It is this: Act well your part. This has no reference  
 o stage actors; though they are entitled to honor when they act  
 heir parts well; but, I am sorry to say, that only a few of them  
 o it. They rant—gag—murder—strut out their little hour—and  
 ake their exit from the stage of existence, wholly unprepared for  
 he debut which they must finally make. If you only strive to  
 ct your part well—no matter what condition or circumstances  
 ou are in—you are entitled to honor, and no ostentatious opinion  
 can rob you of it. Above all things, have a regard to virtue and  
 piety. We need less show of religion, and more inward holiness  
 —we are in want of more religious editors; and the only way to  
 procure them is to pony over the dust.

Act your part well, and avoid the hissings of conscience—deal  
 justly by all, and escape the sheriff—keep sober, and steer clear  
 of the snags—be industrious, and defy poverty—tell the truth  
 and shame the devil—support your tailor, your lawyer, your print-  
 er, and your preacher—and, finally, balance accounts with your  
 Maker, so that when the book of existence shall be closed, and  
 all earthly transactions be brought to an end, the spirit may not  
 go down to the grave in a state of insolvency. So mote it be!

ON THE STATE OF MAN WITHOUT WOMAN—HIS CONDITION WITH HER.

TEXT.—The world was sad the garden was a wild,  
And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled.

IN regard to man in his primitive state, and the cosmogony of the world, we have no knowledge, farther than may be obtained through the writings of Moses, which were originally put forth in the Hebrew language, and not in Low Dutch, as has been erroneously stated. The authenticity of these writings no one at the present day pretends to dispute, except a few ignorant loafers and infidels—such as used occasionally to congregate for worship at Tammany Hall, whenever they could muster courage and candles sufficient to last them an evening. One Thomas Hobbes, I think, was the first who had the audacity to call in question the Pentateuch; but, my hearers, he died—as he had lived, a miserable wretch—and his fate should be a warning to all skeptics and unbelievers. Let us take it for granted that the world had a beginning, and that a first man was created, whose name was Adam, and a first woman, whose name was Eve. Adam sprung from the dust, in the space of an hour, like a toad-stool, but the dawning of his intellect was as gradual as day-break. It took him a week to conjecture for what purpose he was formed; and he knew not whether his proper cognomen was Adam or Ichabod, till an unknown voice came to him in the cool of the evening, saying: Adam, get out of that tall grass!

When man first entered the gates of Eden, it was no more like Paradise than a sheep-pasture is like a clover-field—thorns and thistles, shrub oaks and dog-wood spread over its surface, and thick fogs of sadness encompassed every side;—all because woman was wanting. Man was a lonely hermit, sad and melancholy; his prospect was a dreary one, and time hung heavily upon his hands. Day after day he sat upon the banks of the Pison and endeavored to amuse himself by fishing for catfish; but he got not even a nibble. He wept like a child, when the gloom of night bid him seek his fig-leaf couch, and pillow his devoted head upon the soft side of a stone. Serpents nestled by his side, and the solemn owl kept up his nocturnal hoot, till the 'heart and morning' of the poor forsaken being 'broke together!' when he awoke and shook himself, 'as a lion shaketh the dew-drops from his mane.' Oh, these were tough times for a single man! You



who are bewailing your lots, with fifteen or twenty squalling brats by your firesides, think of the solitary condition of this mortal, and weep—not for yourselves, but him. No wonder that a merciful Providence eventually sent him a partner, to sweeten his solitude, and smooth down the asperities of life. On that blissful morning when he awoke and found a woman by his side, his bed was strewn with roses, and the perfume of flowers regaled his senses—the wild birds reiterated their notes in the spicy groves—the sun rose in unwonted splendor—and the thick fogs left the sluggish bed of the Euphrates, rolled up the mountain side, and disappeared for ever. A change had come over Eden—instead of a dreary wild, it had become a lovely garden, filled with roses, poppies, daisies, hollyhocks, asparagus, woodbines, cucumbers, squashes, and all that sort of things. Man was now a happy creature—he had learned to love, and his love was reciprocated by one whose bosom was full of affection. She had no occasion to be acquainted with household matters, further than to assist in sewing fig-leaves; and HE could live without toil. But you know, my friends, ‘the course of true love never did run smooth.’ As soon as the honey-moon had passed away, little bickerings arose, and they both became guilty of a mis-step which drove them for ever from happiness into a state of eternal misery.

My hearers, I hope you will all take warning by this, and endeavor to be united in the bonds of love and peace. You needn’t think you are going to live here for ever; because you have got to go and make room for somebody else, who have just as good a right here as you. You are cut down like weeds before you know it—so make the best of it. The earth itself, and all that inherit it, shall pass away with a frightful noise. I’ll quote the original:

Celestos quid, horrific scareum,  
Terros convulsit instantar tareum!

I must persuade husbands to love their wives, and wives their husbands; and all of you to love one another. The boys will love the girls without persuasion—and the girls do love the boys, only they don’t like to own it. Love, alone, forms the true basis of happiness; and, if we only nourish it, it will grow with our growth, and increase with our years. So mote it be!

## ON STORMY SEAS AND STORMY WOMEN.

TEXT.—I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,  
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.—BYRON.

CATEGORICAL and superannuated hearers! Since I have taken out a patent for my preaching, I have some idea of going up to the Crystal Palace to preach; but, on the sober second thought, I think I will stay down town and preach to the fair, as usual—therefore, I want the whole '*possum comin'* at us of you (both masculine and feminine males) to pay particular attention to my present discourse; for I can't stand here blowing bubbles of morality for your inspection, unless you have a mind to look at them while they are fresh from the froth. Being persuaded, then, that everything is all correct, I will proceed to business. Mr. Byron informs us, my hearers, in the text, that he has 'seen stormy seas and stormy women.' So have I—enough of the one, and lots of the other. Yes, my friends, I have been on the unfathomed deep when the heavens, pregnant with the direst vengeance, were delivered of their children of wrath!—when mighty Jove rolled his thundering chariot over the mountains of the sea, and the red lightnings glared at his coursers' feet—when the demons of the tempest bellowed in the blast, and the angel of destruction spread his dark pinions over the mariner's bark!—but these didn't begin with my wife's 'O Jemima!'—(poor creature, she's dead now!)—there's no telling how she could rave, when she felt in the fix for it! She could out-storm the equinoxial, and overflow a man's meadow the driest season that ever was known! She was a stormer—or, to speak more properly, she was a large species of the stormy petrel—very pleasant and quiet in fair weather, but in the storm all flutter sputter. But I violate the memory of my lamented wife. She was not always fretful; her disposition depended altogether upon how my thermometer stood. When she saw the mercury of my anger begin to rise, she'd throw the fat into the fire, and in two minutes be farther up the ladder of wrath than I could ever think of climbing—and then the way I'd catch hot dumplings on my head wasn't slow. Well, she served me right—and I became aware of it long before she rested her weary limbs in the tomb. Yes, my hearers, she and I had an affectionate reckoning; and I am happy to say that, when we came to foot up and balance accounts, some small change was her<sup>d</sup> due,



h, Heaven knows, I can repay, only by causing her own dear and virtues to be indelibly graven on the tablets of my heart. Husbands! bear with the romantic partners of your bosoms—provoke them not to anger, nor upbraid them for frivolity. The treasures they seek may be more trifling than your own, but hinder them not from partaking; for you must recollect that the sensibilities of woman are woven with a finer texture than those of man—and, though a horse-blanket may contain beauty for you, depend upon it your wives discover more in the silky fashions of the day.

The text next speaks of lovers as being in a pitiable condition. This, my hearers, depends much upon circumstances. When I see a couple of hes and shes—both ugly enough to keep the moon from rising—both showing a cloven foot—and both, at the same time, trying to work their love up to the marrying point—I do pity them, indeed; for I know that if the hedgehog marries the porcupine, they will both be troubled with a prickly heat as long as they live. When I see a young damsel, of witching eighteen, with the bloom on her cheek, and a pretty little devil in her eye, just about to enter the arbor of matrimony, with a nice young man who loves and is beloved---and when I behold the old man and woman come running out to give them both a flogging, and crying shoo! at the little god, Cupid, I pity the lovers, and invoke curses on the sin-scorched heads of their disturbers---for there is no knowing what the consequences may be! But when I see a similar couple already united by that indissoluble knot---which a Philadelphia lawyer can't unpick, so long as both ends are held fast---I view them more with envy than pity. (O, I wish I was young!)

Unmarried males and females! I want to see you approximate as soon as possible; and when any of you are thus tied together, make up your minds to bear and forbear. When a breeze springs up on one side, don't let it become a hurricane by a counter current; but jog along in harmony through the thousand perplexities that beset the traveller through life---help each other over theitches---keep an eye a few rods ahead---and all the happiness, the glory, and the prospects of heaven be yours. So mote it be!

## ON PREACHING.

TEXT.—Gdnbcsgficffdfdfidfflefflzfficzfficzffile ? ! ? !  
æ sham pop squirtumzr6 gunum101 sleepinorum. ?

A mighty voice came unto Snorasnoose,  
Saying, get up and preach—preach what you choose.

MY DEAR HEARERS: It is not often that I'm obliged to go back so far beyond the first of January, and poke round among the rubbish of dark ages, to scrape up arguments in support of my calling; but what I have here gathered shows conclusively that I have the same right to preach anything I please, as had Snorasnoose of old. This renowned man lived at a time when the people all spoke the dead languages; therefore, we cannot have the benefit of his writings, except a few passages that have been translated by some of us learned men; but he was a roarer—and I'm a screamer. Our language, my hearers, is only a dialect, made out of the Ethiopian, Dutch, Irish, Kickapoo, and others. It's a living language, now; but it won't be much longer—it has been murdered most extensively—so much so that I hardly know it. I have preached since I was no older than a very small man; and I defy all creation to show where I ever slaughtered a single sentence of English. A voice came unto me similar to that which aroused Snorasnoose, and told me to open my mouth and preach what I had a mind to, without fear of persecution, prosecution or elocution. It didn't say, Go ye into the woods and preach the gospel to the bears; but it spoke of my kindred at home—pointed out their errors—laid bare their iniquities—and told me to be up and doing. I reflected. I saw they had all gone astray; they worshipped golden images—went after strange women—did those things they ought not to do, and left undone those things which they ought to have done. The monster, Vice, rose up before me like a spirit of darkness from the infernal regions of torment, and poor frightened Virtue spread her gaudy pinions to the air, and cut stick for heaven as though Beelzebub was after her. I went forth immediately, armed and equipped as the theological law directs, to grapple with the monsters, and coax, if possible, the angel again from the skies. How far I have accomplished my project, it remains for you, my respected hearers, to judge. When I first entered upon the duties of my profession, I preached to a barnful of barbarians, who scarcely knew B from a bag of bran. There



they sat—monuments of mortal sin and ignorance! men, women, and children mingled together. Here were seen gray hairs of age, raven locks of manhood, and tow-heads of youth. I, perched upon the hay-mow, dealt out such doctrines as were most needed. I pointed out their errors, and warned them to repentance; and when I stated that between some of them and eternity there was but a single plank, they all looked significantly at the old barn-floor and began to tremble. Adapting my language to their comprehension, I told them plainly that life was uncertain, but death was certain; that it might come to-morrow, and find them unprepared—that they had souls to provide for as well as stomachs. I told them that eating, drinking, raising turnips and getting money wouldn't save them; but that honesty, sobriety and faith were alone necessary; and it was not without effect. I wrought a change among them, for which I received the thanks of the congregation and a glorious bowl of soup

My dear brethren: the good work shall go on. I WILL preach, in spite of Old Nick: the steam is up, and I will go ahead. Backed by sound doctrines, I will square off to opposition—shoot folly—take a back hug with sin—upset infidelity—lick Satan out of the land, and kidnap his imps. I go in for good works, and just faith enough to pickle them; but New York has been weighed in the balance and found wanting by several pounds and some ounces. I never, in all my travels from Dan to Beersheba, sojourned in a city like this. Murders, robberies, rapes, thefts, crim cons., and other abominations, have sunk it so low in iniquity that even I shall find hard work in digging it out. All here seem to be sure of heaven, because they believe in one. This don't do—they must either work or perish. Now, my congregational brethren, I wish to operate on you, so that you may go forth as samples of piety manufactured by me, in order that ten righteous people, at least, may inhabit this modern Gomorrah. Men! I warn you to be true to your wives, and let other women alone. Women! remember the solemn vow at the nuptial altar, and trifle not with your husbands' affections. Boys! if your parents will not instruct you, instruct yourselves, and then teach them a thing or two. Girls! do not flirt with the boys, but get married as soon as you can. To one and all I say, act as becometh rational beings, and do not condemn my preaching. So mote it be!

## ON THE UNCERTAIN MUSIC OF NIGHT.

TEXT.—The night is wild—but sweet to me  
The uncertain music which it brings.—SIMMS.

MY PATIENT FRIENDS: I have chosen the above text, just to honor Mr. Simms; but the fact is, he can't write poetry more'n a toad wants a tail. He makes a pretty good fist at prose—and that's the only pasture to ruminate in. As old as I am, I do admire good poetry—my whole soul is wrapped up in its sublimity. I will go my whole length in it, if I lose my mittens! but, O, jallap! get away with your pukish doggerel! I had rather hear (I beg your pardon, Shakspeare) UNCERTAIN music made by stepping on a cat's tail, or Old Hundred played on a fire-shovel, than one of your whining ballad-mongers. Avaunt, and quit my sight!

My hearers: I wish there was no beginning to my remarks, for I never get warm till near the end. If I WROTE my sermons, it wouldn't be so; but, you see, I speak extemporareousry [how the plague do you pronounce that word?] and so I have to commence cool in order to give a chance to grow warm—that's the fashion! My text says, 'the night is wild,' &c. Now, the night in the country is just as tame, and almost as still, as a mouse: no drinking, carousing, gambling and swearing there, to call old father Somnus out in his nightcap to see what the matter is; no vile dens of iniquity—no cries of watch! murder! fire! rape! stop thief! and other horrible et ceteras; but all there is as quiet as a sand-bank. There the children are brought up in the fear of the devil, if they don't care much for the Lord: they go to roost with the hens, and are made to rise with the lark; and the consequence is, they are hearty, fat, moral—become men before their mothers, at least; and do more for posterity than ever lay in the impotent gizzards of city-bred people.

Let us, now, hold the torch-light of observation amid the darkness of large cities—New York, for instance. What have we here? Why, here the night is wild—wild as the fiery steed that Mazeppa rode from Bangor to the Dismal Swamp: here Vice rushes headlong down the rocks of perdition, by star-light—Innocence loses her way, and gets entangled in the midst of thorns—Intemperance reels about, crazy as a bed-bug, and can't determine her latitude, because the compass of reason is lost—in short, the



night here is stark mad ; and if the sun didn't rise to doctor it, there would be no getting along under such uproarious mobocracy. I cannot agree with that part of the text which says that the music it brings is sweet—though it might have been so to the author. This word 'sweet' is often sprinkled into poetry to give it a flavor ; but, to my taste, it is just as dry and insipid as a dish of baked toe-nails. That the music it brings is UNCERTAIN, I admit. When the day-god has taken his last look on corrupted Gotham, and hides his head in shame—when the virgin queen of night endeavors to conceal her blushes behind the fleecy cloud—then the ghost of St. Paul catches a serenading from Barnum's balcony by music that is very uncertain ; while loafers in the Park are greeted with that which is no less so from the various hand-organs to be found in that locality. Then, too, the song of the syren is to be heard in the street, and the watchman's club resounds upon the pave—then, at the witching hour of night, when all good people are in bed, the bacchanalian in the gutter sends a blast upon the midnight air from his nasal trumpet, and the monotonous notes of 'hot corn—all smoking hot,' fall with a saddening cadence, 'like Zephyr mourning for the lost Pleiad !'—all of which, my hearers, if it be music at all, is music superabundantly UNCERTAIN.

Friends ! you who are now congregated around me ! it stuffs my old jacket with joy to know that none of you thus contribute to make night hideous with noises more frightful than ever issued from the sulphuric throat of the dog Cerberus. You all wear the looks of tranquillity, innocence and attentiveness—especially that fellow with his chin on his bosom, snoring yonder. Here you sit, as humble as Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, with your pores open open to absorb the benign dews of instruction. I don't believe you capable of kicking up a row, under the brooding wings of evening - far from it. I know you have more respect for the sable damsel, who comes like a watchful mother, to rock the cradle of repose, and singing lullabies to hush the fretful babe of Care. All is right on the surface ; but, now, my dearly beloved hearers, just turn yourselves wrong side out, and examine your hearts. Find you there nothing that needs cleansing ? Ay, the human heart is full of abominations—stained, polluted with sin ; nor will a cob, sand and soap ever remove them. You must be purified, by burning incense upon the altar, and keep out of the contagion

of the world: it is worse than the cholera or hydrophobia. You must watch and pray—pray like a house a-fire! Catch hold of the rope of faith; and don't let go without it is to spit upon your hands. Do this, and kingdom-come will meet you half way; but if you don't, you will go down, down, down, into the bottomless pit, that is darker than a stack of black cats! and where the worst kind of 'uncertain music' will bore you for ever and ever! So mote it be!

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ON FASHION.

TEXT.—With your hour-glass shapes, sweet maidens, beware  
 Of the parasols and balloons of gimp;  
 Remember how Vestris was lighted in air,  
 And one half of her went to her own Olymp,  
 And the other came pirouetting down—  
 Since then her legs have only danced through the town.

MY HEARERS: It becomes my painful duty to state that Fashion is a superfluous humbug. It isn't of any use—it don't do any good; and what don't do any good, must do some harm. As the negro said of the potato, it must be invariably good or inevitably bad: there's no two ways about it. It's a curse entailed upon mankind in consequence of the fall of our first parents. Greater divines than I am say, that if Adam and Eve hadn't have eaten that they have no business with, there wouldn't have been any need of our dressing at all (how fine that would be for dog-days!) because, <sup>just</sup> as soon as they had trespassed on forbidden ground, they turned tailors and went to sewing fig-leaves together like split and fury: hoping to make up, by outward appearance, for what they had lost in morals. This was the first freak of fashion; what the last will be, the Lord only knows. As for me, I always wear my broad-brim and breeches, let the fashions vary as they may. I dress as plain as I preach—and, as my friend Bob Burns said, when I make my obeisance to a fellow creature, it is not to his coat, but to the man beneath it. Those who wish to take a pattern after me need pay no attention to my old boots—they are a little down at the heel just now; in other respects, you may imitate me without fear of being laughed to scorn. But the text requires that my discourse be particularly directed to the ladies. I never could see why it is that these dear creatures wish to puck-



er, pinch, and screw themselves up into such narrow circumstances as they do. They think it makes them look pretty---but I don't. Give me a miss who is free and unconfined; i. e., loose in her habits (you know what I mean—not tight-laced)—one shaped like a bundle of straw—one that can run up hill without bursting, or pick up a pin from the floor in perfect safety. The Dutch girls can do all this; and they are the very ones I admire. A few years ago, whopping great sleeves and big antecedents were all in a rage; and what a funny figure our belles cut then! They looked, for all the world, like a bag of pudding, with a string tied round the middle. Then, of a sudden, they took in so much canvas, they may truly be said to scud under bare poles, as the sailors say. I mean no disparagement to the ladies when I tell them their arms very much resemble a couple of straws stuck through a carrot. Better that it be so, however, than with balloon sleeves attached to them; my text proves them dangerous. I believe that tight sleeves and small parasols have been adopted for precaution, since Vestris was lifted in air by a gust of wind, and only one half of her went down to her own Olymp. You who have read heathen mythology must know that this has no reference to Madam Vestris, for history assures us that when she went to the Olympic theatre, she took her legs with her. Be that as it may, one half of a certain Vestris was taken in air, and the other half 'came pirouetting down'—all in consequence of big sleeves and a parasol.

I am rejoiced to perceive that the celebrated 'Sam Slick' entertains similar sentiments to my own in respect to this <sup>2.</sup> SQUEEZING system. He says: 'My notice was attracted to a lady—no, not a lady, but to the WAIST of a lady, before me—wasps and brush-handles—but she was SCREWED UP a few; I can't begin to find any comparison for it. She was compressed into a span—drawn up almost out of sight—a perfect show! And this is what is called a good figure—I don't know what sort of a figure, without it is a figure 8. Well, some women are fools if they ARE women. I'd rather marry a form like a hogshead than connect myself with such an hourglass!'

My dear girls! I hope and trust you will not revive the above hazardous fashion; for your top parts might be suddenly blown away, and nothing be left of you but a pair of legs 'dancing through the town.' What a spectacle that would be! Heaven

forbid it! Beware of your hourglass shapes, under all circumstances. The cords that compress your waists are as fatal as the noose around the culprit's neck. The spirit will not dwell long in a narrow tenement, where no fuel is furnished for the vital flame; it will shut up shop ere the winter of age approaches, and the worms of the valley will rent it. As the autumnal winds divest the trees of their foliage, and scatter the blossoms of summer over the barren heath, so will you be prematurely stripped of all your gewgaws, ribbons, lace, and other finery, if you persist in tight lacing. Don't smile at the remark—it is as true as it is melancholy! Adorn the intellect—add jewels to the casket of the mind, and when you have advanced as far as I have in the rugged pathway of life—when Time has left a few furrows upon your now blooming cheeks—then you will cast off your mantles of splendor, and say, as did Galileo of old; I care not for these things.

My respected hearers, male and female! the monster Fashion is making giant strides in our land. It engenders vice and dissipation among the youth; it sends millions of them down to the shades of Pluto, as if to supply a stipulated demand. It's a hard case to have the sins of the parents visited upon their children down to the third and fourth generations; therefore I recommend that an ointment be made immediately to prevent the further progress of this sore calamity. Let the ingredients be sobriety, industry, honesty, and good moral instruction; which, when well applied, and wrapped in swathings, plain, comely and neat, will render our children's children robust, and enable them, as my dear wife used to say, to succeed successfully. So mote it be!

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#### ON THE WINDS.

TEXT.—Ye vagrant winds! ye winds that blow!  
Where are your homes, and what are ye?

MY DEAR FRIENDS: Were I to go on, in a long-winded strain, in attempting to analyze or define wind, I should at last arrive at no other conclusion than that wind is wind. It is the breath of Omnipotence—an immaterial, invisible, mysterious something; and yet is nothing. Like the Deity himself, it is never seen, but its



influence is felt, and its effects are witnessed, everywhere. You have doubtless all heard of the four winds of heaven; and it might appear like arrogant presumption on my part to suppose that you are not acquainted with their respective names; nevertheless, I will mention them. They are Boreas, Æolus, Euroclydon and Zephyr. Boreas, a bitter, blustering son of a bully, was born, bred and brought up in the northernmost corner of the north. With icicles hanging upon his chin, and a nose as cold as a lobster's liver, he comes bellowing upon the blast; and a death-chill shoots through the veins of vegetation at his unwelcome approach. He occasionally tries to light up a smile on his saturnine features, and at times succeeds in shedding a few half-frozen tears of penitence over the grave of martyred Nature; but, take him for all in all, as my friend Shakspeare says, he is about as hard a character as was ever allowed to run at large and riot upon the bounties of Providence. Æolus, my friends, resides in a windy cave, somewhere upon the shore of the equatorial ocean. His home is in the sunny south: with aerial bellows, he sometimes blows us some gladdening gales, highly scented with the pure odor of paradise, and at others he dampens our coats and our spirits with a continuation of drizzling rains. Euroclydon's home is in the east. He is the king of storms—partaking partly of the cold, disagreeable nature of his northern neighbor, Boreas, and partly of the damp disposition of his southern friend, Æolus. His spunk is the most conspicuous at the time of our vernal and autumnal equinoxes. Zephyr—that mild, bland, cheerful, spangle-winged angel of my heart's delight—lives and luxuriates in the balmy bowers of the west, where the gods and goddesses are for ever wooing, but never quench their loves in the cold baths of wedlock. Oh, my friends! I do love a zephyr as a dog does his dinner. I could die with one in my bosom in the hottest of dog-days, without a murmur of complaint. When one wanders over the western hills, in rosy summer, and brushes the mosquitoes from my fevered proboscis—and the gay little sylphs shake from their butterfly pinions the grateful fragrance of flowers—it seems as though heaven, in an excitement of bliss, was about to break loose, and bury me in a flood of rapturous joy!

My friends: the winds are mysterious spirits that roam round the earth, seeking for rest and finding none. Their home is every-

where, anywhere and nowhere, like the wild ocean-bird, that now reposes upon the calm wave—now beats his flight through the tempest—and now tosses to and fro on the rolling billow. They are peaceable enough at times, and again as uproarious as an earthquake afflicted with the delirium tremens. I have seen them gently draw their fairy fingers through the light locks of the child, and lightly lift the green leaf to get a kiss at the lily; and I have seen them, too, take a back hug with the giant oaks of the mountain, and come off victors over some of the strongest fortifications of man. When their mad propensities are once aroused, all the hemp halters in Halifax can't hold them; and when they are once fairly asleep on their ethereal pillows, you might as well undertake to preach piety into a pack of cards as to try to awake them from their slumbers. They will have their own way.

There is a melancholy music in the winds. It creates a lonely sensation about the heart to hear them hum their solemn psalms amid the hollow pines of the mountain in the dead hour of night; or to listen to their howlings through the apertures of old, ivied towers, ruined castles, and deserted monasteries. Their wild and unearthly tones fill the soul with romance—cause Fancy to fall in love with the marvellous and supernatural, and soften down the most callous hearts to the consistence of new-made putty. What is there more solemn, my friends, than to go into that sacred enclosure—the garden of the dead, where bodies are planted, like potatoes, in rows—where silence reigns supreme—where marble stones are reared to tell that the dust below has once been alive—where all that is left of human greatness is but a NAME written upon the obelisk by a hand that also must soon crumble to dust; what is there, I say, more solemn than to go in there upon a moonlight eve—when the harp of the night-wind is set among the branches of the willow—and listen to its breathings as it sings a requiem over the graves of our departed kin! There are sacred minstrels that ride upon the invisible steeds of the wind; and he who cannot appreciate the mournful sweetness of their melodies, must have a soul as devoid of music as a pasteboard bugle with harness-leather keys.

Winds, what are ye? that is more than I can tell. All I know is, my friends, that they are necessary to life—refreshing to our corporacities—and beneficial to everything that lives, moves, or



grows. The vernal winds bear us a renovating balm—open the infant buds of the new-born year—and bring us an abundant promise of hope and love. The summer winds bring food to the flowers—nourish the young seeds that are forming in their germs—ventilate the heated halls of July and August—and whisper that Nature is in the full enjoyment of her prime. The autumn winds wave their banners over a dying world, and shake a blighting mildew upon the fairest objects of earth—meanwhile beckoning to man to put on an extra undershirt of morality, a thick jacket of faith, and an overcoat of fortitude, to be in readiness for the chilling blasts of age, which are now already upon him. The wintry winds whistle through the crevices of the tomb, and their shrill tones echo along the dark valley of death, summoning us, poor ephemeral mortals, to our everlasting homes. Be prepared, then, my friends, for the winter of life; and, oh! when the last cold gust of existence shall sweep past your tottering tabernacles, you may be found to be good solid wheat, and worthy of the granary, rather than the mere chaff, which the winds waft away to be gathered no more! So mote it be!

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## ON VANITY.

TEXT.—Ecclesiastes said ‘that all is vanity’—  
 Most modern preachers say the same, or show it,  
 By their examples of true Christianity.  
 In short, all know, or very soon may know it;  
 And in this scene of all confessed inanity,  
 By saint, by sage, by preacher and by poet,  
 Must I restrain me, through the fear of strife,  
 From holding up the nothingness of life.—BYRON.

MY HEARERS: When I come to brush away the cobwebs of the past, stand before the looking-glass of the present, or take a peep into futurity, I say without hesitation, exaggeration, or fear of condemnation, that all things, taken in a lump, are vanity and vexation of spirit. The locomotive world appears to be made up of vanity, insanity, profanity; and all such flummery; and life itself don't amount to much, when we consider how it has to elbow its way through a hedge of difficulties, in order to get at something ungetatable. There are some automata of doubt, who even profess to disbelieve that it will meet with its deserts in another he-

misphere, stripped of all its pasteboard, buckram, and tinsel work; but they take back all they have said, when they arrive at the gulf, and look across the billows of despair, trembling for the issue. No wonder that a repentant skeptic once wished to be carried to the top of a mountain to die, in order that he might expire as near heaven as possible; for he felt that the clipped wings of faith were able to perform but a short flight.

Yes, my hearers, the world, considered as a whole, is a great conglomerated gob of vanity; but don't you accuse me of underrating the works of the Creator—for the universe is just as He intended it should be—no sham work about it. Though it is nonsensical in itself, yet it is composed of first-rate stuff, well seasoned, and calculated to wear like raw-hide. Some of its parts are NOT vanity, by a long shot. Look, for instance, at those beautiful, detached portions of earth—the ladies—they are moulded from the finest of clay, and endowed with that spirit of love which has no affinity to vainness whatever. They are designed both for ornament and use; and I can perceive no vanity about them, except occasionally they wear a bow too much in their bonnets, and sometimes set their caps in a peculiar condition for 'some person or persons unknown,' as the coroner says. I find no fault with their tight sleeves and loose habits, so long as they 'wear short tongues and short petticoats,' as Diedrich Knickerbocker says. On the whole, they are the essence of all that is lovely—and without their smiles I wouldn't preach another Sunday—so help me, John Rogers! There is one species of vanity, however, which every one of you ought to despise. I mean that which inflates so many young bucks with pomposity. Because they are fed with larger potatoes, and carry better dry goods on their backs than some others, they needn't suppose that they are worth a whole community of working-men. They wouldn't fetch so much in the market of utility as the blackest chimney-sweep that ever scraped a flue. In fact, they are nothing more than overblown bladders of conceit, with scarcely sense enough to enable them to comprehend the call of their mammas, when they bid them come in out of the rain. I am sorry to say that there are men, also, of more mature minds, who are infected with similar weaknesses. I have seen a man, inflicted with wealth and a vast share of dogmatism, set himself up as a disseminator of some pernicious doctrine, and



look down with contempt on those who were too wise to be gammoned by him. He lived in affluence, perchance, and splendor adorned his dwelling; but, my friends, the doctrines and habitation of this man were built upon the sand. The wind rose, and a mob came and beat upon his house, and it fell; and great was the fall thereof. My text asserts that many preachers give evidence of vanity by their examples. This is incorrect—as regards the ministers of our day—the charge is often laid at their door, but they are free from such a stain. They are frequently persecuted for righteousness' sake. I was once nearly mobbed myself while preaching on a stump to the natives of Jersey, on the benefit of 'making hay when the sun shines'—but, thank God, I was afterwards invited to dinner by some of my bitterest opponents on the very same day. Just so it works: one moment we professional men are hooted down asses, and the next extolled as gods. As for me, I am like St. Paul—'everything to all men.' Only name the sort of preaching you want, and you shall have it; but if you upbraid me, I will turn Universalist, and send you all to heaven, whether willing or not—loafers, blackguards, and everything, without distinction. But, my brethren, I hope and trust that you will get there, and secure that magnitude of bliss which is the reward of the just, without hanging to the skirts of my coat; for there is no knowing, as my illustrious predecessor said, but I may wear a roundabout when the eventful day of departure draws near. So mote it be!

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#### WHAT IS MAN?

MY DEAR HEARERS: Man is an animal, that walks upright upon his hind legs, and has a head upon his shoulders that 'is some BIG punkins' compared with his brother orang-outang, or that even of an elephant. Unlike the hog, that fore-noses some things, and the bee, spider, and many quadrupeds, that can tell days beforehand when it's going to rain, Man foreknows nothing. Herein he is pre-eminently inferior to the brutes. Then, again, what renders him vastly superior is a certain faculty, God-given, which enables him to GUESS at a thing better than they, and sometimes to hit the mark at the distance of a hundred years; though much oftener to

shoot as much wide from it as I did, thirty-odd years ago, when I guessed that folks at the present day would have gained a full practical knowledge of good morals and manners, at the rate they were then progressing in the art and science of paring apples, making love, threshing grain and school-children, hetcheling flax, and their manner of saying grace at the table.

Man, my dear friends, is an odd fish, at any rate. He is the only creature that ever seems to be uneasy in regard to his dress. The toad, without a single feather in his tail, sits and winks and thinks as contentedly in the garden where struts the proud peacock, as though he really had a jewel in his head, and golden feathers upon his back. In truth, my brethren, Man is never satisfied long with anything: change, constant change, is the very essence of his existence. Give him what he wants, and he must have something else—as much as he wants, and he wants more. Well, my friends, perhaps you may say that his ever-hoping, desiring, longing, are arguments tough as bull-beef, in favor of his immortality, while ‘the spirit of the flesh goeth downward.’ I don’t know about that. It seems to me to argue that restless, changing and ever-progressing Man could never be satisfied with heaven itself; and that the brute creation are ‘just the THINGS’ fitted to enjoy the perpetual delights of so never-changing a place. Why, Man in heaven, it strikes me, would feel himself as discontented as a little froglet in a bowl of soup. He would be so continually hopping, paddling and thrashing about as never to realize the rich blessings and bounteous enjoyments with which he were surrounded. Not he. He must turn about, wheel about, progress and go ahead for ever; and all that, too, in the largest kind of a circle. Such is his natural propensity for more elbow-room, my friends, that Man wouldn’t be in heaven over five hundred years before he would go for having the place enlarged, by annexation, in some way or other; but where the territory is to come from is more than this old fool can tell.

My friends: Man, PHYSICALLY speaking, is the same as any other jackass; a middling-sized lump of vitalized mortality. He bears burdens—draws loads after him—is either driven or led by the nose by somebody or something—eats and drinks his fill—lies down and sleeps; rises in the morning to renew his daily toil; and finally, overwearied with life’s heavy burden, lays himself



down, and dissolves into that common dust of which kings and cats, dukes and donkeys, sultans and serpents, are all manufactured.

MENTALLY speaking, Man is almost a miracle. His head is a vast mountain of thought; an unexplored chasm of intellect; a rich, inexhaustible mine of ideas. He conceives such mighty projects, and puts in operation such wonderful plans, as none but one made a little lower than the angels' could possibly execute; and which fully confirms myself, at least, in the opinion that it would take but a very small boost indeed to elevate him to within a few feet and some inches of the awful dignity of a god.

MORALLY speaking, Man has a heart as big as a coal-hod, and as crowded with generosity, philanthropy, charity, kindness, and sympathy, as is my old carpet-bag with well-tried and faithful breeches, confiding shirts, patient, holy and never-complaining stockings, and all such truck. But, recollect that, with him, circumstances exercise a most unresisting and tyrannical influence, as the ducky said when caught between a post and a cart-hub.

SOCIALLY speaking, Man is a gregarious animal. He loves to herd as naturally as black cattle, sheep, or geese. Perhaps he is oftener prompted in this by self-interest than by pure friendship: as in large cities, for instance, where one may pick up what another drops—gain what another loses by traffic or gambling; all of which, my friends, is a species of robbery, 'anyhow you can fix it.' Another reason why Man likes to crowd himself into a flock is, to gratify an itching curiosity to see and hear 'it all,' let it be either to, or against, his advantage; or to have something to gab or gas about.

PHILOSOPHICALLY speaking, Man is a curious compound of pride, humility, vanity, simplicity, frankness, hypocrisy, ambition, indifference, industry, laziness, religion, infidelity, mirth, moroseness, gayety, gravity, virtue and vice. Take him by the coat-collar and give him a shaking, and all these various ingredients turn at once into the foam of wrath; but daub on the ointment of flattery; rub it well but gently in, and they immediately thicken into the molasses of love and admiration. In this he is a perfect chameleon; assuming the very hue of every object with which he abides long in company. Such a piece of patchwork, my hearers, in a philosophical sense, as is Man, I never saw—unless it be the constitu-

ted laws of Connecticut, or the bed-quilt that nocturnally covers my multitudinous sins.

POLITICALLY speaking, he is one of the meanest hypocrites and unmitigated scoundrels that ever disgraced the pathway to 'good opinion.'

PLAINLY speaking, my friends, Man is a mammoth humbug—a monstrous cheat; and the less you have to do with him the better for you. But we have this consolation left in store for us: we shall get rid of him some day or other.

And now, my fellow man! let you and I henceforth do all that is worthy, manly, and worthy the name of Man—and nothing more. Here, just beyond the threshold of 1853, let us resolve to be better boys than in 1852. We will not only INTEND to do, but DO, and KEEP DOING; and so trot along, cosily, side by side, to our graves, like a couple of glad dogs towards a carrion heap. So mote it be!

#### WHAT IS WOMAN?

MY HEARERS: I hardly know whether to pronounce the subject before me a difficult, a tender, or a delicate one: it seems to partake of the whole three. To do it anything like justice would require that I should commence preaching at the crowing of the cock, and cease only at the coming home of the cows. Nevertheless, I will trot over it rough-shod, according to my usual style.

The animal mechanism, my friends, of Woman is so similar to that of Man, that, if any difference exists, it is so slight that I'll not stop to point it out; but the materials of which the two are composed are just about as unlike as red chalk and new cheese. Man, according to the Book, was moulded from a few shovelfuls of loose dirt scraped up in the Garden of Eden, which, being moistened with Omnipotent dew, and gently warmed by Divine rays, became an animated form of flesh, bone and blood. Woman, primarily, was a sort of second-hand human, or, I might say, the incarnated superfluity of Man. He, happening to have a rib to spare, spared it, and from it she was made, endowed with life and graced with beauty—consequently, she is a spare-rib, and nothing more.



Now, my hearers, let me speak of Woman as she is, ready-made—finished. When I say finished, I mean that there will probably never be any further improvement essayed upon her by the hand of Nature. What Art may next attempt, is beyond the divination of a poor, purblind mortal like myself.

As far as length, breadth and depth of INTELLECT are concerned, my friends, Woman is a peg or two below Man. She never can become great; for the seeds of greatness are not sown in her nature. If they are, the time is yet to come when they shall germinate and put forth to astonish a wondering world. She lacks the mental power to grapple with any important crisis, or to solve intricate (say political) problems like unto a man. She is pretty good, I admit, upon a short hug-and-tussle; but to wrestle long, guardedly, with great issues, and come off victorious at last, it takes us, bull-headed lords of creation, for all of her. God has not given her the faculty—and Heaven knows she hasn't the patience—to study long and deep upon any one subject. She can't sit down, any more than a pair of tongs, and coolly revolve and re-revolve it in the wide circumference of thought—turn it over, around, about, and examine all sides of it carefully—like one of us lazy but persevering male philosophers. No; it is run through the mill of her mind with lightning speed, and comes out neither crushed nor bruised, but only a little barked. I warp a little to the opinion of my formerly distinguished, though much neglected friend Otway, that Woman thinks of nothing twice; and, therefore, one of brother Van Buren's 'sober second thoughts' must commit downright burglary to effect an entrance to the storehouse of her brain. Woman, dear friends, may be talented, witty, and gifted; but, I repeat, that the elements of true greatness never have been, and never will be, implanted within her. Shear the sun for his golden fleece—seek for a stick that once grew perfectly straight—but don't look for a great or a mighty woman. Man, through ambition, becomes MIGHTY—Woman, MONSTROUS. You may think, my worthy friends, that I let myself down rather hard upon the tender angel, but I'll be careful not to hurt her; still, I tell you once for all, that she can never become a Washington, a Wellington, a Clay, nor a Webster, no, not even an obscure Dow, Jr., while brooms have handles, needles have eyes, and cradles hold babies.

My friends : when I come to the HEART of Woman, I touch upon something capacious, fair and tender—an article as much softer, warmer, richer, and every way more precious than that of which Man so often proudly boasts, as a nice, yellow roll of June-made butter is superior to a cold, corpse-like lump of lard. In that holy and beautiful tabernacle are congregated ‘amazing Brightness, Purity and Truth—eternal Joy and everlasting Love!’ A momentary breeze of anger may sometimes disturb its sacred serenity; but O, how soon the head forgets! Anon, all is placidness and sweet repose: rosy-wreathed Mirthfulness lights up every aisle and avenue with her sunny smiles, while the beautiful toggery of Hope and Joy is once more displayed in all its original glory.

From Woman’s heart, my brethren, the pure juice of sympathy exudes as naturally as sweat from a bullock’s nose. No circumstantial squeezing can add to its abundance—it is always there with its glowing, silvery shine, like globules of morning dew upon a cabbage-head. In fact, her heart is the home—the abiding place of every exalted moral sentiment and tender feeling; whereas, in Man’s cold, callous gizzard, such angelic sojourners find but little hospitality. It serves them for a transient lodge only; and I know it can’t be otherwise than with unspeakable delight that they make their exits from such uncongenial quarters. And, O, too, brethren! in the pretty parterre of her fond affections, grow various flowers of love for brothers, sisters, parents, relatives, offspring, birds, a nice cup of tea, and, somstimes, cats and dogs. Peering above all these, is seen one attractive blossom, brighter, but not more beautiful, than the rest. Though the others are by no means neglected, yet this she fosters with the most constant care, that it may still freshly bloom when time’s autumnal frosts shall fall, and life’s lovely landscape shall grow brown and sere: it is that sweetest of posies—Conjugal Love. Such is the heart of Woman. Man’s is no more to be compared with it than a side of sole leather is to the tenderest bit of tripe that you ever bought of the old woman in Essex Market.

Woman, my hearers, is rather inclined to loquacity; but that is not her fault. Her little panting heart won’t permit her tongue to be idle; and if that wee, gadding member sometimes scatters the seeds of scandal by the wayside, it is only through an innocent curiosity to see how soon they will sprout—how luxuriantly they



will flourish—and what bitter kind of fruit they will produce. And another thing: from the buoyancy of her spirits, it is as natural for a Woman to talk as for a babe to prattle, a Canary bird to sing, or a goose to gabble—she can't help it.

Woman, my worthy hearers, looks to Man for provisions and protection, as we see fully exemplified among those witless children of nature, the savages. For her he toils; for her he engages in traffic; for her he goes to war; and for her he makes such laws as shall best conduce to her welfare. Whatever be his occupation or his calling, like the Indian, he does nothing but 'hunt and fish' for her, after all. Like the vigilant cock, he keeps a sharp eye to the hovering hawk that would pounce upon her and her little brood. Nevertheless, she must scratch a little for the well-being of her callow household.

Woman's sphere is a domestic one. In that Edenly garden the God of Nature has placed her. There she shines, encircled by a halo of light and loveliness—an 'administering angel' to man—a heavenly guide to her offspring; but when she tucks up her calicoes and leaps the fence, she becomes a monstress in a desert wild. She is then neither man, woman, nor the devil, but a sort of she-hippopotamus, whose home is the dry land of domesticity, but delights to stir up the mud at the bottom of social and political rivers. So mote it be!

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#### ON SUICIDE.

TEXT.—To be, or not to be—that is the question.  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them.

MY DEAR HEARERS: On the question of 'To be, or not to be,' I appear before you, on this occasion, as a defender and supporter of the affirmative: that is, I go in for having the TO BE last just as long as Divine Providence, in its mercy, shall ordain; since existence is one of the greatest blessings man can enjoy, if not absolutely indispensable to the preservation of the body. I am in favor of having life's brittle thread spun out to the full extent its fine texture will admit; and when it snaps, may it be in the eve-

ning breeze of age, while one end is secure between the thumb and finger of Omnipotence, rather than in the meridian whirlwind of manhood, when suicidal manhood so often snatches it from the distaff—rolls it in a wad—and casts it into eternity, as a snarled-up botheration, and too full of the kinks of perplexity for human nature to bear. I don't believe, my friends, that man ever gained anything by committing suicide; for he is sure to lose a large amount of fun that has been stowed away for him upon some of the upper shelves of the world, to be handed down by Fortune ere his natural existence shall have been drawn to a close. In order to illustrate the folly of suicide, allow me to suppose that three disciples of the renowned Izaak Walton are seated on the bank of a stream engaged in the patient-trying, but honorable, profession of angling. Their names we will call Tom, Dick and Harry. Well, Tom, being favored by the conjunctive influence of Providence and the water Naiads, has the loftiest kind of piscatory luck, inasmuch as he is kept putting in and pulling out incessantly; while the hopes of the other two are not flattered by even so much as a nibble. Dick, in a foolish paroxysm of madness for his misfortune, suddenly drops his pole, and goes off and hangs himself; and Harry, in the cool exercise of moral philosophy, holds steadily on to his, and reasons thus: If I go and kill myself, I am sure to catch no fish by that operation; so, here I'll sit, like Patience on a monument, smiling at stubborn cat-fish, till they condescend to favor me with a bite! He continues angling, with Christian fortitude, and eventually he experiences a bite. To that succeeds another, and another still—till, at last, he departs for home, laden with as glorious a string of fish as ever gladdened a Catholic's eyes on a Friday. Now, my friends, I ask you, did not Dick commit a foolish act by thus laying violent hands upon his own life instead of waiting patiently for that auspicious luck which attended his comrades? You answer, yes: so be it. This, then, is the moral of suicide. You all cast your hoop-baited hooks into the troubled waters of the world; and if you don't catch something more than a gudgeon, instantler, you go and make Judases of yourselves! What folly! what stupidity! I tell you, my brethren, to keep on bobbing—the fish will bite, by-and-by. The darkest pall of gloom that has ever been spread over the earth by wrathful spirits of the tempest, has always been removed by the guardian angels of light.



and loveliness. Although your sun of hope should set in the darkest clouds of despair, take a swig at the bottle of cheerfulness, and doubt not it will rise on the morrow as clear as a bull's eye, and brighten in lustre till it reaches the zenith of man's highest expectations. Cheer up, cheer up, you saturnine sons of sorrow, and sit no longer in the shade of self-created misery; but promenade up and down the sunny aisle of pleasure, where the hypochondriac forgets his fancied woes, and where the blue devils dare not trespass. If your moments—those little winged grandchildren of the hours—come to you apparently dressed in the sable habiliments of mourning, you may rest assured that they borrow their color from the black despondency of your hearts; for, just behold them in the sunlight of mirth, and their tiny wings will sparkle with a golden effulgence, like the jewels of an angel's diadem in the sunshine of immortal glory. Believe this, my dear friends—although you are not bound to believe ALL I say; for I have the candor to admit that I give out the wheat of truth enclosed in the husks of error and human fallibility, the same as any one does.

My dear hearers : in looking over the appalling catalogue of suicides, the first of last month, I feel as down-spirited as a glass of gin that has stood uncovered for a week; but I shan't make away with myself. No—I will keep on preaching. I will try to preach all suicidal ideas out of the human family, if possible; and to do this, I will always put on a little extra steam just previous to the gloomy days of November and December, when the contagion of self-destruction always seems to prevail. It has prevailed lately to a t-i-o-n shun. We have beaten England, to our everlasting disgrace; and whether it be attributed to the defeat of Van Buren, the election of General Harrison, his death, or to the prevailing propensity for following in the wake of English customs, I know not, and neither do I care. It is enough for me to know that the dreadful fact exists. My text asks 'whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' &c. Yes, it is nobler to suffer with misfortune, and, in one sense, battle with it, than to take up arms after the manner of which Mr. Hamlet speaks: for it is as plain as an old maid's age that this kind of taking up arms means that man has nothing more to do than to play the part of a coward, and scud from time to eternity

with each particular hair standing on end, like bristles on a frightened boar pig. To square off in a pugilistic style at trouble, or to bear up spunkishly under its assaults, is emphatically taking up the arms of patience and Christian fortitude; and he that abides to the end is entitled to an extra turkey quill in his cap; but he that pusillanimously runs over the boundary line of existence must feel about as cheap, when in the presence of Omnipotence, as though he had been engaged in the fight of liberty, and called his legs into active service to save his carcase from danger.

My friends: as brother Nichols lately remarked, a man has no business to take that away from himself which the God of Nature gave him in trust. No—he can't do it without incurring an awful responsibility. Neither you, nor I, nor any other one, can thrust ourselves into the arms of our Maker. We must wait till he condescends to take his fretful babes from this earthly cradle of wo, and clasp them to his bosom with more than parental affection. Before you lay your hands upon a razor, a pistol, a rope or a vial of poison, with a self-murdering design, think, I beseech you, of where you are about to go! Though all around you may be gloom, yet all before you is darkness and uncertainty. Like the beef-steak, you may jump from the frying-pan into the fire—into the fire that feeds itself for ever with the fuel of its own wrath. Think whether you are prepared—whether the spirit has science enough to swim safely the Hellespont of Death—and, oh! consider that if, by wilful violence, you cause a premature delivery of the soul, it will be sent, still-born, into the lap of eternity, wrapt in the swaddlings of everlasting death! So mote it be!

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ON HYPOCRISY.

TEXT.—Why did you choose that cursed sin,  
Hypocrisy, to set up in?  
Because it is the thrivingest calling—  
The only saint's bell that rings all in.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: If there is one object of iniquity in the locomotive world more to be despised than another, it is a hypocrite—that machine for manufacturing piety, made by the devil's geometry—that deceptive specimen of the genus homo, who has a very



sweet voice, but a stinking breath—who knocks at the door of salvation, dressed in the habiliments of disguise, and vainly hopes to gain admittance—ay, he hopes in vain—for, just as sure as sin meets with its recompense, he and his whole tribe will be pulled down to perdition, like soapsuds through a sink-hole. Oh, hypocrisy! put on as many outer garments of sincerity as thou wilt, still thy rottenness smells to heaven with an odor ranker than the fumes of compound garlic and assafœtida! Thou art likened unto the fair-looking Dead Sea apples, which are no sooner touched than they crumble to ashes. Thou art anything and everything, except what thou seemest to be. At thy shrine thousands kneel down and worship, with one eye cast upward; and with the other seeking to pilfer the costly ornaments that surround thy golden altar. I can point out before me now a hard Christian, whose soul is whitewashed with the lime of apparent truth and purity, and who is bribed to serve his Maker, by an abundance of this world's riches, even as the heart of the political hypocrite is varnished with patriotism, through the hopes of licking the well-daubed molasses cups of office. It isn't you, young man, by the post, whom I mean—nor is it you, young woman by the window—but it is you, you bald-headed old reprobate by the door: yes, it is you, who, for a mere pittance, make prayers as long-winded as a southern gale—who offer up your devotions while your thoughts are out on mercenary errands: it is you who act as spiritual highwayman on the road to heaven, robbing the poor of their hard earnings, and persuading them that they lend to the Lord, while you pocket the whole; and I make bold to tell you of it, in order that the arrows of conviction may pierce your iron-cased heart, and bring you to a sense of repentance, ere it be for ever too late. I perceive that you wear a woollen vest, buttoned close up to the chin, to prevent the cold winds of winter from affecting your conscience. Well, there's need for it, and a flannel undershirt, likewise. Now listen, brother partner in the experience of age! Instead of entering in at the gate, you have climbed over the fence that surrounds the garden of piety—roved abroad in its precincts—tangled up the high grass of morality—trod the flowers of virtue under foot—and all under pretence of cultivating the ground, while, in fact, you had been cropping the silvery blossoms of emolument, and sowing the seeds of vice and dupli-

city on every side. Bear in mind, you tottering monument of frailty, that your day of dissolution is at hand—that every revolving day winds up a link in the short chain which binds you to the tomb—and that you will soon have to commence a voyage of discovery beyond life's continent, from whence no adventurer has ever yet returned. What then do you think that all your worldly gains will avail you? I will tell you. After settling with the Evil One for services by him rendered, you will have a balance remaining, just sufficient to pay your passage down to everlasting misery—exclusive of wine and other gastronomic substantials. Therefore, take heed, O frost-bitten man of perdition, or you may seek for redemption where there is none to be found, and call in vain upon one who will not hear, for your manifold transgressions.

My beloved hearers: the reason why so many set up in that cursed sin, hypocrisy, is because it is a thriving calling—that, by it, they can lounge away their time under the tree of lucre, and call upon the honest and ignorant to beat the boughs, while they take possession of the golden fruit as it falls! that by it they are enabled to rob the contribution-box of the widow's mite, and convince her that it is for the glory of a blessed cause; and that her poor, dependent offspring should sit shivering in the bitter blasts of want, for the sake of sect and the aggrandizement of those that stand at his head. They can always easily squeeze out a few tears of sympathy over the fatherless and distressed; but they are frozen, and fall like hail-stones upon the marble sepulchres of the dead. To be killed with kindness, is a pleasant death to die; but, for my part, I had rather go down to the grave with the scurvy, than to be morally overpowered with any act of generosity which lies in the power of a hypocrite to forward. Look at me, my friends, and see if I am not as transparent as a stick of clarified candy: observe my past and present line of conduct, and find, if you can, even a fly-speck of deception to mar the fine texture of an unsullied life. If I think you to be a set of confirmed scoundrels, I make no bones in telling you so; and, if, on the other hand, I find you to be pure and uncontaminated, I plaster on the praise, regardless of your blushes. Now, as I am, withal, a feeble taper, surrounded by the thick darkness of moral depravity, I hope you will hang close to the skirts of my coat, while I lead you through the gloomy and vicious avenues of the world; and,



at the same time, hug up to one another in the bonds of brotherly union and love; so that, when I shall be extinguished by the fufflers of death, you can guide each other, by the light of your own countenances, and resort to no hypocritical means to obtain more morality than you inherit from your own good deeds. If you obey my precepts—improve upon my words, when you apply them to action—and make no arrogant assumptions of virtue, you will go through life as smooth as a dose of castor oil, and wind up your last mortal concerns in the full assurance of endless peace and happiness. So mote it be!

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## ON THANKLESS CHILDREN.

TEXT.—How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child!—SHAKSPERE.

MY HEARERS: If the laws of Nature were such that full-grown, ready-made members of the human family could be brought into existence, we should be spared a vast deal of trouble, anxiety, grief and mortification in the cultivation of young suckers of morality, called children. Our first parents came into the world as ripe as wind-fallen peaches, and as full of vigor as a lemon is full of juice. As soon as they were born from the earth's mysterious womb, they were ready for matrimony; and their nuptial and christening ceremonies were all performed at the same time. They never crept in infancy—they never prattled together as brother and sister in childhood—they never felt the fervency and enthusiasm of youth—and they never experienced the blissful agony of long-protracted and unwedded love. No, they were made man and wife almost the moment they got ready to breathe; and thus those two physical trees budded, blossomed, and fructified, on the very morning they were planted in Paradise. So, my friends, it should be now; for such small potatoes as children are at the present day, are a nuisance to communities and a plague to parents. When I speak thus of the rising generation, I wish it to be understood that I have not reference to the exact whole, but to a large majority of the juvenile race. I know that some of them have dispositions as mild and as gentle as the balmy breath of

May, and are easily trained up in the way they should go; but there are others—ay, too many others—possessed of such inflexible and ungrateful tempers, that it is doubtful whether Satan himself would not blush to own them as his offspring. They drag through the muck of ingratitude all the choicest gifts of parental kindness—trespass beyond the limits of a liberal indulgence—make mouths at their mothers, and swear at their sires for presuming to administer to them the physic of admonition in the molasses of unadulterated love.

Oh, my friends! it is biting to the heart, and sharper than a serpent's tooth, to have a thankless child: to have one that WILL ride his own hobby to hell, in spite of the threatening thunderbolts of fear, or of the enticing wiles of favor!—one upon whom the dews of instruction fall as futile as spring showers upon a sand-bank; yet how many there are whose arbors of peace are stript of their foliage by their own thankless children! Whither we direct our footsteps, and wherever we turn our eyes, we behold these case-hardened scraps of humanity as thick as maggots in fly-time. We find them on the corners of the highways and by-ways, watching the tide of evil as it rolls by, and gathering all the scum of iniquity that floats upon the surface of society. We see them stripping the petals from the flowers of virtue to get at the black seeds of vice, and wandering, would-be vagabonds, over the pathless desert of unrestraint. The parental tears that are shed over these embryos of loaferism are of no more avail than a dose of castor oil to a costive stove-pipe. They will swim in the pool of corruption in spite of ancestral anguish; and if their mothers attempt to wipe the slime from their backs with the rag of reproof, they twist and squirm like half-flayed eels, and snap at their benefactors like the snake in the fable. I can't see, my friends, even with the magnifying spectacles of philosophy, why it is that children are so prone to adopt the vices of their seniors, and discard their virtues; unless it is that boys fancy they can never be men until they have possessed themselves of all the wickedness that ever accumulated in the carcase of manhood. In this respect, however, I should judge that they are all born men, like Adam of old, and stand in no need of seeking such manly qualities as sauciness, blackguardism and profanity. The truth is, my hearers, boys, at the present day, outgrow their pantaloons and become men before



their fathers learn wisdom ; and girls find their petticoats too short before they have scarcely entered upon their teens.

My hearers : strange as it may appear, I am fond of infants, young puppies, and a good bowl of hot soup ; but I hate saucy children, old dogs, and cold porridge. There is something about a child in infancy that speaks of heavenly innocence, and tells us how pure the heart of man might be were it not for the corrupting effluvium of sin that rises from the dead swamps of the world, and contaminates the whole moral atmosphere. Guardian angels watch over the little cherub as it slumbers in its cradle, while the fond mother reads nothing upon its features but innocence and purity. She beholds the green bud gradually unfold from day to day, and rejoices in the expectation of, as lovely a flower as ever cast its sweets in the circle of domesticity. She listens to its artless prattlings with delight as it creeps over the threshold of time into mature existence, and thinks not how soon it may be converted into a little loathsome lump of ingratitude and stubbornness : how soon the shears of Time will clip the apron-string that binds it to her, and let it run into the streets of iniquity, and seek its own way to perdition, with no one to reclaim it or give it friendly advice, other than by whispering ‘Does your mamma know you’re out?’ No, she thinks not of this matter, for she cannot conceive how an object so lovely, so innocent, and so pure can ever be transformed into a receptacle for all the stray vices that the devil ever scattered on his journey from heaven to his infernal home below.

My dear friends : thankless children have brought thousands of gray hairs in sorrow to the grave ; and they will continue to do it if you humor and pet them too much, and set them bad examples by exhibiting ingratitude towards your Maker for the bounties you receive at his hands. Some of you are the most ungrateful wretches that ever were permitted to trespass in the sacred enclosure of existence. You receive luxuries in abundance fresh from the lap of Providence, and then go away grumbling, instead of returning thanks for the favors received ! How, then, can you expect that your children will be thankful to you for those very favors which you scornfully received from Him upon whose liberality you subsist, and to whom you are indebted for the loan of a body to salt down a soul in ? Children’s ingratitude to parents is bad enough surely ; but a parent’s ingratitude to the Parent of all good is worse

still; and let me warn you, my friends, always to go upon the true moral principle of 'the smallest favors THANKFULLY received, either from above, below, or about, in order that you, your children, and your children's children may live in peace, die in glory, and go to happiness at last. So mote it be!

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#### WOMAN AN ENIGMA.

TEXT.—How solveless is woman!  
 How tender is woman!  
 How loving is woman!  
 How childlike is woman!

MY HEARERS: Sure enough, how solveless is woman! She is an unguessable riddle—a most intricate enigma, a flower which, by analyzing, no one can tell to a certainty whether it be poisonous or innoxious—not always. She has been with man from the beginning, and he hasn't found her out yet. She is, comparatively, an unexplored country—an alphabet of hieroglyphics—a magnetic mystery. Nobody knows what her heart contains. Sometimes it seems stuffed with love, tenderness and sympathy; and at others, filled with nothing but grit and gravel. It won't answer to shake her; you cause the acids and alkalies in her heart to come in contact, and then such an effervescence takes place as might lower the ambition of pearlash and cider.

Like the month of April, she is all sunshine and flowers. Many a tear-drop evaporates in the light of a smile, ere it has a chance to fall; and many a bright smile is suddenly quenched by a sprinkle of some passing cloud of sorrow about the size of a blanket.

Griefs bubble up from her bosom, to burst in an atmosphere of joy, like autumnal flowers, spring from the warm bed of her heart to be cut down by the sudden frost of grief. A queer compound is woman! She is made of modesty, boldness, beauty, silks and satins, jealousy, love, hatred, horsehair, whalebone, piety, paint, gayety, gum-elastic, bears' grease, sympathy, tears, smiles, affections, and kindnesses. She talks with her tongue, speaks with her eyes, is eloquent in her actions, and yet I cannot understand it.

My friends: how tender is woman! She is as tender as chicken, and as tough as an old gobbler. She must be screened



from the hot summer's sun—sheltered from the blast of winter ; and yet, if she makes up her mind to do it, she can outswear the sun, face a northeaster, and be a match for the devil. But inwardly, she is as tender as the mercies of heaven : her heart is as much softer than man's, as beeswax is softer than a brickbat. Her sympathies are as delicate as down on angels' wings, and her love appears as fresh and unfading, amid the sorrows of adversity, as the evergreen wreath that encircled the brow of old winter. Her tenderness is too tough to be destroyed by whatever chance, fortune or time may bring ; as tough as tripe, and twice as common.

My hearers : how loving is woman ! Ay, she is amazingly sickly in her attainments. She will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a 'possum to a gum-tree, and you can't separate her without snapping strings that no art can mend, and leaving a portion of her soul upon the upper leather of her affections. She will sometimes see something to love, where others can discover nothing to admire ; and when her fondness is once fastened on a fellow, it sticks like glue and molasses in a bushy head of hair.

My hearers : how childlike is woman ! A plaything herself, she is fond of every plaything in the world's great toy-shop. Her home is the realm of fancy, her existence is very ideal reality, her very miseries are mingled with a pleasing romance—her present is always bright, and her future still brighter. Would that I were a woman, to be pleased with every posy that pops its head above the weeds of a wicked world, and have no thorns to molest me, whilst gathering the wild flowers of imagination. Childlike, woman is very happy. Tickled with the straw of flattery, delighted with every rainbow-tinted bubble that floats upon the wave of time—as antic as a young coon is by moonlight, and as a cricket, she dances in the sunlight of joy—and seems to use every endeavor to coax us male, moody mortals into brighter and happier paths. So mote it be !

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#### ON PHYSIC.

TEXT.—Throw physic to the dogs.

MY DEAR HEARERS : It is a doubt in my mind whether it was ever intended by our Creator that we should take any other physic than

that derived from exercise, or drawn from the fields in draughts of vital air. God never made his animate work for man to mend with doses of medicine ; for the reason that it should never need mending, but preserved by prudence, temperance and exercise. Cast physic before any of the canine species, and they won't touch it ; because they follow the simple directions of Nature, and never get sick, unless by accident, or when confined and prevented from pursuing their own courses by their more knowing, and yet more indiscreet, masters ; for dogs are instinctively too wise to indulge in excesses, and bring upon themselves diseases which, in after generations, would reduce their period of existence to something less than that of A DAY. Physic can only mend a cracked and crazy carcase—patch an old building—not create a new one ; and every time it is patched, it will require more patching still, till eventually there is nothing left to patch, like the seat of a superannuated pair of pantaloons.

My friends : in primeval times, when our ancient fathers saturated their bread with sweat before they ate it—when they dug their own potatoes, grew their own grain, and unpodded their own peas—toil strung their nerves and purified their blood ; and they lived to enjoy a good old age of some hundreds of years—and when they died, they dropped to earth like the ripened fruits of autumn that fall by natural decay, and not by the premature frosts of disease. Excess and Debauch soon made their appearance among the human family, and men began to consult one another in regard to the cure of complaints which they had wantonly coaxed upon themselves. Then, physicians, quacks, and empirics arose, with their pills, panaceas, and nostrums ; and the consequence now is, that we, an imposed upon and pampered race of mortals, are dwindled down to threescore years and ten. At this rate, folly, physic, doctors and deviltry, will soon reduce the average of man to twenty years—then to ten—and shortly after babes will be born upon their graves, to draw their first breath and give their last gasp upon the very brink of eternity ; at which period the world will come to an end, despite the predictions and prophecies of brother Miller to the contrary.

My hearers : physic is only a poor substitute for exercise. The one but affords temporary relief, while at the same time it undermines the constitution ; but the other gives strength and vigor to



the whole frame, and prepares the body for the blasts that blow when youth is stripped of its blossoms—manhood of its verdure—and the tree of existence has grown sapless and old. Take exercise, my friends—keep the body in motion, and the mind will be at ease. Industry is an infallible remedy for indigestion; and a body that is kept continually busy with labor is seldom or never troubled with bile. Rise early—be temperate through the day—avoid sedentary habits—retire to rest at a seasonable hour—and you may dispense with all doctors, provided you are not hereditarily made to suffer for the sins of your ancestors; as the boy thought HE was, when he caught the itch, from one of his school-mates.

My worthy friends: if you would but avoid the fashionable follies of the age, and employ your own hands to gather the food that sustains you, you might throw physic to the dogs, or cast it to the cats, for all that it could ever avail you. A good moral prescription is all that you can require. If, perchance, any of you, my young hearers, should get love-sick, and feel a delightfully-horrible sensation from top to toe, matrimony is the only medicine that can afford immediate relief. If you sit meditating for any length of time in a melancholy mood, half-determined upon suicide, persevere with the pills of patience, fortitude and hope, and, in a little while, doubt, dyspepsia and the blue-devils will take their respective departures. Let the heart be kept purified with moral purgatives, and a very few indeed of either vegetable, or mineral pills will ever be required to keep the system in order. Take physic for the soul, and, when you drink, drink good health to the body—and recollect, meanwhile, that a single drop of prevention is worth a whole gallon of cure—as the drunkard thought when he said he drank to drive away the effects of drinking.

My friends: through the sins of your forefathers, I know it is necessary that you should resort occasionally to the use of medicines; but if you will commence now, and, by exercise, temperance and prudence, guard against being compelled to take physic, you will not only prolong your own lives, but the lives of those who are yet to appear where you now appear—tread where you now tread—and even carry the dust of your bodies to the doors, upon the soles of their shoes. And what is more, my friends, the children of your grand-children's children will be enabled to car-

ry the burden of an hundred years upon their backs to the tomb without bending. So mote it be !

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ON WISDOM.

TEXT.—Wisdom's too froward to let any find  
Trust in him, or pleasure in his mind.

MY DEAR FRIENDS : As far as happiness and peace of mind have an interest in the matter, the less wisdom a man has between his head and heart, the better he is off. Full-grown knowledge—which is the wisdom here alluded to—is a confounded big rat, that gnaws at our small stores of pleasure till nothing is left but a few contemptible crumbs. I don't think that you, as a body, are cursed with wisdom sufficient to prevent your sleeping o' nights ; and yet, if you only knew a little less than you really do, or pretend to know, comparatively few troubles would be caught in the cobwebs of the mind, and Time would speed on, in his unwearied flight, without shaking half so many cares from his wings. Because I say, however, that wisdom contributes to unhappiness, I wouldn't have you make dod-rotted fools of yourselves ; for that would only make the matter worse, inasmuch as foolish actions can't put conscience to sleep, mesmerize memory, nor cause reason to retire in disgust.

My friends : the help of Wisdom in this world is like an Irish hoist—a peg lower. For what she gives with one hand she takes double with the other. She shakes our courage till it curdles, and drives whole swarms of joys from our bosoms. The wise are care-breedingly cautious, and even prone to doubt ; and you know the big Book says 'he that doubts is damned.' He is damned so far as this : being too fearful of consequences, and having the wisdom to know that he doesn't know so much as he ought to know, he hesitates to go forward and gather fruits and flowers where the path looks difficult and dangerous ; and so he is continually experiencing an inward irritation and uneasiness, as though he had been swallowing teazles, curry-combs and shoe-brushes. Thus he loses slice after slice of that bread and butter of bliss, which God slips into the hands of the ignorant and careless.

My dear friends : Wisdom is a perfect slave to sloth. Who, or



what, is so uniformly busy with its body as the fool or the monkey? The fool, having no train of thought to sit still and peruse, makes himself industrious among straws or at catching flies, while the monkey, no less incapable of profound reflection, passes his time in hitching about, and scratching the wrong end for original ideas. Now, these things are much happier than the man of mind and wisdom. THEY don't care a copper about what has happened, what is going to happen, or the cause and consequence of what does happen; but HE must cogitate, meditate, realize, philosophize and sympathize, and allow his thoughts to bother him until he is made to exclaim with the great bard of the west:

‘Oh! I wish I was a GEESE,  
All forlorn!’

He sits musing and contemplating in lazy silence—throws out his tobacco quid, and chews the cud of care—swallows, and then raises it, to chew it over again—sees the phantom of sorrow gliding behind the future's gauzy curtain—calculates the average amount of mischief and misery in the world, and wonders whether the devil is of any use, now everybody has got so well acquainted with him. While he is revolving and re-revolving these matters in his mind, he looks as dull and stupid as a dreaming donkey, and in fact he feels himself as unfit for physical exertion as an oyster out of his shell. On the other hand, your empty-pated nincompoop flies about, smirks, smiles, grins, bobs, bows, and performs various other babooneries; and whereupon he is pronounced SMART. So much in his favor for having neither thought nor mind to bother him. But what is the odds, as has been said of old, so long as he is happy?

My hearers: there is a kind of wisdom which may be possessed to decided advantage. It is not in having an overstock of worldly knowledge, but in simply knowing how to steer your course through life safely between extremes. Be neither rashly bold nor shamefully cowardly. Be not afraid of things that cannot hurt you—the women, for instance—nor too familiar with what you should reverence—me, for example. As ‘the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,’ so is the fear of a woman the end of it. Be good and virtuous without being given to fanaticism. Be temperate in all things, but don't deprive yourselves altogether of certain luxuries and necessities because you once

abused them, and they found it meet to retaliate. Eat and drink whatever you like, if you find it agreeth with you; and do just as you please, provided it shall be well for you in the end. It is true wisdom to understand these things, and act accordingly; but he that understandeth, and hearkeneth to the voice of Wisdom, is a fool in one sense, and an obstinate jackass in another. So mote it be!

I am requested by one of my 'Hearers' to preach a sermon from this text: 'And Jacob kissed Rachel.' I have never taken nor accepted a text from the Good Book; but in this instance I must do damage to a pre-determination and let out upon the subject when its turn comes round.

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ON SELF-CONCEIT.

TEXT.—At our birth, the satirical elves  
 Two sacks from our shoulders suspend;  
 The one holds the fruits of ourselves,  
 The other, the faults of our friend:  
 The first we wear under our clothes  
 Out of sight, out of mind, at the back,  
 The last is so under our nose,  
 We know every scrap in the sack

MY DEAR HEARERS: It is generally supposed that Nature is perfect in all her works—except when she gets old freaks in her head, and cuts up caricues by way of experiment. But she is not. Look, for instance, at that last, and intended-to-have-been noblest, specimen of her handicraft, Man; he is made up full of errors as the first proof-sheet of a printer's devil. I say he was made up so, because I don't believe he was ever perfect in the beginning—when he was bran-new, and hadn't become racked and tarnished by worldly jolts and rubbings. If he had been put up perfect, worms would find it as easy to work their way into a cast-iron lamp-post as for faults and errors to creep into his composition. Man is a piece of botch-work, at the best, the way he is thrown together nowadays: there is no good timber—nothing better than basswood—in his corporeal building, and his moral constitution is powder-posted almost as soon as framed.

My friends: since you have two sacks slung over your right shoulder—the one hanging at your back containing the faults of



ourselves, and the other, dangling under your nose, holding the truits of your friend—would it not be as well for you to examine the contents of both at the same time? Just you do it, my brethren, and I'll bet my wig to a mop of nigger's wool that you will find them about six of one and five and one to carry of the other. But no, you must keep poking over the trash contained in the bag that thumps against your pudding depositories, wherein is stowed the multifarious and multinominal errors, faults and failings of another maggot before you. You ridicule this, turn up your nose at that, utterly condemn the other, and so on, without ever once thinking that the sack at your back is stuffed with an equal amount of censurable rubbish, duplicates of which your fault-riddled friend is criticising at the same moment! O, you big bladders of vanity, blown up with the gas of self-conceit!—you imagine that your piety is composed of the right sort of stuff—pure mahogany—while that of your neighbor is a base and worthless counterfeit; that your morality is the juice of every earthly virtue boiled down to a syrup, while others have nothing to boast of but a vile decoction of assumed uprightness; that you are without spot or blemish, while others are as full of faults as a poor man's dog is of fleas; in short, that you are perfection perfected, and others rough-hewn, unfinished, unpolished and unrefined.

My dear friends: why don't you more frequently look over the sack filled with your own sins, errors and weaknesses, and overlook the one holding those of your fellow mortal? First cast the trash out of your own eye, and then you may see more clearly to pull the bean out of your brother's eye. If your brother's bosom were transparent and his heart a looking-glass, you would see therein reflected a thousand follies so closely resembling your own, that, were they all put together and shaken up in a bag, you would find it a hard matter to tell t'other from which or what from whose. You wouldn't stand there grinning at each other, like a couple of silly clowns with an equal amount of smut upon their faces. No—you would then mutually turn your backs upon each other in disgust, tuck the ends of your coat-tails in your breeches pockets, and recede as rapidly as your locomotives could carry you; and then, from the basement of your hearts, you would thank

'That power that doth the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us.'

My brethren : you all imagine yourselves great—great in everything—capable even of teaching your grandmothers how to suck eggs ; and all that is wanting is the world to appreciate your genius, and a fair chance for its full development. But write it up on the scroll of your memory—impress it upon the soft putty of your minds, tuck it away in some corner of your hearts, that true greatness consists in overlooking the faults of others, and striving hard to mend your own. So mote it be!

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ON REASON.

TEXT.—Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars  
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers  
Is Reason to the soul.

MY HEARERS : Man is the only reasoning animal that lives, locates, and has a being upon this mysterious mundane sphere of ours ; and yet, with all his reason, philosophy and knowledge, he knows no more what kind of a chicken the uncertain egg of the future will hatch, than a new-married couple can pre-ascertain the true gender of their first-born. Reason forms a very good foundation upon which to rest the foot of the ladder of faith, but religion alone can support it at its top. If we depend upon the compass of reason as a guide to direct the soul to its haven of eternal rest, we shall sail safely and smoothly for a time ; but soon its needle will vary, and perchance cause our thoughts to be shipwrecked upon the desolate island of doubt. Reason, after all, is but the power to guess at right and wrong—a twinkling lamp glimmering in the twilight of earthly ignorance and heaven-born wisdom, that wakes and winks by turns ; fooling the follower betwixt its shade and shining. It's now you see it, and now you don't see it, as the young lady said of the lightning-bug.

My friends : Reason was given to curb your headstrong wills and to stop you in your headlong careers of vice ; but in most instances it proves of little or no avail. While dashing furiously onward with the fiery steed of Desire, upon your passionate pursuits after pleasure, Reason, every now and then, cries 'whoa! You hold up your horse for a moment and begin to reason whether it were better to take the by-paths of prudence, temperance



and economy, which lead to the blooming bowers of peace and happiness, or to continue on the broad and dangerous road at the risk of your lives, your reputations, and your sacred honors; but you must unreasonably reason Reason out of all argument, and enter down to perdition as carelessly as a drove of buffaloes over precipice. While putting the intoxicating cup to your lips, reason tells you to taste not and neither touch; but appetite, for the time, bears sway; and so you continue swigging it till dissipation has deprived you for ever of the last cent which might have secured your soul's salvation. For not listening to the admonishings of Reason, how many do I see of my young men running the pathway to the tomb in the bright summer sun! Down they go—propelled by passion, under the pressure of steam, raised by the fire of youthful enthusiasm; and I see that my patent preaching can no more prevail against a hog can dance a hornpipe upon ice, or yet can make a coat out of morning mist and moonshine.

My friends: the star of Reason shines the brightest in the firmament of age—when our passions have subsided and the storms of early excitement have ceased to blow. Then we look back and see what mischief we have done—mourn over the wreck of youthful folly, and endeavor to patch up with penitence what might have been preserved by prudence: but it is no longer Reason, remorse and regret reach us too late in the afternoon of existence to repair the injuries and remedy the defects of an ill-spent life; and so we go down to our long homes, weeping over the sad relics of the past, and wondering why the ways of wisdom did not exhibit their loveliness till the frail flowers of foolish enjoyment had faded beneath the blighting frosts of age.

My young friends: although the orb of reason shines but dimly amid the storms and tempests of youth, still let its feeble rays guide you as much as possible in all your wayward wanderings. If you fall desperately in love with an object unworthy of your affections, let Reason persuade you to look farther before you pick and partake of the bitter berries of matrimony—although I know very well it is like tearing toe-nails out by the roots, for two fond hearts, stuck fast together by the cement of love, to be ripped suddenly asunder. If inclination should induce you to indulge in immoralizing extravagances, pause for a moment, and reason with

yourselves whether it were not better to eat a plain, healthy meal of boiled beef and cabbage than to surfeit and continue sick upon the dainty dishes of pride and fashion. If you find that you have deviated far from the ways of virtue, don't think of performing a circuit to regain the right road; but cut across lots—jump fences—leap ditches—do anything to save yourselves in season—and you shall be saved. So mote it be!

## ON HOT WEATHER.

TEXT.—

	Come, spin away,
I have no patience for a longer stay;	
w	But must go down,
And leave the changeable noise of this great town.	
	I will the country see,
	Where old simplicity,
	Though hid in gray,
	Doth look more gay
Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.	

MY HEARERS: The Good Book says, Thou shalt not commit murder; no, not even upon your unworthy selves. I hold that man who does a suicide ought to be made to suffer the extreme penalty of the law; that is, he should be strung up before he has a chance to commit the deed, provided sufficient evidence be found that he had fully determined himself upon it. Therefore, brethren, I say unto all of you who have sufficient means and opportunity to leave this burning, broiling, roasting, frying Gomorrah, and not do it, that you are morally guilty of a damnable suicide. Go and save yourselves from Sol's fiery wrath. Go! and never venture to look back, till you have reached the cool and classic shores of Hoboken on the west, Staten Island and Coney Island on the south, or have crossed Spite-the-Devil Creek on the north. 'Remember Lot's wife.'

My friends: it's a burning sin and shame to stay here in the glowing furnace of a city ALL the while, and have every stiff energy become as limber as a strip of brown paper dipped in a can of lamp oil: to have all your firm faculties reduced to a quivering jelly—the oil of your intellects all oozing out upon your foreheads—and your noble bodies fast turning into crawling shadows with a little melted grease upon them. Oh! I have sweat near



the sanctity out of my system! My sociability has evaporated, and I can but speak—not converse. My voice is but a whisper, like that of the consumptive breeze, that folds its weary wings, and lies down in Theatre Alley. However, brethren, I will try to raise that whisper to a debilitated squeak. I am here for the present to throw (no, the weather is too warm to throw anything)—to oblige myself as a sacrifice, for your sakes, upon the fiery altar. Obey ye not me, but take care of yourselves. Flee to the mountains, and they shall protect you. Hie, and let the zephyrs fan your heated brows with their ever-waving pinions—to some cool, elm-hallowed shade, lie upon your backs and listen to the singing music of birds concealed in their green leafy cages; or to the low, soothing melody of wind-harps hung hidden among the thick branches overhead; or to some refreshing watering-place, and breathe the invigorating breath of old Ocean—cast your limpsy-frames into his capacious bathing-tub, and come out as firm as hogs' lard in winter. Go—go anywhere to get out of this blazing Gomorrah while it raineth fire—without the brimstone.

My hearers: what a heart-rending sight it is to see you suffering the unendurable torments of caloric! There is a fat mortal, puffing and blowing like a porpoise—gradually melting into soup, and being basted with his own gravy—how pitiable his condition! Then there's a thin slice of animation, fast scorching to a crisp for the want of enough juice in him to cook him properly. He suffers, too, although there is hardly sufficient of him to feel a great deal: yet he suffers. The intermediate specimens of humanity come off the best; like lobsters in the boiling pot, they scabble and fluster under painful excitement for a while, and then turn red and are quiet—done.

Now, my suffering, sweating brethren, if I can't drive you out of the fire, let me coax you to leave the heat and changeable noise of the town and visit the country, where, as my text says, old Simplicity, though clad in an undershirt of gray, presents a gayer appearance than the most over-dressed dandy you can meet between the Upper Bull's Head and the Battery—where the air is pure, cool and bracing; where the breezes are bland; where the waters are sparkling from their living fountains; where the flowers are fresh; and where cherries and cherry lips are alike equally tempting. There sojourn for a week or so, and amuse yourselves

if you like in searching for some of my sermons in the stone gilt-edged books in the running brooks, and newspapers upon the trees; or sit down and try the experiment of extracting good oil of a poisonous mushroom. You will return wiser, healthier, and happier beings; better fitted to pursue your various avocations, and, with strengthened constitutions, better able to bear up cool under such powder preaching as I soon intend to let down upon you.

Wind-whistle Island, my brethren (whence I have just returned) is about as comfortable a spot as I can point my finger towards at present. Proceed there, and mark what an air of coolness pervades the whole island—how coolly you will be received by the natives—how coolly the natives themselves will take anything from you—even an insult; and then, when you consider what cool comfort they enjoy, make up your minds that, whenever your biggest troubles may come, in this troublesome world, to ‘take easy’—like I shall. So mote it be!

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#### ON MUSIC.

TEXT.—Where does the soul of music dwell?

Say, is its spirit found alone  
In harp-strings, or in silver bell,  
And in the organ’s solemn tone?

MY DEAR HEARERS: Although music cannot be called a living creature, with body, bones and blood, still I learn from my text that it possesses a SOUL; but, as to whether it has a soul to save or lose, I must leave for doctors of metaphysics, more fraught with ethereal milk than myself, to determine. My friend Byron speaks of music shedding its soul: so does man. So do cattle shed their coats, and lobsters their shells; and so also does the farmer shear his sheep. But music sheds its soul, as do flowers their perfume—‘upon the desert air’—and is thought of no more.

Now, my friends, the next question is, what is music? At first we find it to rise in the fertile mind of some godlike poet. Though he may not be able to whistle two bars of Yankee Doodle, he arranges parts and words in such proper places, and causes them to march in such complete order, that he unwittingly makes both verse and music at the same time. Such was the Almighty’s grand



poem at the creation. The world, then, was not even rough prose—it was a confused mass of *PI*, wild, rude, and without order or arrangement. The ungoverned parts knew no more correspondence with each other than a couple of ampersands in the middle of a proper name, till they were brought to number, and made to harmonize, by fixed rules, by the vast poetic thought of the Eternal Mind. Water and air he chose for the tenor; earth made the bass, and fire the treble. All the motions, straight and round, and swift and slow, and short and long, were so skilfully mixed and woven, and fell in such smooth, artful figures, as made a measured dance for everything in the universe. No wonder the stars sang, and went all hands round, balanced and turned partners, and continue the same to the present day. No wonder the comets chas-sez across, cut half right and left, promenade round, and back again to their places. No wonder the earth and moon commenced waltzing together in good earnest. How could they have helped it, and feel the musical influence of Nature's magnificent poem? All that is music. As my friend Dryden says:

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began:  
From harmony to harmony,  
Through all the compass of its notes it ran,  
The diapason ending full on man.

Man's soul is music, and his breast a fiddle, capable of producing the softest and sweetest of tones, and discord harsh enough to shame a saw-mill into eternal silence. Beauty is music, too, delicately disguised: being too nice to touch the air, it remains for the eye alone to appreciate and convey its power to the heart. In short, whatever ravishes the soul—whatever charms the ear or eye—is music, confessed by all.

My friends: I come now to another question—'Where does the soul of music dwell?' Perhaps you will answer, in Jenny Lind. Well, I must say it has comfortable quarters there. Charity, benevolence, amiability, and, no doubt, the whole troop of the cardinal virtues, are its companions. Happy music, to have a home in such a bosom! Lovely music, to come forth arrayed in all the adornments that private excellence can bestow! Welcome music, gushing from such a fountain of goodness! But, my friends, there is music everywhere, if you will only appreciate it. The dancing

darky says, Dar is music in dem heels—and so there is, most palpable, and not to be misunderstood;—in a hurdy-gurdy, though it makes a terrible ado in getting out; in a hand-organ, uttering melancholy tones in behalf of its mendicant master; in the squeaking clarionet, that never moves on under a shilling; in the O-dear-me accordion, that ‘refuses to be comforted’ because they (the hearers) are not; in the bullfrog’s booing bass; in the frogess’s thin treble; in the panther’s wild scream; in the lion’s terrific roar; in the thundering cataract; in the whistling wind; in the howling storm; in the babbling brook; in the placid stream; in the ocean’s wrath; in the whirlwind’s rage; and in the nocturnal cry of a she Ethiopian, ‘Hot corn! hot corn! here’s your nice hot corn—all smoking hot!’

And now, brethren, as to the power of music: what about that? It is said to have charms sufficient to soothe a savage breast; to soften blue granite, and bend a crowbar. So it is said; and yet, while music is in full blast from Barnum’s balcony, I have intently watched the weathercock upon St. Paul’s, but have never seen it betray the least symptoms of nervous agitation; yet Timotheus, with his dyspeptic flute,

‘Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.’

David with his lyre, as you all know, put wrathful Saul’s disordered soul in tune with all the ease imaginable; and such was the power of Orpheus’ lute that trees tore themselves up by the roots, and fell to dancing in a frenzy of delight; mourning cypresses wreathed themselves in gladsome smiles, and even weeping willows wiped their eyes, and laughed for joy. O, there is a magic in music that all must feel and confess whose hearts are coursed by warm blood instead of sour buttermilk. But the sweetest and most effective music of all is SPOKEN—in words of love and tenderness. It can touch the soul and ‘soothe a savage breast’ quicker than any instrument in the scope of my knowledge. Such is the music for me; and I wish you to cultivate it, my friends, in order that a ‘concord of sweet sounds’ may more than fill this ever-jarring world. So mote it be!



## ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

TEXT.—Thus all things are but altered—nothing dies;  
And here and there the unbodied spirit flies.

MY DEAR HEARERS: As to whether I sincerely believe in the transmigration of souls after death, it were useless for you to inquire. Were I to answer in the affirmative, I should render myself obnoxious to ridicule, scorn and contempt; and, perhaps, be kicked from beyond the pale of respectable society. Nevertheless, I will venture to touch gently upon the plausibility of the theory. We know very well that every particle which helps to compose the human system is derived from that which HAS BEEN; and, when it is dissolved by death, it only separates to form again that which is TO BE. That same material, animate or inanimate, appears again in some other shape—but not the same as at first—after it has undergone the process of dissolution. It is subject to change, but not to annihilation. So we say of the soul. After the body is decomposed by death, it goes to inhabit other forms—perhaps as a whole, perchance in particles. Perhaps its office is to animate the carcase of a monkey, and perhaps that of some future human being. From tenement to tenement it may be tossed, or aught we know, through all eternity—a bubble, as it were, upon this same eternity's unbounded ocean: appearing, disappearing, and reappearing, in divers places, like a wounded duck when reset by the sportsman's dog.

My friends: the soul is a great mystery. It is an ethereal essence, too subtle to be analysed by human comprehension. Even those who pretend to be sufficiently scientific to extract the blood of our departed brethren from a brickbat, are put to their trumps when they attempt, by any chemical or philosophical process, to give us the different ingredients that compose the soul. There can be no doubt but the same vital, or electrical, influence that operates in an oyster, and causes it to open and shut its shell, enables man to lift a finger, raise an arm, or to keep his jaws in constant operation while endeavoring to masticate an inch of india-rubber or a bit of bull-beef. Then when we come to the thinking or intellectual part, we find that man, over the brute, has a grand but complicated mental machine located in his cranium, upon which his electro-vital fluid operates most wonderfully. He stands upright in the image of his Maker, with a pair of hands designed for

no other purpose than to execute what his heart has conceived and his head has planned; while, with all animals below him their limbs are all used to assist in locomotion. At what link then in the chain of being does the soul commence? It begins, my dear friends, with that creature which is barely capable of SELF-improvement—with the most inferior order of the human race—with those who can teach themselves in anything without the aid of instructions. In short, the soul commences with that individual, a creature, which VOLUNTARILY disobeys the dictates of nature—and that creature is Man.

My dear friends: we will take it for granted that the immortal soul alone inhabits the bodies of humans: but the question is, where does it find shelter after its frail, carnal dwelling is destroyed by Death? That is more than mortal e'er can know. No one who has passed the boundary of existence has ever returned to tell us of its whereabouts, whatabout, or howabout. The spirit may wear out a new suit of clothes in one sphere—then array itself in another for a limited existence—then in another, and another, and so on for ever and ever; for there are worlds enough floating about in the infinity of space to furnish it with a new one once in seventy years, even to the outer edge of eternity. If a person were sufficiently long-legged to step from star to star, and were to go at a decent dog-trot, he might as soon think of travelling from everlasting to everlasting and back again in a day, as to undertake to find an end to the planets which roll round their respective suns, as far beyond this insignificant solar system of ours as the farthest flight of imagination is beyond the jump of a ham stringed grasshopper.

My worthy hearers: the better way for us is to believe that after the soul has been separated from its earthly dress, it either goes to some particular place in the heavens where rust cannot prevail, and where all is purity, peace and happiness, or else to a region of eternal anguish and woe, according to the deeds done in the body. God undoubtedly made man to be his own master, and he is held responsible for every evil action committed in the face of his own conscience. There is scarcely a question in my mind but the sufferings that attend crime in this world are only small samples of the tortures which are to come like a shower of pitchforks in the next: and the nosegays of joy that we have present



ed us here for virtuous acts and righteous intentions, are no more to be compared with those with which Heaven will present us hereafter, than a bunch of pissabeds and dandelions to a wreath of roses.

My friends: since you cannot always live here below, and as your earthly pilgrimages will shortly end, lay in a supply of the salt of salvation for your souls now, while the article is to be had; for when the grave closes over you, and the spirit has taken its flight to another and an unknown sphere, it will be too late to begin to think of pickling it for eternity. Do the best you can—take unjust advantage of no one—be thankful for every blessing—and bend with submission beneath every burden of ill; and then, when you are ordered from the world into an uncertain hereafter, you will have everything to hope for and nothing to fear. So mote it be!

#### WHAT HAS MORTAL MAN TO BE PROUD OF?

TEXT.—Slayer or slain, it matters not,  
 We struggle—perish—are forgot!  
 The earth grows green above the gone,  
 And the calm heaven looks sternly on.

MY HEARERS: I don't see what we have to brag or feel proud of. We are nothing but detached masses of common clay, possessing powers of locomotion, and imbued with thought and feeling—avalanches of humanity, rolling down life's hill, with increased velocity, into the dark vale of death! Coming generations—approaching in mighty throngs, with low, incessant thunder and a perfect rush, like flocks of sheep or herds of buffaloes—are crowding and tumbling us by scores over the fearful precipice. Down we go, boys, with all our greatness and boasted honors! and the peasant ploughman, as he guides his shear in after time among our ashes, will not pause to consider whether the 'heap that wert a king' will grow any better potatoes than the moral refuse of a poor penniless fool. Then, my friends, of what have we to feel so almighty proud? Of a fine, noble appearance?—as well might a horse or a jackass. Of elegant apparel?—so may a leopard or a peacock. Of riches?—they are ours but for a day: old Ocean hath them for ever, and yet he behaves just as he would without

them. Of reason, intellect and understanding?—they are the gifts of God, and we ought to feel ashamed of ourselves that we make no better use of them. Of superiority over all OTHER beasts? Get out!—the lion licked the unicorn in a fair fight, and then went about his business as though nothing of the kind had happened. Had one of us accomplished such a victory, we should have thrust our hands into our breeches pockets—thrown back the head—put forward the breast and belly—given a stride that would have reached half-way to Oregon—straddled pyramids—puffed out the cheeks, and let off steam, gas and wind enough for forty steamboats, as many balloons, and an extensive windmill. The matter is, we have really nothing to be proud of, but truth, honesty and justice; and these articles are so very scarce that not one in a thousand can adjust his cravat, jerk his coat-collar, and pull down his vest, with a noble consciousness of having them in his possession.

My friends: as says the text, WE STRUGGLE. We struggle with circumstances—struggle to stem the tide of adverse fortune—struggle to get above one another—struggle to get married: and then, (too frequently!) like a couple of wrestlers, HELP to get each other down—struggle with the devil all through life—and, at last, have a desperate struggle with Death. Foolish beings! We take Time by the coat-tail, pull back with the might of a maggot, and imagine we can hold him in his impetuous career! We strip Pleasure to the skin—take her cloak, frock, bonnet, bustle and all—rob her of every charm—and then say there is no such thing as pleasure in the world! We extinguish the torch that Hope holds in her hand, and follow lightning-bugs into a mud-puddle! By superlative folly, you frighten Happiness from your fire-sides, and then say that she has ‘left your bed and board without cause or provocation!’ Thus man makes hills to tire himself with in climbing—produces darkness to grumble about—creates corns to swear at—and puts difficulties in his path in order that he may struggle with them! Well, my friends, if you can’t move without first setting fire to your shirts, all I have to say is, Blaze away—anything to give you a start.

My dear friends: we PERISH—are FORGOTTEN. Yes, we are composed of very perishing stuff. Improvements have been made upon almost everything except flesh—that, if anything, is not so able to stand the storms and tempests of time now as it was in the



lays of yore. More than a medal to him who can make it time-proof! We live hardly long enough for a man to count sixty (provided he count but one a year)—and then we creep under ground—through a subterranean passage that leads to—the Lord knows where. We perish, and a monument, perchance, more enduring than human flesh, marks the spot where we rest; but that, too, falls like all things earthly—and then we are forgotten! Whether slayer or slain, lord or loafer, there we lie! and the children of future generations will pitch pennies or shoot marbles upon our graves, as unconsciously as church-mice make their nests with the leaves of prayer-books and bibles. The earth will still grow green above us, and put forth its wonted variety of flowers, weeds and toadstools; the sky will look down as serenely as ever and the world will wag on as usual. So goes Man—vain, conceited, pompous Man—a mere tool and plaything of Time—into the unfathomed depths of Eternity! As of the ten-pins that fall by the skill of the bowler, so let us say of those that are knocked down by the cudgel of Death—‘Set ’em up again!’ So mote it be!

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ON MONEY.

TEXT.—So, day by day, and month by month, and year by year,  
                   he gained;  
 And grew gray, and waxed great; for money brought  
                   him all things.  
 All things?—Verily, not all.

MY HEARERS: How many times have I heard the remark from my fellow-beings around me, that money is no object; when, as anybody knows, it is the chief, if not the only, object of their ephemeral existence. From the time they first know the power of the penny, they ramble abroad in search after dimes and dollars, like young turkeys after grasshoppers, never satisfied, till fairly choked off by death—then do they vomit up their undigested dinners of gold, that neither impart nourishment to the body nor peace to the soul, and quit the world as hungry as they came into it. All that the body craves, my brethren, is meat and drink, and the care-worried spirit is as dry as a powder-horn for peacefulness. Now, he that hath these hath enough; and what more, I should like to know, can a human or a brute desire than enough? I grant that

too little is a trouble ; but, if money be a moral poison, and the love of it the 'root of all evil,' why, the less we have of the stuff, the better are we off. So fully persuaded am I that great store is great care, and that man's miseries increase as his purse grows plethoric, that I would esteem it an act of charity to have my salary reduced full fifty per cent. per annum.

I have seen many rich men, my friends, so burdened with the fear of poverty, that they can't stir without a complaining groan. Such I envy not, nor for them can I spare a particle of pity : they can have my gratuitous censure for so foolishly overloading themselves, and a little wholesome advice, were they to live their lives over again. The poor-rich are eaten to a skeleton by the vermin bred by fear, while the rich-poor grow fat as a wild hog in nut-time upon the adipose of hope. O, how many are the rich that miss the poor man's comforts, and yet are cursed with more than all his cares!—and how many, too, of the poor have the pleasures of the rich double-distilled, and refined with contentment? Can money buy everything necessary to the happiness of mortals upon earth? Not exactly : a contented mind is as much beyond the pale of its purchase as is a calm for the worried waves of the storm-tossed ocean.

My friend Tupper informs us, that in Tyre there dwelt a merchant—a child whom Fortune fondled in her lap and trotted upon her knee. He was an opulent man, with many ships, and traded in many climes ; and he lay down late at night upon a cobblestone bed, with a pillow stuffed with thorns, and among the mosquitoes and bedbugs of care. And so, as says our text, day by day, and month by month, and year by year, he gained : yes, he gained riches, a great loss of flesh, and heaps of trouble—and he grew prematurely gray as a precocious rat ; and his head grew bald like a gourd-shell, and shiny like a glass bottle ; and he waxed great, for money brought him all things, good, bad, better, indifferent, and worse. No, my brethren, money didn't bring him all things ; he held a big, covetable-looking nut in his hand, but it was not so solid as it seemed to be—the kernel was blasted ; for the sweet cream of contentment never rose upon the sour milk of his mind ; and, as for Peace, he didn't know her from a she orang outang. Luxuries palled upon his palate, and his eyes were satiate with crimson and purple ; he could coin bushels of gold,



heaping measure, but not so much happiness could he buy with it as would fill the heart of a spider when flies were scarce. Well, it so happened that on a day, a day of double bread, in the heat and smoke of inordinate ambition, when he threw with a gambler's hand, to go neck or nothing—double or none—the chance hit him in the wrong spot: he had done his worst; and men began to buzz like a disturbed nest of bumble-bees. Those he trusted took a notion to fail; and their usuries had bribed him to the core. One ship foundered at sea—another met the pirate, and she was theirs—and a third went to Halifax, for aught that was ever known of her. So, with fragments of fortunes not bigger than broken bits of glass, men discreetly shunned him. He was a stricken stag, and went to hide away in solitude; and then, in humility, he turned his thoughts over and over—bottom upwards, sidewise, and every way: he resolv'd—and, before the resolution had a chance to grow cold, he acted. From the pitiful wreck of all his splendors—from the apparently-worthless dregs of the golden goblet of affluence—he managed to save a morsel and a drop for his daily cup and platter. And lo! that little was enough: and, in enough, was competence! Then his cares hid themselves away, like cockroaches in December: he slept sweetly by night, and had Peace for a bosom companion by day. Thoroughly cured of all his guilty selfishness—money's love, envy, competition, and strife—he lived to thank his God in an humble cottage that he had lost a palace; for he there found what he had vainly sought in high estate—both body and mind well at ease, comfort in his heart, and the hope of still happier days to come.

My hearers: you know the moral: let it make an impression upon your avaricious propensities. Quit digging for and hoarding up gilded troubles: cease accumulating wrath for the day of wrath, in the shape of superfluous dollars, that are neither food, drink nor raiment, but an exceeding botheration. You that have enough of the 'filthy,' set about using it to your own benefit and the advantage of others; and cease dirtying your fingers with any further scrapings up. So shall there be the more left for such needy wretches as brother Bronzephiz and myself. So mote it be!

## MAN'S DECEITFULNESS.

TEXT.—For men one day serene and free appear;  
 The next they're cloudy, sullen and severe.  
 New passions, new opinions, still excite,  
 And, what they like at noon, despise at night.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: If women be fickle and changing, the men are more so; or, at any rate, their changes are more marked and conspicuous. Woman is changing all the while—just enough to render her company agreeable; and if, with her sweets, we were made to partake a little of the acid and bitter, she is no less sweet on that account. As she is to-day, so she will be found to-morrow—the same mixture of sugar, spice and lemon-juice, but sometimes differently proportioned. But MAN! you don't know how to take him. To-day he is all sweetness, to-morrow all bitterness, and the next day an insipidity—nothing but slosh or greasy dish-water.

My dear females: be careful how you trust those deceitful creatures called Men. Too many of them have their hearts in their pockets. Avarice eats big holes in their affections, and their love is but a brushwood blaze of passion that burns brightly upon the altar of Hymen; but, soon after, ends in smoke and ashes. When they get down on their marrow-bones before you; clasp their hands in rapturous agony; mingle tears with their smiles; put their paws upon their hearts; swear that their whole souls are on fire for your sakes; that, without you, heaven itself were hell, and hell of no consequence; and vow eternal love and constancy—consider well before you trust them: for, as my text intimates, what they like at noon they may despise before morning. You must know them a long while beforehand—read and re-read them (if they be worth reading) as you would a book; and then if you think it worth while to trust them with your budgets of hope and happiness, let them have 'em.

My dearly-beloved feminines: men are deceitful beings. Beware of those who are lavish in love, but parsimonious in promise. They are those who go about tasting, but never think of making a purchase. Beware of them, I say! They are gormandizers upon fresh virtue; and, when hard up, will feed upon the very offals of innocence. They are fine to look upon, and will answer for an hour; but, if you depend upon their blandishments, you



lean upon a broken staff. They will so suck your sweets that you shall have none left for a future husband. They will pluck every blossom from the bush of beauty, and afterwards turn up their noses at the unsightly tree. I said, in a former sermon, that women want nothing but husbands, and then, after they have once got them, they want everything. Now, I know it takes an everlasting fountain to supply woman's wants; and yet men are never satisfied with a sufficiency. They are as uneasy as leeches upon the neck of a wooden god; and it is your best policy, my fair ones—when once hitched to them for life—to give them ENOUGH in some shape or other.

My young maidens: I know you all want to get married as soon as you enter upon your teens; but it is better to remain single, and live upon the cold soup of solitude, than to be married to misery, or wedded to woe. I have but a poverty-stricken opinion of the major portion of my sex. They are so corrupted by the mis-called refinements of the age—so inflated with pride—so fooled by fashion—so afraid of the soil they tread upon—so given to cultivating whiskers and moustaches, while their morals are in a wretched state for the want of weeding—and so overgrown with hair, vanity, and laziness, that scarcely one out of twenty is any more fit to be trusted with a wife than a hog is with a garland of flowers. I have sometimes thought that women, rum, tobacco, and democracy, would be the ruin of the country; but when I consider how all parties are agreed upon the subject of Oregon, I feel that we have nothing to fear from either of these four imaginary, if not necessary, evils. If the country be ever ruined, it will be through the cupidity, venality and vaulting ambition of MAN. If it be saved, we must give all the glory to WOMAN. If we fight, it will be not only for a strip of territory, but for HER sake, and the dear little brood that surrounds her. Guided by her counsels, influenced by her examples, and spurred onward by her love, we are bound to resist all foreign aggression, and travel straight ahead to honor, peace, prosperity and happiness. So mote it be!

## ON INTEMPERANCE.

TEXT.—O, that man should put an enemy in his mouth  
To steal away his brains.

MY HEARERS: War and pestilence, as you all know, have each, time and again, surfeited the voracious stomach of Death with millions of their slaughtered victims; but the records of these occupies only a small space on the dusty catalogue of mortality, compared with that which is allotted to intemperance to write down the sum total of her annual sacrifices. The broad avenue that leads to eternity is continually choked up with the dead carcasses of her slain, and thousands are daily being dumped upon the putrid heap, to lie and rot in the oblivious fog of forgetfulness. To be wounded or physically disabled, while fighting for your country, your liberties, and your homes, is a glory and an honor; but to be shot in the neck with a pistol loaded with the percussive elements of damnation, while you are sleeping upon the watch-tower of virtue, is a sin and a disgrace. O, that man should put an enemy, in the shape of alcohol, into his mouth to steal away his brains!—to shrivel up his soul, like a dried apple—to destroy that regulator of the intellect, Reason, and leave the complicated machinery of the mind to run at random, without the guidance of a single sober reflection! It does steal away the brains, my friends, and leaves, instead, a soft, pulpy substance of non-compos-mentis-ness as disgusting as it is useless; and, I ask, what is man, without a fecundity of brains, more than a monkey? Nothing at all. He is even less—for the discount levied upon his character for abusing the confidence of his Maker places him on a par with the loathsome reptile that ever cast its slime on the green carpet of earth. Rum not only steals away the brains, but even the breeches, also. Not long since, my friends, I saw a silver-haired man, (perchance, the father of lovely daughters,) in a glorious state of don't-care-a-tiveness: there was a delightful mingling of heaven and hell in his head, and any quantity of change in his pocket: his thoughts were so elevated above the things of earth, that he never once deigned to look down and see that the sinister leg of his pantaloons, like his own moral character, hung by a single thread. Not he—he kept on spouting politics, war and the best method of parental government, with all the enthusiasm and fire of hot whis-



key punch, till he was laid upon his bed, shrouded in the pall of a death-warning stupor. When the morning broke, and reason again dawned upon the chaos of his senses, and discovered to him that the other tegument of his pantaloons was among the missing, how do you think he felt then? Why, with his fist, he committed an assault and battery on his breast, and declared by all the spirits, infernal, terrestrial, and celestial, that he would join the Temperance Society, and become once more a man; but he resolved and re-resolved—and the last resolution I heard him utter was, when he had two horns in his hand. Yes, with one hand on the horn of a firm resolution never to drink again, and with the other on a horn of brandy, he'd look first on this picture, and then on that, till at last the spirit of evil prevailed—and I fear he will go headlong to destruction, unless I can throw a halter about him, and hold on till he opens his eyes and sees the awful gulf that yawns at his feet.

My dear friends: I know of another of the frail human race, who is in the prime of life, and the empire of whose mind has been planted by Nature with those trees which bear the fruit of principle, rather than the fascinating blossoms of sentiment; but the blight of dissipation has thus early fallen upon his fair prospects—and now one of the noblest works of God is falling to ruin, for the want of a moral prop to support it in its last stage of decay. He is now, as it were, slipping down a greased plank to perdition. He, often sticks in his clutches, and tries to hold on—but, finding his physical faculties in a state of prostration, he calls aloud for 'Joe' to bring him another glass of brandy and water to strengthen his nerves, to enable him to meet his fate with that courage which the criminal requires. The little black bottle which he places at his bedside to allay all nocturnal DELICIOUS TREMBLINGS will soon stand empty by his coffin, and with a triumphant smile exclaim, "'Twas I that did the deed!" I hand him over to the protection of a merciful Providence. I know another, whom I venerate for his white hairs, and respect for his urbanity of manners, who is so fond of 'dogs' noses,' that I fear the latter end of his existence will be chopped off as square as a saw-mill log, instead of tapering to that almost imperceptible point to which the prudent and temperate extend. Instead of repeating the prayers his mother had taught him in his youth, ere he retires to his slumbers,

he claps a SPIRITUAL night-cap on his head, sings the song of 'Begone, Dull Care,' and bids good night to trouble—unmindful whether the morrow shall find him dressed in the garments of life or in the winding-sheet of death. He had better beware, lest he appear too animated at the bar of Omnipotence, and in a crazy, jesting mood, ask for a gin-cocktail, instead of supplicating for mercy and forgiveness on his marrow-bones.

O, my dear friends: that visible spirit of hell, called Rum, will yet be the ruination of this world. I see its sad effects upon every side: almost every flower and shrub in the moral kingdom is growing pale beneath its withering influence. The few temperance societies that exist are so many green spots in a boundless desert, delightful and refreshing to all, excepting to the sore-eyed suckers of Bacchus. O, it is passing strange that the lovers of earth, who cling to it with all the affection of a steel-trap, will inoculate themselves with this deadly plague, and transmit its poison to posterity! I have known some babes to have been made drunk with their mothers' milk; but generally speaking, my friends, people make themselves drunk—with their own hands they thrust the firebrands in their bosoms, and then curse Madam Fortune, up hill and down, for being partial in the distribution of her favors. I shall not dwell upon female intoxication. I can't think upon the subject without feeling both sick at the heart and stomach. A beautiful woman saturated with alcohol, and with the froth and scum of depravity oozing from her mouth, is about as disgusting an object as can be found between Catherine Market and the slop-yard of Beelzebub.

My friends, keep sober—avoid those fatal glasses, at the bottom of which lies the sediment of destruction—drink only at that pure and limpid stream which flows directly from the ever-gushing fountains of heaven, whose waters are refreshing to the body—nourishing to the soul—and purifying to the heart; and, O, dash down for ever upon the adamant rock of resolution that seducing goblet which steals away man's brains—his breeches—his boots—his morals—and his reputation. So mote it be!



## ON THE PROGRESS OF THE AGE.

TEXT.—How fast the world advances—  
How little man improves!

MY HEARERS: The world is advancing with railroad speed along the path of science and civilization; but the question is, whether its progress is directed towards heaven or the diggins of the damned. Man, morally speaking, has not gained a single step towards the summit of holiness since he was kicked out of Eden, and left to wander, alone and unbefriended, in the wilds of want and wretchedness. He improves intellectually and mechanically, but not morally; but I am determined to persevere, through patience and the aid of faith, and either preach people into pious practices, or into the pit of perdition. They shall not sit, wholly unmoved, under such rough and raking eloquence as mine. The pure waters of the heart shall not be allowed to stagnate for the want of occasional stirring up, so long as I have physical strength to keep my moral muddler in operation.

My friends: the world has advanced most wonderfully since the beginning. Splendid and costly garments have taken the place of fig-leaf aprons—instead of the rude and clumsy ark constructed by Noah, we have the magnificent steamboat devised by Fulton—where the wheels of lumbering vehicles once rolled lazily along, now rushes the steam locomotive with meteoric speed, using up time and annihilating space—and the hand is now relieved of many a tedious and irksome task by the miraculous power of machinery. Yes, my friends, almost everything is done by machinery nowadays, even to the making of pills and poetry; and I shouldn't be much surprised if we soon relied upon its aid for the propagation of our species. From the vast field of science we have culled some beautiful flowers, and places once desolate now bloom like the garden of the east. Man almost splits his pantaloons in taking such long strides towards the climax of perfection; but he needn't over-exert himself—for but a few centuries will slide away at best ere he will have reached the summit, and then back he will fall into primitive ignorance and degradation—that is, if he grow not purer and better in proportion as he progresses in knowledge. All the fancy-work that the lovely damsel Improvement has wrought for herself is destined to be torn from her by the rude fingers of

Fate, and she will be left to commence her task anew, even as the spider's evening labor is lost by the morning broom of some obtruding house-maid.

My worthy hearers : if you had all improved internally as you have outwardly and artificially, where would you be by this time ? Sitting upon the step-stones of heaven's high porch, sipping the sweets of happiness. You, men, would be demi-gods, and you, ladies, beautiful, wingless angels, with bosoms as pure as your faces are lovely. Your hearts would be caskets for the bright gems of virtue—infants would no longer suck the poison of depravity from your breasts, and the stains of sin cast upon you by the errors of grandmother Eve would wash out as easily as common dirt from a towel.

My dear friends : I must be allowed to remark that all outside improvements are of but little real use to man, and of no benefit to the world, unless the moral, internal arrangements are proportionately improved. In speaking of internal improvements, I have no reference to such as are brought about by indulging in roast beef, plum puddings, oysters, wines, and other *et ceteras*—for these are but wicked outlays for the stomach ; but refer to such only as spring from a proper culture of the heart. It is the garden of the MIND that needs attending to ; because THERE are planted our characters, our honors, and it is there that are sown the seeds of our everlasting happiness. If we neglect it, vicious weeds will soon o'ertop every virtuous flower, and then, when we come to gather in the harvest of our hopes, we shall reap nothing but the wild mustard of misery. It is foolish in the extreme to take pride in advancing without improving—to pay so much attention to the worthless, perishable portion of humanity while the intellect remains a sink for the filth of sin.

My friends : the heart is a depository for both good and evil ; but it ought to be the home of piety alone. There is no necessity for having quite so much scum that swims upon the surface of depraved human nature, as often as once a week at least ; and allow my moral physic to purify the inner man every Sunday. Then if you should be unfortunate enough to go to destruction at last, I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I pulled at your coat-tails till you slipped the garments of mortality.

Endeavor to improve as you advance in the world, else you lose



more than you gain; and you will finally become convinced that, with all your advancement, you have only been growing more wicked, and the worse for wear. The time will soon come when the timbers of your carnal dwelling shall become rotten—its windows broken—its doors closed—and its fire extinguished in dust and ashes. So mote it be!

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## ON SILENCE.

TEXT.—Silence, the midnight god, appears :  
In all its downy pomp arrayed,  
Behold the reverend Shade.

MY DEAR HEARERS: Silence was, in days of old, appropriately called the midnight god, who sat upon the ruins of an ancient sigh with a gag upon his mouth; and whose memory of sound had long since been annihilated in order that perpetual peace might surround his throne. A couple of soft clouds met together and formed delicate cushions for his downy feet: a melancholy thought, stolen from a despairing lover, mantled in fluid folds his visionary shape. He wore a wreath of darkness round his head, and curling mists supplied the want of hair, while the stupefying vapors that continually rose from poppies below bedewed his hoary head; and kept his eyes as heavy and dull as those of an old man after a hearty dinner, with boiled onions and a bottle of beer. Setting aside all deification, Silence is the begetting parent of Thought and Meditation. On a calm, mild, moonlight night, in this, the gay month of birds and flowers, let one walk on the grass-fringed and grove-bordered banks of our beautiful Hudson, when scarce other sounds are heard than those occasioned by the gentle flappings of the wings of Silence, and he will soon find all the effervescence of mental excitement settling down, like the froth on a new-drawn glass of porter, to a quiet, pure, holy and devout meditation. The solemn silence that broods over all things around will cause a mysterious fluttering of the soul within him, as if anxious to be let loose from its narrow prison, and attempt its unpractised pinions in the golden atmosphere of ideality. Melancholy and yet pleasing thoughts will warm around him thicker than blue-bottles around a tainted leg of mutton in July. He will think of friends

far away, with whom he once associated and loved, and who perchance can never greet him again—of those for whom Silence has already prepared a dark mansion in the dread valley of Death—and of those whose footsteps are yet to brush the dew-drops from the infant flowerets that bloom upon his unknown grave and such sustenance from his cold bosom of clay. Oh, my friends! the stream of Time is moving for ever silently and solemnly along like the waters of the majestic Hudson; and if a man could only sit on the bank of eternity and watch for thousands of years the multitudes of mortals borne along with its current to return no more, he would think his fellow humans queer fishes indeed to be everlastingly swimming, millions after millions, towards some unfathomable and boundless ocean, and not a single sister shad ever be known to run up and deposite its spawn.

My friends: wherever, amid the magnificent works of Nature, silence reigns, there is always more or less of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity. Among the shining stars of heaven, peace and quietness constantly prevail; and there the pure spirit of loveliness presides. The planets squeak not as they revolve upon their axes, and neither do they rumble as they roll in their orbits round their respective suns. Luna glides along her pathway in the skies with a tread as noiseless as that of a cat over a carpet, and entangles her silvery hairs with the fine delicate threads of the spider without even causing them to tremble. As the sun sinks to rest in his night garments of glory, a sacred silentness ensues, and a mantle of sweet repose seems to be immediately thrown over a discordant and jarring world. It is silence that touches the surface of such scenes as these with the gold wash of beauty, and spreads a coat of calm contemplation over the soul, that rests as evenly and quietly as the green scum on a frog-pond.

My dear friends: what awful silence must have pervaded non-entity when creation was but a chaotic curdle, consisting of the component parts of nothing, mixed with the essence of ether! No sound then ever obtruded on the ear even of the Almighty; and it was amid this eternal stillness that he contemplated the idea of making a universe and studding it with worlds, whose number should exceed the sands in the great Desert of Saharra. When the morning stars first sang together and earth joined in the chorus, Silence fled back affrighted for a time to his den of darkness,



While Joy, Hope, and Fancy flitted like butterflies amid the fresh-blown roses of existence, and rejoiced in the glory, the grandeur and the loveliness of the handiwork of the great Creator.

To furnish the mind, my worthy hearers, with the material for the accomplishment of any great and difficult design, you must retire from all noise, bustle and turmoil, to where Silence reigns supreme. No plans can be well-planned amid the din of battles or the roar of words, any more than a person can calculate the number of seconds from now to eternity in the midst of the hurrah and hubbub of a high-pressure political meeting. In company, always take advantage of a few moments of silence before setting the tongue in operation, and you may thereby escape the mortification and perchance of afterwards knowing that you had unnecessarily exposed your ignorance. By all means avoid garrulity; for it has been truly written, that shallow brooks are continually bubbling, while deeper waters flow silently on. Retire occasionally, my friends, to study and meditate in silence, not only for improvement of your minds, but for the purpose of considering how narrow is the space allotted to mortals between the cradle and the grave; and how soon the time will come when you all will be gathered into that dread subterraneanity, where no sound, save that of the archangel's trumpet, can break upon your slumbers, and where silence, dead silence, holds sovereign authority. So mote it be!

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ON 'THE GOOD TIME COMING.'

TEXT.—Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place,  
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.

MY DEAR HEARERS: This old animated auger, free from rust, and good as new, returns once more to bore another big hole into the very centre of your affections. Yes; after a long sojourn among the incorrigible Wind-whistle Islanders, and, after having travelled through various heathen lands in search of health, happiness, and that jewel of inestimable worth, for which Diogenes sought in vain—A SINGLE HONEST, UNSOPHISTICATED MAN—he now stands before you, the same old shilling; if anything, a little smoother and brighter from the friction ever attendant upon the predal propensities of a mendacious world. Here I am, at any rate, with a

heart spilling over with hope, and ready to walk into your good graces with brotherly kindness, and a new pair of boots.

The old author of my text, worthy friends, I believe, had particular reference to the planet Saturn; and yet I can't help but conjecture that a perfect picture of myself was presented to his prophetic vision, arrayed in the same homespun simplicity as you now see before you. Yes, ME, the erratic comet of the nineteenth century—the blazing star in the moral heavens of the present day, presaging no dire calamity—no fearful omens of the future—but ever proclaiming that ‘good time coming’ when heartburnings, back-bitings, thievish finger-itchings, gold-thirstings, place-cravings, and all such soul-chafing annoyances, for ever cease: when the greedy maw of Ambition shall be so gorged with gold as to lie quietly down and nap it by the side of her tired servant Enterprise: when we shall have nothing to do but to do nothing, and that without grumbling: when man shall have the politeness to grant his fellow man the privilege of picking up a dollar in the street before him: when horns of plenty shall take the place of plentiful ‘horns:’ when every man shall enjoy the right to labor, without the necessity of doing a stitch: in short, when we shall all have our fill, and snuggle cosily together, as stupid, contented, lazy and happy as a nest of swill-swollen hogs at a farm gate.

My dear friends: according to my text, I move with a tardy pace—tortoise-like, rather slow, but amazingly sure-footed. I do not pretend to hurry up this ‘good time’ after the way in which buckwheat cakes are despatched at brother Sweeney’s, to be enjoyed as briefly. No; you are no more ready to receive its blessings at present than an old wash-tub is fit for use after hours of exposure to a midsummer’s sun. You require to be well-soaked in the cold spring of want before you are capable of appreciating the glorious enjoyments now locked up in the vast store-house of the Future. WANT!—what heaven-plumed virtues lie concealed in that little, vicious word! It opens the floodgates of sympathy for our distressed fellow beings. It makes us thankful for favors that luxurious Ease would spurn with contempt, or receive with cold ingratitude. It humiliates and reconciles pride to a dilapidated hat, superannuated pants, and a second-hand shirt. It renders things possible that are impossible to thought. It is the goad to enterprise—the spur to ambition—the prop to resolution—a tonic



to the weak ; and better than Watts' Nervous Antidote when about to tussle with a bull-dog for the possession of a marrow-bone. I never fully realized, my friends, the intrinsic worth of want till once while preaching to the unconvertible heathen of Wind-whistle Island. I suddenly became un-hungered, as well I might, for I had fasted six days and seven nights upon three small slices of yam and a poverty-stricken periwinkle. Just then, compassionate Imagination placed before me, upon a big platter, one of COL. M. M. VAN DYKE's delightful sirloins. I immediately sat down upon the exact counterpart of brother Ralph Hoyt's 'mossy stone,' and commenced feasting : and such a feast, O, ye satiated gods that doze on high Olympus ! it was worth a barefooted pilgrimage to Utopia to partake of it ! It was the incentive, as well, to a determined resolution ; for I made up my mind, upon the spot, to leave that barbarous and barren isle, and return to this happy land, rich in grace and overflowing with gravy.

Now, my good friends, I want you to suffer a little while longer, and wait with all the patience you can muster till 'the good time coming' shall actually arrive. Sharpen your appetites upon the grindstone of self-denial—make yourselves as uncomfortable as you conveniently can—walk upon hetchel-teeth—sit upon flints—sleep upon thorns—keep as uneasy as a loose window-blind in November, and you will soon be in a condition to appreciate 'the good time' when it DOES come, to the full length and breadth of its extent.

My dear friends : never be in a hurry ; for nothing can ever be gained by it but a decided loss, and perhaps a wet jacket—as I once experienced to my sorrow, by jumping after a ferry boat when half-way across the river. Do as I have done ever since : wait till length of time, and move your calf-skins with a sure and tardy pace. When you are in the dark, feel cautiously your way ; for human noses sometimes evince a strange propensity to encounter stubborn obstacles. Never be in a hurry to get rich ; for riches are birds, as shy as they are valuable and beautiful. They must be crept up to with prudence, or the whole flock will take wings before you can get a chance to lay a single grain of salt upon their tails. Don't attempt to live too fast ; for thereby you will be sure to reduce your mundane existence to a mere stay-here. Never be in haste to take medicine, except such as I pre-

scribe in homœopathic doses, according to your different moral constitutions. According to one Pliny of old, Rome once existed five hundred years without a solitary physician, and I am quite confident, my hearers, that you all might manage to get on as slick as goose-grease without as much doctor-stuff as would physic an adolescent spider. But, brethren, we live in a fast age: we progress with lightning-like velocity; and I am very much afraid that we shall be in such a hurry, by-and-by, to 'do up things brown' a little faster yet, that Enterprise will burst her boiler, and we shall all be left kicking and floundering in mud-pools by the wayside. When I look around me and see what has been done, in the small circle of a few years, and what is now doing, I can't help but skin my eyes with astonishment, and wonder what in the name of all that is marvellous will be done next? Why, my friends, judging from the improvements we are daily making in our means of transit, I shouldn't be surprised that if, in half a century hence, a man might take himself by the waistbands, wish himself in Heaven or Halifax, and arrive there in the snap of a finger—or at some other less desirable place. So mote it be!

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'GO IT WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG.'

TEXT.— Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,  
 Old Time is still a-flying;  
 The self-same flower that blooms to-day,  
 To-morrow may be dying.

MY HEARERS: Allow me, once more, to persuade you to improve present opportunities—to make the most and the best of each passing moment—to gather the rose-buds of rational enjoyment while they are within your reach—and not to make yourselves uncomfortable to-day for the sake of those unborn joys that Hope tells you are yet to be delivered from the uncertain womb of to-morrow. The path of existence is by no means a circle, in which we may travel round and round and overtake joys at one time that we have missed on another—but as straight a railroad track for eternity as can be drawn with a chalk line. While riding upon the car of Time, the only way for us is to reach out our hands and grasp at the flowers in our reach as we pass, else they escape us for ever;



for there is no retrograde movement to the wheels of old Tempe's omnibus, neither is there any circuit to be performed by him, this side of the gates of immortality.

My friends: if you have only a mind to enjoy yourselves as you go along, your own natural ambition will furnish you with the necessary means; but just as sure as you encourage a mercenary, mean and miserly disposition, and sacrifice present comforts for the sake of future pleasures, you will, even upon the verge of the grave, still find those pleasures stuck fast in the mud of TOMORROW. They never can be realized; and, when about to cross the boundary line that separates this world from the next, you'll throw your paltry purse of gold into the lap of posterity, to be scattered to the four corners of the globe. For what then had you lived? To do good to your fellow man, and to contribute your mite towards the relief of the poor and suffering around you? No—for avarice had made you dumb to the demands of charity, and you had no tears of pity to shed except upon your own shoes. You will have lived, as many others have lived, to hoard up that which is neither food, drink, nor raiment, depriving yourselves of the luxuries, comforts, and even necessities of life, in the fond but deceiving hope of finding pure enjoyment when the days of pleasure are past, and the dull shadows of death begin to lengthen over the landscape of existence. Mark me, my friends!—He that robs himself of joys that money can buy in his younger days, and lays up a superabundance of gold and silver for future use, will find that the day never arrives when he shall think it proper to unloose his purse-strings, and reap the rich harvest of his early desires. As advancing age shrivels up his body, shrinks his soul, and contracts his sinews, he gives a kind of galvanic grasp upon his purse, and eventually slides from the world with a lot of worthless trash in his hand, and regret in his soul that he hadn't plucked the flowers of enjoyment while they were in their bloom, instead of deferring until the sad autumn of life when the posies of pleasure have mostly shed their gay petals, and the few that remain are as wanting in sweetness as a skunk in a steel-trap.

My worthy hearers: for my part, I have no desire to be borne down with a burden of riches when I get to be old, and have lost all taste for those delights which they might once have purchased. All I want is enough to place me beyond the assailings of want

when my mental and physical faculties fail me, and the hand that now has the strength to toil shall tremble like a splinter in the wind in conveying bread to my mouth. I intend to gather rose-buds as I journey along ; for I know that if I once pass them by, they will be left to bloom for others, and not for me. If I pick the buds of vice, I am well aware that, however much they may resemble those of the rose, they will blossom thistles ; but those of virtue are sure to disclose unexpected beauties as they gradually unfold through all the changing seasons of life. It should be the study of every man how he can best enjoy himself during the little time he is kept a probationer upon this insignificant, aerial island of ours. If joes can purchase joy, or pennies peace, withhold them not ; but don't throw them into the dead sea of dissipation, nor squander them in foolish extravagance ; or you will ascertain ere long that the want of money opens a wide avenue to misery, and closes the doors of happiness as tight as a clam when first arrested from its bed.

My friends : as I before have had occasion to remark, the better way is to ' go it while you're young,' provided you don't go it so strong as to tear your coats and injure your characters. Look out also for your pockets—for when a young man loses his pocket, he loses his pride ; and unless one's ambition be stiffened with the proper-starch of pride, he can no more set himself up in the world than an empty bag can be made to stand upon its own bottom. Gather as many flowers as you can grasp, while hastening onward to that goal from which there is no returning. Old Time is ever on the wing ; and he is but a moment, as it were, in passing over the blooming garden of childhood and youth, the grass-grown meadows of maturity, and the dull faded fields of old age. There are joy, peace, and happiness to be found even in a sterile world like this ; and the only way to obtain them is to make the most of life's little, the little while it lasts, and not sacrifice present comfort and enjoyment for the sake of hoped-for blisses, which may prove to be nothing more than addled eggs in the precarious nest of the future. So mote it be !



## ON HOPE.

TEXT.—Never despair so long as Hope  
Puts forth its star-light rays.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: A wretched infidel once remarked that the Almighty couldn't make hills without valleys, nor a stick without two ends. This may be all true enough in a philosophical sense, but when he had no business to have said it; for it is the very cream of sauciness, and showed that he hadn't religion enough in his soul to keep it from putrefaction three days after death. Without calling in question the powers of the universal Architect, we know very well that hills are not made without valleys; so in like manner are the loftiest summits of Hope surrounded by the deepest ravines of Despondency. The whitest foam dances upon the darkest billow, and the stars shine the brightest when surrounded by the blackest thunder-clouds, even as a diamond pin glistens with the greatest effulgence when fastened upon the ebony bosom of an Ethiopian wench. So Hope mirrors its most brilliant rays in the dark wane of despair, and happiness is never so complete as when visited occasionally by the ministers of misery. These ups and downs in the pathway of man's existence are all for the best; and yet he allows them to vex and torment his peace till he bursts the boiler of his anger and scalds his own toes. I have no doubt but many people would like to have a railroad built from here to the grave, and go through by steam; but, if they all worked as easy in life's galling collar as I do, they would have things just as they are: some ups and some downs—some sweet and some sour—some sunshine and some storm; because they constitute a variety. I wouldn't give a counterfeit penny to have the road of existence perfectly level; for I should soon become tired of a dull sameness of prospect, and make myself miserable in the idea that I must experience no material change either for better or for worse. Plum pudding and pie is most excellent stuff to wind off a dinner with; but all plum pudding and pie would be a little better than no dinner at all. So, you see, my friends, the troubles and trials of life are absolutely necessary to enable us to judge rightly of genuine happiness whenever it happens to enliven the saturnine region of the heart with its presence. If we never were to have our shirts and jackets wet with the cold rain of misfortune, we should never

know how good it feels to stand out and dry in the warm rays of comfort. You needn't hesitate even to travel through swamps of trouble, for fear of sinking over head and ears in the mud of despondency; for despair is never exactly hopeless despair. No, my friends, it never comes quite up to the mark in the most desperate of cases. I know the prospects of us mortals are sometimes most tormentingly conglomerous; but the clouds eventually clear away, and the sky of Hope again becomes clear and quiescent as a tumbler of plain soda when the effervescence has ceased. Man's sun of ambition may be darkened—his moon of memory turned to blood—and the stars of peace be blotted from the firmament of his future prospects; but he is not entirely a gone goose even in this situation. Those semi-celestial angels of light and loveliness, Hope and Fancy, will twine the sweetest of roses round his care-wrinkled brow; and while one whispers in his ear, 'Don't give up the ship,' the other dresses up for him a bower of future happiness, and festoons it with the choicest of elysian flowers. The very darkest cell of despair always has a gimblet-hole to let the glory of hope shine in, and dry up the tears of the poor prisoner of wo. Despair is never quite despair, even with the wretched culprit who stands trembling on that fickle frame-work which overlooks the dark empire of eternity. His taper of hope and the candle of life are both snuffed out together, before the demon of despair bellows in his ear that mercy has left the earth for ever, and winged her flight upward to plead for him in the all-supreme court of heaven.

My friends: always hope on, but don't hope for too much. The future is more of a cheat than the present. The days that are yet unborn in the pregnant matrix of Time are full of hope and promise for us, poor deluded mortals, and yet how often are we deceived and disappointed the moment we behold them rocked in the cradle of the present. How often does fond anticipation discover in the future's dark wilderness bright and sunny spots where weary Fancy can repose in peace; and still how often do they turn out to be overgrown with the briars of care and perplexity! O, trust not to the future—it is an explosive humbug. If we righ! about face, and turn the nose of remembrance to the past, we imagine that we behold roses blooming in the wild waste of memory that do not, and never did, exist there. They are but



ideal blossoms of imagination, which have sprung from a fictitious soil to tease the mind, and make the rude prospects of manhood look more barren than they really are. But there is no use in dwelling on the past—we can't recall what has been, nor hinder what is to be. O, my dear friends! there is much deception connected with everything. I don't wonder that man is afraid to view himself as he is. I have no doubt but if some of you were to look upon yourselves as you really are, you would feel as miserable as a lot of lousy calves. Strip off your hypocritical trappings of vanity and conceit, and you will feel yourselves unworthy even of this globular heap of dirt in the great system of worlds. You will be obliged to leave them behind you, as you tumble one by one into the grave; for, beyond that, nothing but plain reality abides, and that which is lovely will remain lovely for ever. So mote it be!

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## ON THE DEPARTED YEAR.

TEXT.—Gone! gone for ever!—Like a rushing wave,  
Another year has burst upon the shore  
Of earthly being—and its last low tones  
Wandering in broken accents on the air,  
Are dying to an echo.

MY HEARERS: The occasion on which I now hold forth is more than ordinarily shaded with the deep umber of solemnity. It is an occasion calculated to call forth thoughts dressed in the sober guise of solemnity, ornamented with the gold and silver trimmings of hope. Let there be silence! for another year has been entombed in the dark sepulchre of the Past—another quill has been plucked from the fleet pinions of Time—and Eternity has received another dose of physic, by gulping into its insatiated maw the contaminated carcase of 1852. Don't ask why you should mourn over the grave of the past year, or joy over the cradle of the infant '53. You should mourn for the dead year, one and all. The young should mourn, because, by its demise, another flower has faded in the bouquet of their youthful delights, and another leaf has been turned over in the only volume of romance which the vast library of life affords; and the aged should mourn, because

another foothold has given away on the sand-bank of existence, leaving them to pull themselves up by the brittle weeds that grow upon the margin of their own graves. You should rejoice, my friends, because, through the aid of Tempe's swollen flood, the ten thousand ills that have heretofore choked up your rivulets of happiness have been swept into the sea of oblivion, there to lie and rot unheeded, like so many potato-skins at the latter end of a gutter. What is a single year? methinks I hear you ask. It is of more importance than you seem to apprehend. In its dying struggle it hits us a kick in our alvine regions, and sends us another notch nearer to our everlasting homes; it deepens the furrows that Time has gently marked out upon the comely features of manhood, and crops white hairs from the barren poll of age. Since I last addressed you, my friends, the tip-end of my conspicuous nose has been shoved two inches further into the portal of the tomb, and another wrinkle has been added to my corrugated brow; and so it is with the whole of you. Every annual circling of the sun by the earth you inhabit winds up a fiftieth or a seventieth, as the case might be, of the cord of existence; and you will all kick the axle sooner than you expect, and, I fear, long ere you are prepared for the agonizing squeeze.

My dear friends: another year has gone—gone for ever! like a rushing wave it has burst upon the shore of earthly being, and fled back into the eternal ocean of nothingness from whence it sprang. The last echoes of its expiring moans now faintly echo upon the wintry air; and Nature dons her mantle of mourning, while frozen tear-drops roll down her distorted phiz. Yes, the old year lies now buried in the charnel-yard of by-gone ages; but the lovely damsel Spring will soon strew its grave with the budding blossoms of promise, and the thorns of future sorrow and wo shall be covered by the sweetest of roses. But, dear hearers, beware of this witching delusion! If you grab too hastily at the flowers of anticipation, you may stand a chance of getting your digits scratched by the obtruding briars of reality. The purest objects of this world are merely gilded with beauty, which vanishes with the first eager embrace—even as the artificial bloom which too many of our young ladies wear, is kissed away with the first rapturous smack of the lover. The little space which is allotted to you all, between this and your final jumping-off place, can easily be sur-



veyed by the watchful eye of prudence; and if you do not steer straight over mountain, meadow, bog and marsh, you will be likely to enter upon the threshold of hereafter with torn trowsers and weather-beaten souls.

This, my friends, is a time for solemn reflection. Look back to the dawn of the burst-up year, and see what changes, since then, have taken place in the social world! Behold! how the friends of your youth have been stolen away—how many have resigned life's ephemeral breath—how many have shed their last tear of rejection, and closed their dim peepers in the thick darkness of death! 'Tis but a few short months since the late year rose as bright as a tin teapot on the happy, the careless and the blithesome; but where are they now? They have ended life's pilgrimage—it had hardly commenced, and are now soundly slumbering on the pillows of dust in Death's lonesome valley, where the sod presses cold on their crumbling bosoms of clay! When we look back upon those happy hours which oblivion has cancelled for ever, O, how beautiful they seem! and we cannot but wish that we had taken pains to secure their fat and tallow, as well as their hide and hair, when they were present with us. But, what is gone is gone for good. There is no use in trying to number the wrecks that Time has left behind him, or in attempting to scrape up, with the spoon of recollection, the vast quantity of milk he has upset in his frolics. You must now look out for the future, and let the past perish in the sterile kingdom of forgetfulness. Commence a clean page in the journal of existence; and if a single blot of vice should, perchance, stain its unsullied whiteness, rub it out, I pray you, before it becomes dried and fixed for ever. Many of you profess as much religion as you can well carry off without counting; but I want to see you practise more morality—and now is the time to commence it. It is my particular desire that you should henceforth avoid all hypocrisy, cupidity, venality, jealousy, and revenge; and take up the weapons of honesty, truth, charity, temperance, and love; knock the devil himself down, should he presume to cross your path, and keep pushing straight ahead for the goal of righteousness, as though the hell-hounds of Hades were barking at your heels.

My dear friends: yet a little while longer, and no season will flourish around us. Old Time will fold his gray wings, and ex-

pire with the general burstification of the universe; and silence for us all will prepare her dark mansion, where beauty no longer shall nourish her roses, nor the lily overspread the wan cheek of Despair; but we have this consolation: the eye shall be brightened with unfading lustre, when it wakes to true bliss in that everlasting realm of glory where the sun never more shall go down on the grave of the year. So mote it be!

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ON ANIMATED DUST.

TEXT.—Where is the dust that has not been alive?  
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors:  
From human mould we reap our daily bread.

MY DEAR HEARERS: I am inclined to think that, on Saturday afternoon, when Nature had completed her pure and beautiful system of worlds which roll around us, she found she had a handful of refuse dust left over—that she hunted about for some unoccupied corner of the universe in which to deposit it; but, finding none, she threw it down in disgust between Venus and Mars, saying: Float there, thou contemptible mass of corruption, and breed unto thyself a society of loathsome vermin, even as a loafer's shirt becomes inhabited from the ovaries of its own filth! In process of time it experiences a sort of crawling sensation, and lo and behold, it became literally alive, with all manner of creeping and upright things, from man down to grasshoppers and June-bugs. Yes, my friends, the breath of life was breathed into certain masses of dirt, when they became detached from earth, and locomoted to and fro in all the pride and self-puissance of being. Some crawled, some crept, and some stood perpendicular, while others took wings and soared heavenward, pointing out the source whence came the spirit which animated their clays. At that time the human form divine was composed of the pure material, imported from the Celestial Empire. But what is it now? It has been so many times wrought over—so many times moulded together, cast to the four winds of heaven, and remoulded, that the physical structure of man at the present day is no more like what it was in its primitive purity, than a basswood ham is like the Simon Pure West-



phalia. The flesh of our first father was composed of violets, rose leaves, and such other beautiful flowers as had decayed in Eden's fair garden; and his spirit was as sweet as the fragrance they exhaled upon the new-born dews of the morning: but now a heap of rubbish is raked together from a wide circumference, consisting of decomposed cabbages, turnips, onions, snakes, toads, &c., sprinkled with life's alcohol—then operated upon by the galvanic battery of Nature, and the whole putrid mass gives one jump, and pitches headlong into eternity. O, man! what a degenerate lump of loathsomeness thou art! thy very soul has become contaminated by the body, and the moral savor it emits is as rank as a parcel of woollen stockings toasting upon a gridiron. We are all made up of leavings: that pretty, worshipped, cracked-up heap of humanity which now encumbers mighty England's throne, ycleped Victoria, was once partly thrown-away cold-slaw in the back yard of her ancestors, and partly the sweeping of the streets in Germany. Why, I am not ashamed to own that I myself, Dow, Jr., am composed in part of oysters, hogs, and cattle; and, therefore, I make bold to say that you, my decent-looking hearers, are made up of no better trash.

My worthy hearers: unbutton your jackets, and let your bosoms expand with miraculous thoughts when you reflect how every particle of dust that adheres to the soles of your boots has once been alive. It is even so. The merry plough-boy, as he goes whistling by his team, and watching the furrow as it rolls up at his feet, little dreams that he is mixing the ashes of his ancestors with those of the beasts of the field; and that the time will eventually come when the harrow shall be dragged across his own breast, and he shall yield nourishment for corn, pumpkins and potatoes, in common with those who have gone before him. The spade of the sexton covers the dead with the dust of the dead—from human mould we make our dinners—we drink the blood of our fathers from the wine-cup—and our children make dirt-cakes from the once-animated cheek of beauty. Methinks I can see kings in the trees, beautiful damsels in the flowers, and all kinds of flesh in the grass. O, it almost makes me spring a-leak around the heart when I reflect upon how soon we all shall be trampled upon by the feet of posterity—how soon they shall scamper over the sodded roofs of our silent mansions, while we sleep on for ever in the iron-

bound slumbers of corporeal abscateration! Yes, my friends, soon the archangel of Death will spread his purple pinions to the blast, proclaiming to us all that the miller-worm is ready to grind us over; for our dust is wanted to form after-generations of the human race, whose souls are now waiting in the approaching future for our cast-off breeches of mortality.

Now, I want to see my young hearers keep their carnal dirt together as long as they can, and not have it crumble to pieces ere it has become firm and compact by the maturing suns of experience. When I see the beautiful tabernacles of youth falling to the ground between the storms of recklessness and folly, I feel as though I wanted to put on more lecturing steam than my physical boiler will bear: I want them to live out all their days, and most of their nights: I want them to walk along, two by two, in the path of moral rectitude, and climb up the hill of seventy years without a staff to aid: and, finally, I want to see you all take care of your moral corporacities, that dust shall not be called upon to mingle with its native dust, until it has arrived at that advanced period in life, when it is only fit for the use of posterity, and unworthy of the spirit which inhabits it. So mote it be!

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#### ON THE LOQUACITY OF WOMAN.

**TEXT.**—Nature, impartial in her ends,  
 When she made man the strongest,  
 In justice, then, to make amends,  
 Made woman's tongue the longest.

**MY HEARERS:** Keep your nut-crackers closed, and be tongue-tied, while I tongue it for a few moments on the subject of tongues, if you please. As regards the utility of the tongue, it is needless to say that it is one of the most important appendages to the human system. It is designed for other uses than licking molasses and carrying grub from one grinder to another during the pleasant, but sometimes tedious, process of mastication. Its principal office is to form and finish words as they bubble up in a chaotic state, through the thorax, from the well-spring of the heart. In society the tongue is both a useful and a pleasing member—as it not only imparts information to the unlearned, but serves in beguiling many



early hour, and aids in digesting sorrows that sit as heavy upon the soul as stewed horse-nails upon a dyspeptic's stomach. In operations it should be guided by prudence and moderation, else it comes a bore instead of a blessing. Some people have nature so much loquacious steam in their boilers, that when they get the clappers to the corn-mills in operation, they never know when to stop them. Such folks, generally speaking, are as soft as egg-shells and softer than soap-fat. A dam with a gate always hoisted can hold but little water; and a man who speaks too freely at the mouth can't have much in him except that with which the bladder of vanity is ever inflated.

My friends: my text implies that Nature made woman with a longer tongue than man, in order to compensate her for what she lacked in physical strength—that, whenever the science of fistification might fail in her purposes, she might have recourse to that sort of all weapons—a long tongue; and I feel bound to say, in regard for the delicacy of the feminine gender, that women's tongues are often too extensive for their own especial good, and to the benefit of the community at large. If they would only keep them into play when necessity required, I would not say anything; but, the fact is, they are too apt to keep up a continual clack, for the sake of the music alone; and often, too often, upset their own teapots while levelling a kick at their neighbours.

Why, my friends, I know several of the she sex in this neighbourhood who have knocked out all their front teeth and worn away a good deal of their gums by the continual and everlasting working of scandal-distributors. I know it is the nature of the beautiful woman to indulge in meddlesome garrulity; and when she becomes expanded with gossip as to be in danger of bursting her apron strings, I am willing she should let off her surplus steam, provided it doesn't blow it in the face of innocence, and to the detriment of social peace. I admire, respect and love a woman whose looks are as mild as a moonbeam, and whose words are gentle as the zephyr, which disdains to brush even a dew-drop from the mountainaisy; but I don't like to meddle with one whose disposition contains the essence of lightning, vitriol, cream of tartar, and gunpowder—who manufactures words by the mile, and measures meaning in a thimble. I don't care whether there be any sense in them or not. I don't like it, and that's enough. All

talk, and no cider—as is the case with some women and the locofocos—is unendurable; and all talk, with too much cider—as with the whigs—is equally as bad. Those are my politics. As the rain falls the gentlest from the clouds when unattended with thunder, so give me a tongue that can silently shake off the particles of speech, and let them drop calmly through the ear into the heart—there to moisten and refresh the young plants of virtue, and cause them to flourish, like hog weeds in a barn-yard.

My friends: the Dutch governor thought wisely when he advised the girls to wear short tongues and long petticoats; but his advice was as water spilt upon the ground. They will persist in wearing long tongues and short petticoats; and when I come to take the measure of the difference it makes in their moral characters, I must confess that I feel a disposition to persecute them with my preaching till I can let out a hem of the latter, and cut short about four inches of the former, with the keen-edged sword of persuasion. My dear young damsels! it is said that the angels in heaven only whisper, in their walks mid the silent bowers of paradise; and why don't you take a pattern after them, in whose likeness you were created, and whose attributes you possess, with the exception of that restless and never-to-be-tired-out member—the tongue? It is a sin, a shame, and a pity, that so many of our ladies, both old and young, are addicted to such excessive talkativeness—that they are so inclined to gad about, telling things which ought not to be told, and leaving untold those things which ought to be told. There is no doubt in my mind but a strong cup of tea contains a vast quantity of the animalculæ of scandal; and those who drink the deepest from it are the most given to gossiping. Old maids, for instance, will drink bohea, of sufficient strength to float a pin; and they can breed more mosquitoes all over town in a single day than the swamps of Louisiana can in a month. Perhaps, my friends, you may say there is no use in my preaching thus; for if a woman's tongue is made long by Nature, she can be guilty of no fault, but only subjected to misfortune. I do not mean to blame her for what she cannot help—an occasional overflow of loquacity; but I want to give her a good dose of admonition with respect to WHAT she talks, and HOW she talks. We must recollect that words are as slippery as live eels; and when they have once carelessly escaped, they may cast their slimy



the white frock of Reputation, ere they can be overtaken and captured. Slander that has been gathering by degrees, like a slow thunder-cloud, bursts up at the climax of its blackness, and untroubled sunshine immediately succeeds; yet still it casts a gloomy shade for a time over life's happy hours, and threatens destruction, though it may accomplish but little.

My dear friends: although men's tongues are shorter, in proportion, than those of the women, and are slower in their movements, yet I believe they are capable of doing much harm, and are often vulgarly, sinfully and profanely employed. They are levers, in the mouths of many, that assist them in putting out oaths as big as a bushel basket, and as horrible as they are bulky. Some men's tongues are continually coated with the thick scum of vice—others are only stained with tobacco-juice and treachery—while a few there are that are kept perfectly clean by the pure and undiluted saliva of truth and virtue. O, my dear friends, one and all: I pray you keep a tight rein on that furious charger, the tongue, lest it break loose in the wilderness of unrestraint, and dash your vehicles of happiness down the precipice of perdition, pitching Hope's golden treasures into the dark, deep ocean of despair. And O, ye mothers! look into the mouths of your prattling babes, and see whether any symptoms of the tongue-ail are beginning to be developed. Watch over them steadily, and teach them to lisp the words of truth and sincerity; for they may be called into eternity in their swaddlings, and cause a black mark to be set against your names in the book of life. Yes, the very cradles in which they are now sleeping may turn out to be coffins on rockers, soon to be overspread with the white mantle of death.

My hearers: having shown you about half the length of my tongue, the whole of woman's, and the tip-end of man's, in general, I have nothing more to say; excepting that we shall all soon be obliged to hold our tongues in the silent sepulchre; beyond which we may indulge in some delightful cogitations—but no talking. So mote it be!

## ON THE USE OF TOBACCO.

TEXT.—Tobacco is an Indian weed,  
It was the devil that sowed the seed.

MY INDULGENT AND INDULGING HEARERS: Of all the evil habits that have ever been plastered upon the breast of society, that of chewing, smoking and snuffing tobacco is the filthiest, the most demoralizing, and the most inveterate. It was the devil, beyond all question, who first sowed the seed, and who is still the sole owner and proprietor of all that is, or ever will be, raised, of this soul-contaminating vegetable. All the tobacco inspectors in the country are his principal agents, appointed to see that the traffic is carried on to his own especial benefit—that every paper, package, parcel, or cask, is accompanied with a label bearing the name of the proprietor in his own hand-writing—for none is genuine unless signed ‘BEELZEBUB CLOVENFOOT, No. 1, SALAMANDER STREET INFERNAL REGIONS.’ It is strange to me that man will consent to take the sub-agency of this disgusting narcotic, and deal it out to his brother man, when he knows that it is as fatal in its moral effects as a drop of turpentine when applied to the back of a bed bug. I care not, my friends, how healthy the fœtus of morality may be in the heart’s fruitful womb, if tobacco be taken in sufficient doses, an abortion will certainly be produced, and barrenness ensue. O, you vile tobacco worms! I hardly know whether it is best to poke you about with a long stick of rancor, or stand farther off and rely upon the enticing powers of persuasion. I expect, however, to accomplish but little, any way.

My hearers: to such of you as are in the habit of CHEWING, allow me to address myself, butt-end foremost. If you don’t leave off the filthy practice, I shall put you down upon my catalogue of unclean beasts, to be shunned and avoided by all decent society. It is a practice productive of no good whatever, and fraught with more evils than a scavenger’s horse can carry. It renders your carcasses as loathsome and disgusting as those of turkey buzzards; it stains your dickeys as well as your moral characters—blackens your teeth and your souls—causes an odoriferous stench to flow continually from your mouths—and not only infuses a deadly poison into your blood, but leads you on to an inclination for occasional dissipation—from that to semi-occasional intoxication—and



nance to actual damnation. Man's mouth, my friends, was never made for a tobacco-box; and I wonder how any one can have the courage to chew that which he dare not swallow. I'd like to see a man stuff some of the trash into his abdominal pantry. If he didn't feel uncomfortable about the waistbands soon after, it would be because sickness was afraid to come near him. Do, my friends, for the sake of self-respect, discard the noxious quid, and do not go squirting your dye-stuff along the paths of decency and good breeding, as though none but such vermin as you are accustomed to walk therein. Pay some regard to the delicacy of the feminine gender. The ladies are not to be spit upon with impunity; neither should the fragrance which surrounds the flowers of their loves be contaminated with the effluvia of plug and cavendish. You may have your boots well-polished—your pantaloons and your coats cut according to the latest fashion—and you may march forth in all the splendor of attire;—but how can you have the audacity—the brazen impudence to look in the face of common decency, and proclaim yourselves gentlemen, while tobacco-juice and that unclarified essence of filth—is oozing from the corners of your mouths into your whiskers! And, augh! how CAN you have the cruelty to apply your scurf-covered lips to those of virgin purity, or bedaub the cheek of beauty with your nasty kisses! Just imagine, for a moment, how agreeable it would be to you if your friends or your sweethearts were to meet your embraces with cuds of tobacco in their mouths as large as bullfrogs, and with breaths thick and stout enough to hang a pair of saddle-bags across! Yes, my friends, how would you like that? Not exceedingly well, I think. Think over this matter when you retire to your respective chambers, if you have any, and resolve that your teeth henceforth shall not meddle with that which levels a man with the brute, and renders him unworthy of the station he occupies in the scale of being.

Snuffing, my friends, is nearly, if not quite, as bad as chewing; and I grieve to observe that females as well as males are addicted to it. When I see a woman who speaks as though her nasal organ was made of bell metal—who says 'pudd'n' for pudding—and whose skin is as yellow as the latter end of autumn—I know she uses snuff in sufficient quantities to make an Egyptian mummy breathe in its sarcophagus; and I also know that her brains are

equally as dirty as the handkerchief she uses—and that's enough to throw a pair of tongs into convulsions. Many pretend that they take snuff to clear their heads. It clears their heads, in time, of sparkling, brilliant and original ideas, and leaves, instead, a confused chaos of unfinished thoughts—wrecks of fancy—and a number of untamed chimeras. That is the only way in which it clears their heads, my friends. The less dust you admit into your noses, the clearer your heads will be—the better your healths—and the more transparent your morals.

My dear friends: since we are to be cursed with tobacco, I will allow you to smoke, very occasionally; for by it good moral lessons are taught, and from it much consolation may be derived. When the waters of the mind become troubled in sorrow's sweetening tempest, let a man sit down and smoke a good cigar or a clear pipe, and a lovely calmness will spread itself over the soul, like the golden hues of evening over a sleeping lake. Such is the comfort of the weed; but, while it is crumbling to ashes before you, what does it say? It says that soon your bodies will in like manner dissolve into dust, and, in process of time, be swept away by the winds to the four ends of the earth: that the fire of existence which now glows so brightly, will ere long be reduced to a single spark, and that spark be extinguished in the ashes of mortality. The last wreath of smoke that curls upward, and vanishes in a moment, acts as a pioneer to the spirit in its flight to heaven—points out the way to immortal glory—and tells man that he must be divested of all such solids as sin, wearing apparel, and flesh, before he can rise to the realms of everlasting bliss. So mote it be!

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#### ON THE WEARINESS OF LIFE.

TEXT.—I see man's life is a tedious one.  
I have tired myself.—SHAKSPERE.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: Having preached to you nearly five hundred sermons, and feeling that the burden of age is growing heavy upon my shoulders, I am half inclined to repose my weary frame in the shade of retirement; yet, considering that my audience is more numerous now than at any former period, and that the see



morality, which I have been lucky enough to throw upon a fertile soil, are springing up and putting forth the buds of promise, I feel it to be my duty to watch over and water them with timely instruction—to eradicate all noxious weeds with the hoe of vigilance—to the end that they may blossom bountifully, and bear such an abundance of fruit as the peach trees of Jersey might feel proud to produce. Though I feel weary in flesh, the spirit is still active, vigorous and buoyant; and says, ‘Do your duty, while the daylight of existence lasts, and the night of the grave shall be studded with innumerable stars of glory.’

I am almost ashamed to confess that I am wearied with the monotony of well-doing; and yet I must own that I do begin to feel a little tired about the lungs, and would instantly vacate my pulpit, were it not that there is much labor yet to be performed in the meadow of morality, and did not the horse-leech cry of ‘Give, give,’ continually echo in my ears. I might as well be contented, however, as I am; for man’s life is a tedious one at the best. It is up-hill to heaven—and the big bundles of care that we are compelled to bear upon our backs are enough to squeeze perspiration through the pores of a giant. If you wish to ascend the mountain easily, my friends, I advise you to spiralize round it, like a winding stair-case; but if you attempt a more perpendicular ascent, the little twigs of fame, by which you pull yourselves up the steep precipice of ambition, will oftentimes give way, leaving you further off from heaven and happiness than when you commenced. It is down-hill to destruction—and all you unleavened lumps of business who fain would travel that road have only to sit still upon the hand-sled of wickedness, and down you will slide, like an avalanche from the Alps.

My worthy hearers: it is tedious to toil in this barren world—to keep patching up the old clothes of mortality, until a brand-new suit is prepared by the great Artificer above—to find that while we are mending a breach at the elbow, another is widening at the knee: yes, it is tedious to labor to prevent a dissolution of partnership of Soul, Body & Co.; but it is more tedious still to have nothing to do but to sit down, from day to day, and feed idleness with the pap of luxury. That man, my friends, who has nothing to do but to do nothing, is more miserable than a flea-ridden dog with a muzzle on his mouth. His soul aches, his heart aches,

and his bones ache: he itches between the shoulders—in that delightful dorsal region where the digits fail to perform their mitigating office. The leaden-winged hours sail frowningly by him, shaking ennui from their pinions into his insipid porridge, and mocking at the ten thousand ills which he is ever attempting to physic from his system. Ease abides not in the tabernacle of his flesh, even though Plenty be mistress of the mansion.

Industry, my hearers, is seldom tired, except when pausing to reflect upon the arduousness of duties already performed, or upon those which she is about to commence. Being the legitimate offspring of Avarice and Economy, she takes good care to be always on the alert for the sake of her parsimonious parents, and complains of wearisomeness only when out of employment. Notwithstanding all this, man's existence is a tedious one; for there are times when the mind becomes diseased with melancholy, and hypochondriacal ulcers gather upon the liver, to the annoyance of corporeal repose. Sickness will sometimes, too, kick up a disturbance in the physical fabric, and bring more weary hours in a week than years of earthly pleasure can recompense. The infirmities of age are also sure to cause the old man to gape, stretch, and yawn, as he sits in the dull evening of his days poring over the last volume of worldly joys, with blurred spectacles, and with the tallow of life's used-up candle dripping upon his trowsers. He feels as though he would like to retire to his final couch of repose, and waits impatiently to be conducted to the silent and dusty chamber of death, where he can sweetly sleep, beneath his graffringed blanket, till the morning sun of immortality shall draw his spirit with the dews that the night shall have cast upon his grave.

My dear friends: if we let the eye of imagination follow the zigzag footsteps of man across the sandy desert of existence, we cannot but conclude that his life is a monotonous and a weary one. We may trace them through a few green patches, and find an occasional refreshing spring; but the general prospect is barren, barren, barren! It is the repetition of an old song—a thrice-told tale—a diurnal revolution of the same wheel—an unwearying continuation of sound, like the never-ceasing roar of a mill-dam. When man has arrived, tired and toil-worn, at the end of his journey, he looks back and reflects upon the folly, the foolishness



the vanity of his labors. What has he done? Why, he has tugged and he has toiled—he has eaten and he has drank—he has slept and he has awoke—he has laughed and he has cried—he has obtained money and he has spent it—he has danced with pleasure and shook hands with sorrow. He has done all these, and yet they amount to nothing in the end; and he himself, after having retted the soul from its homestead, can claim no other reward than that of adding a peck of paltry dust to the pile from which he sprang and gained a precious subsistence.

My friends: take this world as easy as you can—for it is a hard one to work through; but we can all hope for a better, a brighter and a bigger one, at last, if we only do the clean thing in all our dealings with one another, and always keep a few grains of faith in some secret corner of the heart. So mote it be!

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#### ON INDOLENCE.

TEXT.—Thus at full length the pampered monarch lay,  
Fattening in ease, and slumbering life away.

MY DEAR HEARERS: Notwithstanding that Industry, with her bran new broom, has swept ten thousand evils into the dust-pan of oblivion, still, if we look into the dark corners of this wide world, we shall find that the cobwebs of sloth, large and strong enough to entangle turkey buzzards, are yet hanging there, obscuring the few feeble rays of enterprise that yet glimmer in those benighted regions. The three-story Patagonian of the south wallows in the mire of indolence, and grows fat upon the gravy of ignorance: the illiputian Laplander of the north lolls in laziness, and willingly puts up with the cold porridge of poverty; the besmeared Hottentot of the east snoozes in his mud-built hut, careless of to-morrow's fare, and content with the crumbs that fall from some stray angel's bread. But, my friends, while these half-finished, miserable models of humanity are thus slumbering amid the stupefying vapors of ease, I want you to reflect upon what a sad condition their poor souls are in. Their thoughts never are thrust beyond the filthy circle of some selfish desire—their hearts lie soaking in the gastric fluid of their stomachs—their understandings are dark-

er than the catacombs of Egypt—and their codes of morals are made up of nature's loose leaves, barely stuck together with the thin paste of instinct.

My beloved friends: sloth is not wholly confined to the gloomy arena of heathenism. It often lies at the door of enlightenment, and rubs its slime upon the silken frock of refinement. I've seen it strew the parlors of the rich with sleepy poppies, and surround the poor man's cottage with noxious weeds. I have seen it take all the stiffening out of the stoutest energies of man, and cover youthful ambition with the blue mould of morbidity. I have seen it so fasten itself upon the back of the sluggish traveller as to prevent him from moving from the track when the railroad car of death was hard upon his heels; and I have seen people lie down and roll into their graves, like a lifeless log, too lazy to exert themselves in their own behalf: and I expect that when the last trumpet shall arouse them from their sepulchral slumbers, they will raise themselves upon their elbows, and growl like a dog with a sore foot because they have been disturbed so soon. When I pass by a country farm-house and find old hats, coats and breeches stuffed in the windows, I know that the god of indolence is lounging there, in the midst of want, woe, and poverty—that the lank children of necessity are there running up to seed in the shade of neglect, unmoistened by the dews of moral instruction. I also know that idleness is pampered by the pap of excessive wealth, and that where riches abundantly abound, the tares of sloth are yielding bountiful harvest. Lazy fogs surround the head of him whom lucre has lulled to drowsiness, and he knows not how to shake off the lethargic incubus which sits upon his breast, and sticks faster than a blood-sucker to a dead catfish. He eats, drinks and sleeps for the sake of diverting his attention from the lumbering wheels of Time that roll heavily by; and in the midst of all his self-styled ease, there are no such convenient articles as peace and happiness to be found. Why, my friends, I have known men of wealth and respectability, whose physical faculties had become so paralyzed with indolence that it would require extra high-pressure fever and ague to bring their muscles into active service. Yes, my dear hearers, I say I have seen such men; and one good chimney-sweep is worth more in a well-regulated and industrious community than as many such as could be packed between the eastern cape of A-



rica and the outskirts of eternity. O, my friends, I regret to say that idleness has, of late, become a fashionable accomplishment with too large a portion of our young population. Employment is getting to be thought vulgar, and a toil-hardened hand not fit to be offered for the acceptance of the fair sex. Give me a hard hand, a hard head, and a soft heart; but, instead of which, soft hands, soft heads and hard hearts are now all the go in what the dyspeptic pimps of etiquette call the *BEAU MONDE*. The caterpillars of sloth are making great havoc in our neglected juvenile nurseries. They are stripping the young shrubs of promise of their greenest foliage, and blighting the buds of enterprise as fast as they appear. If matters go on in this way much longer, the rising generation will soon become fit for nothing but to be hung up as scare-crows in the moral grain-fields to frighten young men into habits of industry. Those who subsist, like woodcocks, by suction, and wet their brazen brows with artificial sweat, are too numerous to mention. They are thicker than toads after a shower: they infest our public bar-rooms, and block up the avenues to prosperity. It requires a more powerful galvanic battery than I possess, to reanimate their dying carcases, and set their dormant faculties in a healthy operation.

Arouse ye! arouse ye! ye sin-soaked sons of sloth, and with your hands, lay the corner-stones of your respective fortunes. Sow the seeds of industry in the days of your youth, and you will have the satisfaction of reaping a glorious harvest of plenty in the autumn of life. If you fall asleep when the edifice is half completed, the chances are ten to one that when you awake you will find it crushed to earth, and its ruins overgrown with the gray moss of despair. O, my friends! you must be up and doing, if you wish to prosper in this precarious world. Just keep on squandering life's blessed moments in the indulgence of sluggish dreams, and if you don't eventually slide into eternity shirtless, shiftless, and shoeless, then use my hat for a spit-box, and set me down as one of the humbugs of the age. But industry, my hearers, can clothe the tattered mendicant in scarlet and purple, and patch up the broken windows of want with the aid of that putty which abideth for ever. Heaven hugs to its bosom the honest and industrious of the sons of earth—and rocks the cradle of repose, where slumber the children of daily toil. Let us work while we

live—and go to our long homes with the satisfaction of having done our duty to our Maker, to our neighbor, and to ourselves. So mote it be!

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#### ON LIGHT.

TEXT.—First born of Chaos! who so fair didst come  
 From the old Negro's darksome womb:  
 Which, when it saw the lovely Child,  
 The melancholy Mass put on kind looks and smiled.

MY DEAR HEARERS: You, who are subjects of light, I am sure will not make light of my subject—but you, who grope about in the darkness of ignorance and depravity, I suppose, would be glad to make light of anything. I don't suppose I can throw any new light on the subject of Light: but then I can preach upon it just as easily as I have heretofore done on all manner of texts, from Worms up to Women. What is light? methinks I hear you ask. It is the blest smile of heaven—a radiation from the Deity himself—the source of all our comfort, our happiness, and our joy. When its enlivening spirit has shrouded itself in the sable drape-ry of evening, a sadness, a sacredness and a melancholy are depicted on the phiz of mother Earth—inasmuch as she then keeps a Sunday for herself and all her children, and in penitence receives the holy dews of heaven upon her shaded brow. If I may be allowed to personify and petticoatify, I will say that Light, Loveliness and Learning are three sisters, who have encircled the world with a wreath of roses, and hung a halo of glory in the dark hall of heathenism.

The first—Light—is the eldest. She was born of father Chaos and the old she nigger, Night, who were married in the middle of eternity, before Time was conceived in the womb of Nonentity. When earth's melancholy mass beheld the darling babe and found it white, it leaped for joy, and became covered with everlasting smiles. Perhaps you may wonder, my friends, why Light was not born a mulatto, considering its parents were practical amalgamationists? It is somewhat remarkable; but you should remember that it is possible for light to come out of darkness, and that,



at that time, Nature was but a stripling, and as full of her pranks as a monkey is of mischief; but it is not so now: her course is straight onward, like a railroad car—and as for turning her to the right or to the left, you might as soon think of holding an earthquake by the tail, or of petitioning congress for a new moon. Loveliness, the next of the sisters, is the great-grandchild of Virtue, who, years ago, came down from her happy home in the skies to be ravished by the lecherous sons of Vice; but, thanks to heaven! many of her frail offspring yet remain as pure and uncontaminated as a bottle of alcohol—and I only pray that they may abide so to the end. Learning, the daughter of Experience, is the youngest of the three. She does a great deal towards lighting up the lamps of knowledge and morality, but is apt to be too proud of her attainments, and too often troubled with the wind-cholic to be an agreeable partner for common sense. Nevertheless, light is loveliness; and loveliness without learning is but a star lost in the lurid folds of a thunder cloud.

My friends: the only light that rests upon this mundane sphere of ours leaks down from heaven. Look at the innumerable stars that glitter in the deluge of darkness with which night overwhelms us, and say, what are they but perforations in the dome of the sky, through which the essence of immortal glory streams? The resplendent sun, which, from the beginning of time, has kept itself bright, like a used key, is remote from the earth, and without the pale of its rusting influence. Its splendors are associated with those of the Son of Righteousness; and the dim tapers of our nether world are no more to be compared with it than the greasy-faced moon which casts a sickly glare upon the drowsy landscape. Look upward, my dear friends, if you wish to receive the genuine imported article of light, and not seek for it in such a gloomy, conglomerous, locofoco match-making world as this. Yes, look up, I say: cast the film from your eyes—open the window-shutters of your benighted souls, and let the light of heaven, of morality, of virtue and of knowledge shine in and dissipate the darkness of earth-born iniquity.

My worthy hearers: remember, I beseech you, that the dull lamp of life will ere long be extinguished in the thick darkness of the tomb: therefore, make a provident use of the oil, and do not let the wick be kept so high, through extravagant dissipation, as to

cause it to burn out before nine o'clock in the cloudy evening of age. The flame of existence MUST cease to burn in the fixed air of the sepulchre, towards which you are all approaching with the rapidity of a race-horse ; and I now advise you in season, that, if you have any Lucifer matches in your pockets, to cast them from you, and be reconciled to the night of the grave, which, after a few hours of slumber, shall be dispersed by the morning light of a never-ending immortality. So mote it be !

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ON CONTENTMENT.

TEXT.—Thus do I live, thus will I die,  
Would all did so, as well as I.

MY HEARERS: You needn't accuse me of plagiarism, for I confess that my present discourse is partially a paraphrase of some very old stanzas—written somewhere between Noah and Oliver Cromwell—with just enough of my own ideas thrown in to make a gravy.

Then, in the first place, you may consider me a happy man (though, to say truth, I am annoyed by about as many insects as other folk)—yes, perfectly happy ; made so by a contented mind. My mind is a little kingdom in itself, possessing more valuable gems of thought than there are seeds in a poppy-pod. Because why?—I live CONTENTED. Contentment is the oil that smooths the troubled waters of time—casts a silvery sunshine upon life's little lake—lights up the lone cottage, and reconciles Happiness to the homely hovel. I seek no more than may suffice. Enough's enough, all the world over—superfluous possessions are maintained at the expense of enjoyment, and guarded with trouble, fear and care. It is pernicious Plenty that produces a surfeit, and brings sickness both to the heart and stomach, as I've seen proved by letting cattle at a heap of apple pumice.

My hearers : I don't care about scrambling up the tree of ambition so rapidly as to tear my breeches, and perhaps fall headlong into a goose-pond. I have seen, it is your hasty climbers that come down the soonest ; and I know that those who sit in high places, surrounded with luxury, wealth and grandeur, are threat-



ened with many more and greater mishaps than he who sits upon a stump, eating the bread and cheese of independence, and having little of more value to lose than a jack-knife and a plug of tobacco. I want no flatterers about me, nor any other kind of vermin; no mock-sympathisers—such as are always anxious to salve fresh sores, and ever ready, with a scandalous scratch, to tear the scabs from old ones. Away with such carnal trumpery!—my mind despiseth them all. Now, my friends, in regard to wealth, I have little, but that little is enough; and, consequently, I am satisfied—easy, quiet, happy—as happy as a snake in the sun. Some folks have more than they know what to do with, and still they crave like an empty maw; my store is small, but I don't sweat and fret to enlarge it. With all their wealth they are as poor as Paxton, while I—with the mere siftings of nothing in comparison—am as rich as a gold mine. They poor as rats, I rich as mud—they beg like paupers, I give freely—they lack, I lend—they pine like a consumptive kitten, and I live like a man.

My friends: I never joy nor laugh at another's loss: that's wantonness—downright cruelty; neither do I grudge another's gain; because, in the first place, there is no use in it—in the second place, it is sinful—and, in the third place, I don't want it. No such sordid cares can ever ruffle the calm surface of my mind, any more than the wing of a butterfly could arouse billows upon a sleeping lake. As for care, I don't care what it is; I am protected by an armor of patience, fortitude and faith; and all its shafts fall harmless at my feet. If I happen to get pricked a little, I bear it like a philosopher, while others dance and caper about like a cockroach in a hot skillet. The world to me is one vast feather-bed, upon which I lie off and take it easy, and have plenty of room to roll. With peace for my pillow, and contentment for a foot-board, I enjoy my ease, unmolested by mosquito, bug, or nightmare. In short, wherever I am, I fear no foe, nor fawn upon a friend; I don't loathe life nor love it to madness, and neither do I let my latter end trouble me for a moment.

My dear friends: I don't ramble about seeking for more, like a flock of turkeys, and catch nothing but grasshoppers after all. No, I stay at home and look after what I have, and ready to receive with a thankful spirit what additional favors a kind Providence may see fit to bestow. It is true, I like the plain, and yet I some-

times climb the hill—but to come safely down again. In quiet weather, I venture a little way at sea; but, in greatest storms, I am sure to sit on shore—there to reflect, meditate,

And laugh at them that toil in vain.  
To get what must be lost again.

I never kiss where I wish to kill, nor feign to love where I cannot help but hate. In fact, I love all human kind more or less—the men a little, the women more, and particular females the most; but, whether I love or loathe, I intend that no hypocritical spiders shall ever draw their dusky webs across my sentiments and opinions of you all—you may read them, as from a book. I scorn no poor, but greet them; I fear no rich, but pity their troubles and infirmities; I feel no want—and, thank God, I am not cursed with too much! I see as much honor attached to the cart and plough as to the court and camp; and the farmer and I consider ourselves far more wealthy and happy than the king on his throne—for you may talk as much as you please about gold, silver, pearl, diamonds, and all earthly riches, I have come to the conclusion that there is no wealth under the canopy of heaven like that of a quiet and contented mind. So mote it be!

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#### ON AFFECTATION.

TEXT.—Smile when you smile; and, when you rage, just rage.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: There is a vast deal of false show, deceit and hypocrisy afloat upon the waters of the world, which ought to be sunk to rise no more for ever: and if I thought I could accomplish their destruction by throwing stones, I would keep firing till I had expended the last particle of mental and physical ammunition. I scarcely know whether the men or the women are made up of the most falsities. Young ladies certainly wear false smiles, false hair, false color upon their cheeks, false hips, and, nowadays, false—what shall I term them?—false projections, such as I never saw BEFORE. Strip them of all their artificial ornaments, and nine out of ten of them are no worthier objects of attraction than a parcel of picked peacocks: because, in such cases, the mind is generally left wholly unadorned. Take care, girls, to garnish your hearts



with the flowers of wisdom and virtue, that never fade; and you will always look lovely, without the aid of external embellishment; when you smile, don't let the face perform the office, unassisted by the feelings; but let every smile come as fresh and warm from the heart as milk from a cow, and as sparkling and bright in the pure sunshine of joy, mirth or gladness as a milldam by moonlight. When you are angry, let folks know it—go it with a vengeance! Rip, stave, fly about, smash your bonnets, tear your frocks, do something desperate; and, in five minutes, you will satisfy everybody that you are in earnest, and not to be trifled with. But this playing mad—making believe angry at times, for the sake of getting a stronger hold on a young fellow's affections, is the very summit of nonsense. The fabric is too flimsy and transparent a texture not to be seen through with half an eye. And another thing, my dear young females—while flirting (if you must flirt) with the opposite sex, don't ever pretend to be struck with admiration at the sight of this and that thing, and exclaim 'O, how beautiful!' unless you really think so. The affectation 'sticks out about a foot,' as we say in Dutch, and is as disgusting as it is undisguised.

Now, my young brothers, what shall I say of you? I shall say that you are no better than, if as good as, the frail fair sex. In all your movements you exhibit foolishness and folly. You smile to betray—and, as my friend Beattie says, you lead to bewilder, and dazzle to blind. You profess a purity of purpose, and yet your daily practices are wholly at variance with your precepts. You pluck the beautiful posies that bloom in the garden of womankind, professedly to place them in your bosoms, and cherish them; but, alas! how often do you leave them, after having taken a snuff or two of their fragrance, to wither in the cold blighting storms of neglect! In short, you are perfect specimens of insincerity—bladders of gas, bags of wind—full of words without meaning, and manifestations of love devoid of a faithful foundation.

My friends: there is too much affectation among you altogether. I agree with my transatlantic friend, Mrs. Ellis, that it arises principally out of a desire to obtain the good opinion of others, or the fear of losing it; and an affected manner of acting or speaking often becomes so habitual as to be quite beyond a cure. Thus it is important that you, my young friends, should be warned against

acquiring such habits before they have become too deeply rooted to be eradicated by the implements of reason and judgment. Never pretend to know a great deal more than is contained in your knowledge-boxes ; for it will certainly be detected by those who know more. Don't affect to be witty, refined, delicate, or sentimental ; for, by so doing, you subject yourselves to ridicule—and when the arrows of ridicule once pierce the heart, they impart a poison that no medicine can expel.

My hearers : I hate an artificial smile, a forced tear, manufactured mirth, concocted sympathy, counterfeited sorrow, and pretended pity. They mark the sycophant, the hypocrite, and the rogue ; and I want nothing to do with those whose faces are any thing else but indices of their hearts. I have lived long enough in the world to find out that all is not pure gold that glistens ; and that thousands who appear fair upon the outside are as corrupt as rotten eggs within. We inhabit, perhaps, as foul and deceitful a globe as can be found in the vast system of worlds ; and so long as the soul of man is confined to it, it must be more or less contaminated. If I had wings that wouldn't fail in the flight, I'd give a squat and a kick, and make a rise for some heavenly sphere, where the spirit is clothed in garments of purity, and where dissembling, deceiving and cheating are never known to be practised.

My worthy hearers : it matters not to me, individually, what tricks and pranks you may attempt to play—you can't gammon me. I can see through you all. You are just as transparent to my optics as window-glass. You may frame faces for certain occasions as much as you please ; but I can well understand the movements of the machinery within. But, dear brethren, for the sake of yourselves, and the good of mankind in general, always keep your hearts open to public inspection ; and then, if treachery, deceit and hypocrisy should happen to accumulate, like bed-bugs in the corners, they will be driven out in a hurry. Be frank, open, honest and undeceiving, and the world will reward you. So saith Wisdom—so say I—and—So mote it be !



## ON HOME.

EXT.—Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.  
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
 Which, I seek through the world, is not met with else-  
 where.—PAYNE.

MY DEAR HEARERS: There was a good deal of philosophy in the astonishment of the old lady who wondered how some folks could bear to live so FAR OFF—and also in the surprise of other people how SHE could live at so great a distance from ANYWHERE. Still she was happy in her wooded vale of solitude; for there the cradle of her infancy was rocked—there she picked the berries of contentment, and drank her catmint tea, year after year, holding an occasional chit-chat with her God, and upbraiding the fashionable follies and extravagances of the world—there, in her age, she had planted her old arm-chair; and she clung to it with all the tenacity of a setting hen to her nest. There she was born, and there she was determined to die; because there she had discovered the path that led her from her domicile straight up to heaven, and wished never to stray from it. When she looked up to the noonday sun, she fancied she stood exactly in the centre of the world, and that the blue curtains of the sky were fastened to the tops of the mountain pines, which surrounded the blessed region of home. She had heard that people lived 'round the edges,' and that gorgeous palaces, castles of gold, wealth, splendor and refinement graced the outer circle; yet she sighed for none of these. She had rather live more in the middle of creation—nearer home and heaven; and would not exchange her own little paradise for all the rest of this world, and a small corner of the next, in the bargain; because why?—it was home to her, and there was no other place like it. O, my friends, there is no place like home! Excepting Hoboken in the summer. Nay, Hoboken is a grease-pot to it. I don't mean an acquired or an adopted home, but the home of our birth—that delightful sunny patch where the tender plants of youth were reared, and watered by parental love and anxiety. Talk about the beauties of other lands—how the gardens of the opulent are filled with gay exotic flowers—they are nothing to be compared to the plain but comely sauce gardens of home. There is a charm from the skies that seems to hallow us



there; and, go where you will, a delicate voice seems whispering in the ear: 'Stray babe from Eden—your mamma calls, come home!' If a person, who has crept over the domestic floor in infancy, sported on his father's lawns in youth, and associated with the household in manhood, were to travel from Bangor to New Jerusalem, he would find every prospect as barren to his fancy as Gibbet Island in winter; and the elastic cord of memory would still connect his soul with his home, as the gossamer thread unites the wandering spider to its web.

Home, my dear friends, is always home. The ever-rolling waves of years may dash upon the shores of the animal world, carrying some beautiful specimens of life back into the dark deep of eternity, and washing others upon the sands of existence, to remain there for a season; but they cannot change the smiling phiz of home: its features are unalterable, immutable, and as steadfast as the main pillar of the universe. After an absence of some years, let a man return to that hallowed spot where he sprang mysteriously up, like a toad-stool in the night, and he will find that everything relating to being has undergone a change; that Old Time has scattered his former companions hither and thither, as the forest leaves are scattered by the rough winds of autumn—that some have been packed away to moulder in the cold, dreary sepulchre—that others have leaped rashly among the blossom-covered thorns of matrimony, and now wish themselves out again—while others have moved away—and others still are among the missing: that more white hairs have been added to the locks of the father—another furrow has been ploughed across the brow of the mother—and a paleness has overspread the crimsoned cheek of the sister. Yes, he may find all these, and yet home will wear its wonted aspect. The birds will sing as gaily as ever; the flowers will bloom as lovely; and he will recognise old acquaintances in every bush, rock and tree around him. Although the foot-prints which he made in the mud while catching frogs have been obliterated by time, still the self-same pond is there, reflecting from its bosom the cheering smile of heaven, as true as ever. He will see that Peace has folded her dew-spangled wings, and lies sleeping in the vale on a bed of violets, with her feet wrapped up in the green leaves of a skunk's cabbage—that Contentment sits up on the sunny side of a hill, indulging in felicitous dreams—while



Recollection stands patiently fishing in the semi-pellucid pool of the past for the endearing relics of by-gone days. O, my friends, it is a sort of a sour-sweet sensation to meditate over the familiar face of home, and at the same time to mark the havoc that the spirit of change is making in the domestic circle! I have sat on father's old barn-yard wall, and agonized on the subject, till I became pregnant with thoughts too big for a safe delivery! But it's all over for the present.

My friends: I must particularly remark, that no person can have an attachment for home, who has not been born anywhere in particular; that is to say—at Cape Cod, Nantucket, and along shore; because he has no home to care for: therefore, he must be a restless, wandering, dissatisfied mortal, as long as he lives—if not longer. It is also so in large cities, my friends—such as New York, for instance—where poor folks are obliged to take up their beds and budge every twelvemonth, and then squat wherever kind fortune has brushed away the rubbish to receive them. These objects of a world's compassion can find too many places like home; but the worst of it is, not one of them is in anywise worthy of that heart-softening appellation. But, my friends, it matters not particularly whether you have a permanent home or not. You can be contented almost anywhere (except Blackwell's Island) if you deal fairly at all times with your fellow men—are always as upright as a lamp-post—well stuffed with integrity and seasoned with morality. Make no outward pretensions—don't wear a religious newspaper next to your breasts in the place of an undershirt, and think its virtues will strike clear into the heart—but act honestly, walk soberly, and live prudently—and you will at last be provided with a home, sweet home, beyond the skies, from which you shall never wander, while eternity continues to be. So mote it be!

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#### ON LATE HOURS.

**TEXT.**—Late sitting up has turned her roses white.

Why went she not to bed? Because 'twas night.

**MY HEARERS:** In a former discourse I treated upon the beauties of morning, and hinted at the necessity of early rising. I'll now



now touch upon the loveliness, the loneliness, and the solemnness of night; and show up the balefulness of the too-prevalent practice of sitting up late. Night, my friends, was invented solely for the quiet repose of us, poor day-worn mortals; and, instead of trespassing upon the sacredness of its peace, we all ought to lie down, at a reasonable hour, beneath its dusky quilt, and be prepared to rise when the first flames of morn are kindled upon the oriental hearth. Yet how many young biped owlets do I see around me who will not go to bed, merely because it is night!—who regard not their healths, their reputations, nor their pockets; and willingly permit the worm of corruption to gnaw at their already moth-eaten morals! Ah! their name is Legion; and the way they are all streaking it down the dark road to ruin is sorrowful to steam locomotives. The purple poppies of evening shed no opiate upon their eyelids; and the cypress gloom which surrounds them only serves to render more conspicuous the blue blazes of deviltry which burn upon the brazen altars of their hearts. The iron tongue of midnight resounds in their ears, but they heed it not: ay, it even knocks at their tenantless bosoms, and finds their thoughts absent from home or drowned in the oblivion of drunkenness. I find belonging to the Anti-go-to-bed-early Society, not only careless and reckless young candidates for destruction, but men of maturer years—men whose minds were first moulded in the matrix of virtue, but have become warped before the scorching fires of habitual dissipation—between whom and the grave the dusky curtain of night can fall but a few times more—men who are old enough to know better than to shake off the balmy dews of sleep from their eyelashes, in mockery to the supplications of declining age. I see before me, now, one upon whose head the hoar frosts of time are fast descending, who never thinks of retiring to his solitary couch till the midnight bell has ceased to toll. Then he spiritualizes in an extacy of bliss: then his soul swells within him until he is obliged to unbutton his waistcoat, when a superabundance of ideas flow in every direction, like water from a gardener's pot: and then, when he finds that exhausted nature can no longer wrestle with the spirit, he gropes his way to bed, singing—

‘Fal de ral, fal de ral, fal de ral rido.

We all love a drop now and then’



Ah! that will never do. He takes too long hitches at a time towards his own sepulchre; and I must try to preach reformation into his system, and thereby spare him the pain of offering so many morning apologies to his injured conscience; and eventually save him from going down to the grave with the blue mould of disgrace upon his venerable brow.

My dear friends: many of the fair sex of Gotham are also ruining themselves by keeping late hours. I don't mean those white-washed, moving monuments of female beauty who wander at the dead hour of night up Broadway to Anthony street, and down Anthony street to destruction—for they are ruined already. I have reference to those who still endeavor to ornament the gay circle of society with their radiant charms. Whenever I enter the dazzling arena of fashion, I behold on every side such faded specimens of female loveliness as to convince me that the deadly upas etiquette is preying upon their delicate vitals. Decked with the costly trappings of affectation and pride, they look tempting indeed to the infatuated worshippers of women; but to an experienced judge, like myself, of female flesh and virtue, they appear cold and inanimate as so many awning-posts hung round with gay goods. The roses upon their cheeks have been blanched by the midnight breeze, and the lustre of their eyes has been dimmed by the lurid gas-lights in Folly's saloon. They go to their parties, their balls, and their assemblies, and barter away their beauty for a few hours of nocturnal enjoyment, and sacrifice health at the shrine of foolishness! They sneak home to their pillows of rest before Aurora pokes her head out of her chamber window and blushes upon them for shame; and yet they will not go to bed in season, for fear of being thought vulgar! O, my friends, the enlightenment of this world is a compound of darkness and damnation!

My friends: night is said to possess charms for many, which accounts for their watchfulness. I know it is overflowing with beauty; but it is of such an order as should be appreciated by the serious and the sober. Its loveliness is associated with solemnity; and all its splendors are calculated to drag the thoughts out of the mud, and hang them up to dry against the blue vault of heaven. In the solemn stillness of night, Contemplation should spread her airy pinions, and visit the golden palaces of Hope.



which adorn the ten thousand emerald isles in the vast ocean of eternity. Then, too, we should be reminded that soon the darkness of the tomb will overshadow us all, when no sounds shall disturb our slumbers in the dust, till the archangel's trumpet re-echoes through the silent valley of death. So mote it be!

#### ON SUNRISE

**TEXT.**—The early lark, the messenger of Day,  
 Saluted in her song the morning gray;  
 And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,  
 That all th' horizon laughed to see the joyous sight.

**MY DEAR HEARERS:** Did you ever see the sun rise? If you never did, your sluggishness, drowsiness, or laziness, has deprived you of one of the most glorious sights ever exhibited in the grand diorama of the world—a sight that is worth more to behold than all your cattle-shows, your bear dances, your monkey tricks, and your giraffe exhibitions, which only steal away your sixpences, and do not add a hooter to either your morals or your healths. When I consider the sleepiness of the times and the drowsiness of the world, I cannot but take it for granted that you never did see the sun rise. Well, I can readily excuse you—for I can say but little, on that score, in my own behalf. I can, nevertheless, preach from experience upon the glories of the morning. Having retired to my virtuous couch, one dog-day night last summer—and being somewhat troubled in mind, and more so in body, from a whole army of mosquitoes that invaded my nasal promontory—I arose and seated myself, in my night-gown, at my chamber window, which looks upon the east, and waited anxiously for the coming of the dawn. The half used-up moon stole gently down and shook her silvery wings over my already-silvered hairs, and the aspect of things in general was most beautiful and lovely to behold. Nature was fast asleep in the ebony arms of Somnus, and not a sound interrupted the solemn stillness, save the pitiful plaint of a love-lorn catydid, or an occasional yawl from some neighboring sacrilegious cat. But, as I was saying, I sat impatiently waiting for the opening of day; and O, my friends, it did, at last,



open rich, like a mill-pond oyster! Yes, the blushing Morn at length came travelling up from the oriental clime, and sowed the earth with pearls and diamonds, that glittered upon the dark bottom of Night like jewels upon the brow of an Ethiopian wench. The stars grew fainter on the ethereal plains, as Aurora, the fair laughter of the dawn, with rosy hands unbarred the golden gates of light, and let a fresh flood of glory overflow the fair empire of the east. As she shook the tears from her mantle and added an extra coat of rouge to her cheeks, the new-born babe of day crept from Fithon's darksome bed, and came scratching over the blushing hill-tops, like a distracted bedbug over the pillow of silent repose.

O, my friends, it was a glorious sight to witness the gradual developments of that glorious Morn!—so joytul! so brilliant! so splendid! It seemed as though purple-winged angels had come down with their red bandannas to wipe the last tear of sorrow from a dejected world, and to light up an everlasting smile of joy upon the jaundiced face of the universe: and then, when Sol first reared his flaming bristles above the confines of the horizon, was there not splendor, beauty, and music of the tallest order? The trees blossomed with silver, and pellets of crystal bedecked the meadows. The violets opened their buds and laughed for joy—the cowslips unlocked their cells—and roses expanded with delight as the sun licked the dew from the damask corolla. Myriads of feathered songsters warbled forth their merry notes, just as easy and as natural as a pocket organ—and Love, Harmony, Joy and Peace seemed to be dancing a quadrille over beds of flowers, and amid the perfume of paradise!

My beloved friends: such are a few of the beauties of morning—but to describe the whole is totally without the pale of my poverty-stricken powers. Instead of laying on the colors with the hand of a skilful artist, I am sure that I have been guilty of a most wretched daub; but if you wish to witness the refulgence of the reality, I advise you to drink less in the evening—go to bed earlier—and when the first oriental ray unsolders your eyelids, to jump up and dress, ere your leaden senses are bound in the second condition of slumber. Yes, rise with the lark, if you would behold the brightness of the morning, and be blest with its beneficial dews; for remember that the success of the day and the tranquil-



lity of the evening depend upon the manner in which it is spent; and O, remember, my friends, that the morning of existence is equally as bright and of as short duration as the natural morn—and that our welfare through life depends upon the way in which we dispose of its few fleeting hours. How many there are who slumber away their youthful mornings in a sluggish torpor, while the dews of instruction are wasting around them, and while the rising sun of ambition in vain invites them onward to the fair temple of Fame, which adorns the high mountain of manhood! Ay, how many do I see around me of the juvenile race, who had rather die in their lethargy than be seasonably aroused to the toils of a necessary subsistence! Too many, by multitudes. Why, my friends, I believe that people go to perdition more willingly than formerly, because they can go with less inconvenience, and at a cheaper rate. Since the introduction of hard coal, the infernal regions have been greatly enlarged, so that they can now UNCOMFORTABLY accommodate the whole human race, whither they all appear to be bound, for a certainty. My friend, Amos Leeds, is the principal agent of Old Nick for the supply of fuel; and as he deals most extensively in the article, and sells it cheaper, and has a better quality than anybody else, there is no danger of the fires ever being extinguished for the want of fuel.

My dear friends, one and all: behold how soon the splendors of morning vanish! how soon its balmy odors lose their fragrance beneath the tepid rays of the rising sun! how soon it is swallowed up in the black jaws of night! You may know the moral of all this without any further aid of my gaseous antiloquence. You know that life's morn is equally as evanescent—that the flowers of youth waste their perfume long ere the meridian of manhood—that the evening twilight of age quickly succeeds—and then the last rays of man's setting sun are soon extinguished in the tenebrious night of death. And now, if you will only spend the remainder of the day of existence temperately, wisely, honestly and morally—and take care that you do not, at last, go to your sepulchral beds with a solid supper of sin upon your stomachs—you will wake up refreshed on that glorious morn of the Future, which is yet to dawn upon a brighter world, where the rose blossoms upon the laurel—where the balmy dews are never dried—and where the bowers of bliss for ever bloom. So mote it be!



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SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

ANOTHER DISCOURSE ON TOBACCO.

TEXT.—Yes, social friend, I love thee well,  
In learned doctors' spite ;  
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,  
And lap me in delight.

What though they tell, with phizzes long,  
My years are sooner past ?  
I would reply, with reason strong,  
They're sweeter while they last.

And what is he who smokes thee now ?  
A little moving heap,  
That soon, like thee, to fate must bow—  
With thee in dust must sleep.

MY HEARERS: Tobacco, according to the ideas of most saints, and a few sinners, is an unmitigated scoundrel, and deserves a 'smoking,' if ever villain did ; but they don't like to do the deed themselves, and would rather others should do it in some private corner, and spare them the pain of being witnesses to so revolting a spectacle. The idea, however, some way or other, contrives to wedge itself into my mind, that the weed is as much sinned against as sinning—perhaps more so. Among the professed tobacco-haters, I find more proportionate hypocrites than I could ever count black sheep in my numerous flock, upon any one occasion.

I know many of my own rough sex, my friends, who affect the most supreme disgust for tobacco smoke when it sails suspiciously towards their olfactories in public, and yet are seemingly unconscious of its presence in their own domicils, or at their individual places of business ; and many of the feminine gender there are who, like so many hams, get perfectly cured by being smoked at home, and yet are ready to fall into five-cornered fits, or rather species of hexagonal hysterics, if they encounter a rebuff during their fashionable promenades, or discover obnoxious fumes arising from the platform of a railroad car. Pshaw ! I'm down upon all such hypocritical exhibitions with the weight and force of a mauling pestle.

My worthy hearers : in this free, great, and glorious republic, every man has, or should have, the privilege of using tobacco in any way, manner or shape he likes. In this 'let every one be

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's own mind,' as good St. Paul says concerning some. It won't do for a man, or any set of men, to tell all eat, what we shall drink, what we shall wear, what we shall smoke, or what we shall chew. No!—not in this emancipated country of light, smoke and liberty. In such matters, the assant 'SHALL' loses its vaunted omnipotency, and can exercise, at the most, but a mere potential sway. But, my hearers, you all have a right to entertain and express your opinions of cigars, pipes, quids and pinches, and of all who meddle with them to your displeasure. My little, half-starved opinion—however much of parental fondness I may cherish for it—isn't worth much and I am too poor to maintain it; therefore, I shall cast the bantling among you for succor and sustenance. So, then,

1st. Tobacco-chewing and snuffing are decidedly filthy habits and as cleanliness is a virtue, the want of it must, consequently be a vice; and, therefore, I advise the chewer to drop for ever that 'last' cud, and the snuffer to plug up his nasal port-holes with assafœtida rather than perpetuate so nasty a habit, for their own dear sakes and the precious comfort of others. Why, my friends, I have seen pocket-handkerchiefs in the hands of snuff-takers, at the dinner-table, which would require more courage than I have to spare to turn over with the tip-end of a twenty-five feet fish-pole; and, at any time o' day, you might shake enough of the 'powder' from their persons to put out the eyes of a pair of cast-iron fire-dogs. And, by the appearance of the shirt-bosoms of some inveterate old chewers, I should judge they had been squirting their juice in the face of a northeaster for spite; or had just been engaged in a duel with some rival ruminators: weapons, tobacco-spit—distance, two paces. But, brethren, why do people chew? It must be for a similar reason that the ploughboy whistles: for the lack of thought. And why do folks snuff? It is to stir up some wit and sense, if possible, within their cocoanut snells, of which it is evident they are most lamentably in want, or they would never do it.

2d. As to cigar-smoking, my hearers, as practised at the present day by the young, foppish, silly and vain, without rule, rhyme or rhythm, I look upon it as ridiculous nonsense. To be sure, there is no great harm in it, either to the PHYSIQUE or to the MORALE. But to see little saplings—some of them scarce knee-high to a



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stool—bigger 'b'hoys,' green as unsunned pumpkins—  
ies, as stiff and as hollow as eaves-spouts—running abo  
ring upon corners, darting out and in at porter-houses, with  
'same old soger' protruding, is ludicrous in the extreme.  
remind me of a pig with a straw in his mouth: always at  
wherever he carries it, except in his own pen. It can't be  
them as with the smoker, that they puff for the want of  
ight; for how can they realize the want of what they never  
essed? But there they are, enwreathed with smoke, the gar-  
of their glory. When they open their mouths to afford egress  
wind and words, nothing comes out, after all, but smoke—  
e—smoke. Smoking a mild Havana, however, quietly by  
self, is not to be scolded at—there is some sense in it. The  
itioner then derives some actual comfort; 'its clouds,' as says  
ext, 'all other clouds dispel,' and the soul's troubled waters  
ne calm and serene. It assists, too, the digestion of thought  
lies as cold and heavy upon the heart as underdone dump-  
on the stomach of a dyspeptic.

Pipe-smoking is, by no means, to be condemned. It is the  
emblem of domesticity, contentment and repose. Next to the  
e, and a cheerful wife, it affords the greatest consolation allot-  
to man. It quiets anxiety, soothes the passions, and makes  
ant and sunny the declivitous pathway of age. However  
ible be his temperament, it is next to impossible to excite an  
man to anger while composedly pulling at his pipe in the  
ney-corner. O, my friends, there is a vast deal of philosophy  
e sucked through a pipe-stem!

Regarding its effects upon the constitution (not of these United  
es, for that needs no puffing), I have only to remark that I  
known persons to cross the boundary-line of an hundred  
s, who, for the last twenty winters of their lives, did compa-  
tely nothing else than sit by the fire and smoke—smoke that  
etical old mulatto, patriarchal pipe—short and stumpy, and  
ppy with paste and strings. And, finally, when they bade the  
d farewell, no dire Disease had the honor of hastening their  
erture; but their mortal pipes went calmly out for the want of  
; and 'life's last embers' faded by such slow degrees, that it  
e hard to tell the exact moment when the last vital spark had  
ed to glow. Now, all I have to ask is this—If their pipes did

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centennarians a physical injury, how much further, in the line of all that's reasonable, would they probably have stretched their mortal existence, had they not fumigated at all? That's a question—as I think Hamlet once said.

My friends: 'Life's but a leaf adroitly rolled.' So says the author of my text—so would say any boarding-school miss commencing to write poetry—and so say I;—what say you, brethren and sisters lummuxes? 'Tis a solemn fact, though; and the end is not far distant when it shall be unrolled as a scroll. Then it will be seen what kind of moral stuff you are made of. If you are genuine 'BACCA, free from must, mould and rankness, you will be sent for exportation to another and, I hope, a better country; if not, 'no go.' You are nothing more than a bundle of cigars, my brethren, at the most. Ignited with mental fire at one end, you burn and smoke away in the mouth of Time. He smokes you to a stump, and then drops the 'old soger' to earth. 'Ashes to ashes' as the dustman says when he dumps another basket of refuse on the heap. But whither hath flown the vapory, smoky Spirit? Upward—upward; buried in the bosom of the 'upper deep,' where soundings can never be known till mortal shall put on immortality. So mote it be!

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ADVICE AND EXAMPLE.

TEXT.— So no man does himself convince  
By his own doctrine of his sins;  
And 'tis not what we do, but say,  
In love and preaching that must sway.

MY DEAR HEARERS: We are always more ready and willing to convince others than ourselves. Their sins appear to us as prominent as a city set upon a hill, while our own are as invisible as a candle under a bushel. We are all right—everybody else is wrong. Our neighbor hasn't half the holiness that we possess, and, if he have, it is of a hypocritical quality—counterfeit and that may answer for all worldly purposes, but won't pass at the gate of heaven. O, no, my friend! we never can behold in our fellow mortals a single virtue superior to what ourselves possess.



on the contrary, we are too inclined to think that all others need  
oral tinkering, while our own souls are without crack or flaw.  
Therefore, excuse human nature if I talk to you thuswise

Don't do as I do, but do as I say.

I mud my boots and soil my coat by going in dirty places, or  
taint my character with indecent company, it is no reason why  
you should do likewise. Never follow precisely in the footsteps  
of any preacher—if you do, you may sometimes get into holes  
unlooked for. He is but human, and as liable to err as the mass  
of mortal flesh; but be guided by his precepts, and you are safe  
enough. Go to church on Sunday—it is a salutary practice, even  
though you sleep under the somniferous influence of a dull, drow-  
sy sermon.

Listen, then, while I give you a bit of advice. Pursue the path  
of virtue—it is one adorned with flowers, rich and sweet in fra-  
grance, and without thorns. It is the straight and smooth road to  
heaven; and if you take any other track, you will find yourselves  
farther off in the end than you were in the beginning.

When you pay attention to a girl, let her know your intentions  
at once—her time is precious, and ought not to be trifled with.

Make it a point always to keep within your means, and you will  
pass through life without many jogs and jars. Always have your  
hands employed, and your mind busy. Look on the bright side  
—keep up your spirits, and you will work your way to wealth  
and honor, as sure as there is a sun to rise to-morrow.

Let love-making be a matter of business. Go about it system-  
atically, and with a determined spirit.

Express plainly, but neatly—foppery is foolishness dovetailed  
with vulgarity.

Give every man his due—even the devil himself.

Don't run faster than a dog-trot after the sex, nor allow  
them to trouble you when matters of more importance should com-  
mand your attention.

Envy no man his wealth nor greatness; but go to work and  
try to get up a peg or two.

Let rum alone, and chew as little tobacco as habit will allow.

Take a bath at least twice a week. Every day were none too  
many for some of you.

Listen to good advice, even though it come from a thief.

You husbands must try to please your wives, or you will not be pleased with them. Women live to be loved.

Now, my friends, you can do which you please—go according to my precepts, or follow me in my practice. If you choose the former course, I will insure you a safe and pleasant pilgrimage to another world; but, if the latter, far be it from me to say that you may not ‘put your foot in it,’ occasionally—for even I, your faithful and steady preacher, find it morally impossible to keep wholly clear of the multifold petty vices that lay in wait for all mankind. So mote it be!

#### ON WORLDLY POSSESSIONS.

TEXT.—My own, my own—oh! who shall dare  
To set this seal of claim on earth?  
When ‘chance and change’ are everywhere  
On all and each of human birth.

MY HEARERS: It is the sublimity of nonsense to talk about owning anything here in this world of ‘chance and change.’ What you have, you call your own so long as you possess it; alas! how soon it slips through your fingers, and it is no longer yours for ever! What Alexander fought for, obtained, and over, is not his. What Columbus discovered belongs not to him. Shakspeare’s fame is the property of posterity. Byron wrote glory—got it—but never enjoyed it, except in a glass of gin—what now avails that burning enthusiasm, that transplanted patriotism, for Greece and glory? He is gone, but his works do follow him—they are ours.

My friends: nothing is our own; whatever we have is loaned to us, for a little while, by Providence, and then is passed into another’s hands, or into the hands of posterity. ‘This is my dollar,’ say you exultingly, as you pocket the shining treasure. ‘This is your dollar for a day; but how many others have given the same silvery pet a toss, and exclaimed ‘Mine!’? ‘This is mine,’ said the maid, with the pail of milk upon her head. ‘This is mine,’ replied the earth, as it swallowed the lactary draught. ‘This is mine,’ said the fond mother, as she pressed the child to her breast.



be to her bosom. 'Not thine, but mine,' whispered the Angel Death, as he bore the little carneous cherub to that realm of which the fool knows as much as the wise man.

My dear friends: talking about owning, you can't 'own the truth,' when a good, nicely-polished falsehood will do better for the time. You say you own a wife, when she is lord, master and stress, and you are something less than nobody! She owns you—you are her property, till divorced by death, or through the instrumentality of the devil. You are rich VAN RENSSELAERS!—you think you own a great extent of this free soil, for which our fathers fought and bled, and were buried beneath it—but you don't; it belongs to the HILDEBUGGERS—those TEN-AUNTS who hold it by right of possession. The law, as you no doubt all know, has ten tenths; and possession being nine of them, leaves only one to be fought for, which is very easily obtained in a world like this of 'change and change,' where might makes right, and where every man can get himself a farm by voting for it. Nobody owns anything nowadays, 'and always did,' as my friend Johnny Beedle would say. No, brethren-ee! what's mine is not my own, and what's yours belongs to somebody else.

In conclusion, my friends, allow me to remark that you can't even say that your souls are your own: they belong to God who gave them, and you don't know how soon they may be required of you. So, live that you may return them as spotless as you received them. So mote it be!

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#### THE SECRETS OF THE HEART.

**TEXT.**—If every one's internal care,  
Were written on his brow,  
How many would our pity share,  
Who raise our envy now!

**HEARERS:** It is not always easy to tell by the exterior appearance of an apple where there be a worm working at the core or not; and neither can we judge rightly by the countenance what joys and sorrows may be concealed in the deep recesses of the human breast. The eye may be bright, and smiles may play up-

on the cheek ; and yet there is no knowing but the bosom may be dark and desolate, and the mice of misery secretly nibbling at the heart. The darkest cloud may be tinged with a blush as the last rays of the sun are about to depart—the magic lamp of mirth may be made to glow, when not a drop of the oil of joy is contained therein—blossoms are found to adorn the tree that is fast hastening to decay. So the features of sorrowing and desponding mortals are often decorated with smiles, even as roses are taught to wreath themselves around some lone and mouldering tower, and squash vines to crawl over a manure heap.

My hearers : when, at the festive board or in the lively social circle, the ‘sighing son of sorrow’ is compelled to assume an air of gaiety, I know he must feel as though he were a rotten potato, with the skin only remaining in a sound condition. Oh ! saddest of the sad is he, who must join in the laughter when laughter goes round ! Oh ! such a smile as his is like moonlight silvering the dark waves of the ocean, or like spring blossoms strewn upon winter’s cold grave !—and his laugh sounds like a hollow echo returning from some lone, empty hall ! When he speaks, his voice seems as though it came from the sepulchre ; and every word he lets fall drops as coldly as a kiss upon the Bible of the court room.

My friends : it is impossible to judge by the outside of a hickory nut whether or not it be withered within : and neither can we tell to a certainty by the outward show of a fellow mortal what pangs are endured within. If we could only take a peep into the temple of the human heart and behold how care, perplexity, grief, anxiety, and sorrow, are continually scattering their thorns about where we expected to find joy, hope and happiness weaving wreaths of flowers, we should then see how many are entitled to pity, and how few are capable of raising our envy. O, my friends, if every one’s internal cares were written upon his brow, the parchment of his brain-shell would present a worse appearance than a bit of scribbling paper in a school-boy’s copy-book. We should then see no happy beings around us—all would appear miserable—every one would bear the record of his ills upon his front ; and the pen of Time would every moment be writing new troubles upon old ones half faded in forgetfulness.

My dear friends : appearances are truly deceiving. Yonder



a handsome young lady—as well as I can see with these dim eyes and poor specs of mine. She has a smile upon her lips, and a bloom upon her cheek. Now, I can't say whether the rose that blossoms upon her cheek finds there its native soil, or whether she may not have purchased it at some shop in Broadway; and, as for the smile, it may have sprung spontaneously and ready-made from the heart, or it may have been manufactured with the lips for some particular purpose—and I shouldn't wonder if the latter were true, as I happen to see some pretty fine-looking young fellows throwing sheeps' eyes in a dangerous direction.

I think, my friends, it is all for the best that there should be deception in the world. If we were to speak our minds frankly on all occasions—tell the truth at all times—and always reveal the secret workings of our hearts, in the midst of company, either by words, looks or actions, we should despise one another worse than we do now;—and, though I regret to say it, I must say it—each neighbor loves his neighbor with that sort of affection which two dogs, gnawing at one bone, entertain for each other. Strive, my friends, to live in peace and friendship with your fellow kindred—endeavor to bear up with cheerfulness beneath the heaviest burdens of affliction, that you may not sadden those around you—and make up your minds at last to go as willingly to the tomb as a bride to the altar, or a hog to its swill. So mote it be!

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## MISSPENT TIME.

TEXT.—O man! while in thy early years,  
How prodigal of time!  
Misspending all thy precious hours,  
Thy glorious youthful prime!

MY DEAR HEARERS: How naturally inclined you all are to 'go it while you're young!'—to pick every plum from the pie of pleasure, and then complain of a dry crust in after years. In your juvenile days you dive headlong into what you consider an unfathomable ocean of joy; but how often does the bottom take you by surprise! Yes, like polly-wogs in a goose-pond, that used to amuse me in my boyish days, you wiggle your tails and scull

ahead with a spasmodic throe of delight; but in another moment you jam your noses into the mud, and there you are, to meditate upon the miseries that dog mankind through the world! And then, too, how prodigal of time! Why, you throw it away in your younger days just as if you would find plenty more of 'the same sort' to take advantage of when you are pushed to the further side of forty; but, let me tell you, that if you don't economise and improve your time in the budding season of youth, the harvest of after years will be smutty and scant. Ploughing in autumn and planting in winter is labor ill-bestowed—you might as soon expect to get a crop by sowing salt upon a sand-hill. If you wish to accomplish much for the day, go at it in the morning: business commenced in the evening is apt to die in its incipency—the pall of night is quickly spread over its cold corpse, and it sleeps a sleep that knows no resurrection. Lay out your plans, and begin to act in the bright May morning of life, and when the landscape of existence shall wear a duller and a gloomier aspect, you will have the joyous satisfaction of looking back upon a long procession of sunshiny days, and forward upon a future as bright as the gold that glitters about the temples of New Jerusalem.

My worthy hearers: the way we have all misspent the precious hours of youth is saddening to recollection, and almost maddening to memory. We have trifled with valuable moments—squandered the advantages of HOURS that can be OURS no more—rudely jostled days aside that should have been treated with, at least, common respect—and have rushed on, regardless of the rolling years that bring care, sorrow, and trouble in their train. We have fooled away time in a most inexcusable manner; but it is never too late to repent—if we can't bring about a perfect redemption, let us try and do something towards simple salvation. We must be considerate in eating, more moderate in smoking, and more delicate in drinking. We must endeavor to make moderation in manhood repay for the excesses of youth, and let Wisdom be the mistress of the mansion where Folly once held her carousals, unmolested by consideration, thought or reason. So mote it be!



## ON WIVES.

TEXT.— Then cherish her dearly,  
And love her sincerely ;  
Be faithful, indulgent and kind ;  
Make not a slight failing  
A pretext for railing,  
If such you should happen to find.  
  
O, do not misuse her,  
And never refuse her,  
When proper her wishes may be ;  
And thy cost, care and trouble  
She'll recompense double,  
By the kindness she'll lavish on thee.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I am not speaking of horses, but I do intend to say that a wife is as nice a creature to work in double harness, if you use her properly, as a person need wish to drive;—I must hold up—I didn't mean DRIVE, but to POSSESS. Yes, she works well, if rightly served, and badly, if abused: she won't put her foot over the traces, nor hold hard on the bit, with proper treatment; but with severe and unjust management, she shows the spunk characteristic of her sex, and which I, for one, take the responsibility to admire. She expects to be treated like a human, at least; and when a brute of a husband endeavors to make her his slave, and kick her about like a dog, it must be supposed that she will throw herself upon her reserved rights—a broomstick, a pair of tong, or a particular lover.

My friends: a wife should be cherished dearly. Consider the amount of love laid out to get her, in the first place—the costs attending the preliminaries—and the after expenses so cheerfully defrayed. Consider these things, I say, and then think, if you can, that she is not worth preserving and protecting as a pearl of great price. You take her for better or for worse, just as you buy a colt. If she prove better, you have reason to rejoice; but if she turn out to be worse, you must consider it your misfortune, and bear the burden as well as you can. The predicament was no fault of hers; she didn't ask you to take her; but you popped the question, and she replied: 'Here, sir, I give myself away—now take me as I am!' So, you see, you are bound to cherish her, under any circumstance, let her be good or bad—a direct descendant of the devil, or a legitimate offspring of heaven.

My worthy hearers: after you have got a wife, see that you continue to love her sincerely; as sincerely, if not as warmly, as when you first breathed into her ear the tender sentiments of your heart. Cling to her with all the affectionate tenacity of a hop-vine; and, when the tempest winds of trouble blow, cling tighter still, like a coon to a limb in a hurricane. You must love her, and love each other, if you would keep fresh and bright the fairest blossoms in the bouquet of connubial bliss, and see little jump-up-johnnies ever and anon springing in your flower-beds of domestic joys. But I know how it is with you, young husbands; your love is too apt to boil over in the beginning, and put out the fire—then the liquor grows cool by degrees; and sometimes it gets so low in temperature, that if a thermometer were introduced, I think it wouldn't stand a great ways from freezing heat. You walk into the matrimonial Eden, and imagine that double-breasted joys and india-rubber pleasures are for ever to attend you; but, directly you fall afoul of the fruit—fill yourselves almost to a surfeit—and then say in your inwards 'This place isn't near so nice as I thought it was; I don't know but that I would as soon be out as in, and perhaps a little sooner!' O, you easily-duped victims of disappointment! you must not raise your anticipations of conjugal felicity to quite so high a pitch. Bring them to a little lower standard, and you will be as much surprised at the true pleasures and comforts attending thereby, as I was at the enjoyments at a turtle soup party the other day at my friends', the Messieurs Burnham—on the Bloomingdale road, about three miles beyond Corporal Thompson's, a quarter of a mile beyond Mr, Griffin's, half a mile this side of Col. Struckman's (Striker's Bay), and within a mile of Capt. Truesdell's (Abbey Hotel). [It is a good thing to be particular in pointing out locations from a pulpit.]

My hearers: be faithful to the wife; pay her all the attentions you possibly can. Don't fiddle about among other wives, because, if you do, you will stand a chance, like my friend General Scott, of being exposed to two fires—one in front, and the other in the rear. Be at home evenings, and at all times when she has a proper right to expect you; be kind and indulgent to her, as you value hers and your happiness; for, if you foolishly oppose a woman in your ways, you face an enterprising and energetic tornado. You mustn't take advantage of any slight failing of her na-



ture; but if you find a flaw, instead of making the crack wider by pricking and punching, you must cover it all over with the soft, soothing and all-healing plaster of patience—and you will find that it is her disposition to mend, rather than to make, BREACHES. O, do not, I beseech you, my dear friends, ever misuse your better halves! They were never fashioned nor built with sufficiently-strong timber to stand abuse; but, rather, to be cherished and protected, like hot-house plants, as they are—screened from the frosts and sheltered from the beating storms of the world. Never refuse them any wish within the limits of your circumstances—give them a kiss when you feel a disposition to kick—do all in your power to please them—and, no matter what the cost, care and trouble may amount to, they will repay you with compound kindness, and gladly look after the ‘little responsibilities’ attendant upon the matrimonial state. So mote it be!

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## ON OLD MAIDS AND MATRIMONY.

TEXT.— There lives no goose so gray, but soon or late  
Will meet some honest gander for its mate.

MY DEAR HEARERS: It is my intention, in this present discourse, to pour the balm of consolation into those festering wounds of doubt and despondency with which that unfortunate class of beings called Old Maids are so severely afflicted. If I, Dow, Jr., the high-pressure preacher, fail in affording them that consolation which they so earnestly desire, and so much stand in need of, their cases must be desperate indeed, and past medical, moral or ministerial skill. We know very well, my friends, that women are not all geese, neither are men all ganders, however striking the analogy may be in particular instances; nevertheless, I can make an application of my text. It ought to be a source of great gratification for that portion of the female sex whose hopes of matrimony are time-tattered and teasing, to know that every goose—no matter how old it may be—will, sooner or later, find some honest gander for its mate; and yet when I tell them that the reason why every goose finds its gander is solely because ganders are allowed a plurality of wives, I don't know but they will sink cor-

set-deep into despair, and give up for lost. Yet it is so, my dear friends. Geese always outnumber the ganders; and, were it not that the latter possess themselves of more than one wife each, thousands of the former would be destined to pick their grass in solitary pastures, and die mateless. Now, when we come to allow the necessary deduction for the havoc that war, intemperance and other contingencies make in the ranks of the male part of mankind, we shall always find that the petticoat tribe claims a vast majority throughout the world. How, then, are they to get married unless a plurality of wives is allowed? Now, I don't like to preach up any doctrine that is calculated to go against the popular grain; but my private opinion, publicly expressed, is, that the present artificial state of society is an outrageous encroachment upon the rights and privileges of the female sex, and that polygamy is in as perfect accordance with the laws of God and Nature as is the union between five gray geese and a white gander. It was practised in the good old primeval times, when nature ruled rather than fashion; and the women were all happy then, if they were not so wise and wicked as now.

My friends: I know full well that there are thousands of old maids, covered with the mildew of age and despondency, who would rather have a half, a quarter, a fifth, or even a decimal of a husband, than no husband at all; and it is a sin and a shame that such vast quantities of heaven's most precious material should be allowed to perish in celibacy, because the matrimonial market is monopolized by the miserable minions of a corrupt and venal custom. As the world is constituted, one man can better maintain three women than one woman can provide for herself; and posterity, instead of suffering in consequence, would increase like grasshoppers in the middle of August. It was intended by the all-wise Maker of the universe that every woman should have her mate, as well as every goose its gander; and that she should accomplish, before death, the great end for which she was created. Therefore, if there be a superfluity of the feminine gender in the world, they ought to be divided off into parcels, great and small, and every man choose for himself, according to the power of his physical strength—the length and breadth of his affections—and the depth of his desires. Every unmarried female has an indisputable claim upon the love of some man; and what, allow me to



ask, my friends, is the use of that love unless it be boiled down and sugared off in the golden kettle of Hymen? None at all. You might as well undertake to suck honey from the contents of a barn-yard because bees do the same, as to suppose you can taste the true spice of love till it is partaken of in the cake of matrimony.

My dear females: the chances for all of you being made happy in the holy bonds of wedlock look rather scrumptious, I must confess. My heart is full of the soothing syrup of sympathy for you—but that can never alter the decrees of fate. If it is ordained by Providence that you are to die old maids, my preaching can no more avert the doom than it can abolish the everlasting established system of future punishment. When the summer of your lives is drawing to a close—when your rosy charms are beginning to fade like the sprigs upon your calicoes—and when, like leafless, vineless squashes, you have grown withered and yellow in the sole October of existence—you will find that Cupid will disdain to frequent your autumnal bowers: and the shrubs of hope that line your pathways to the tomb, may put forth buds in abundance; but, depend upon it, they never can blossom in the frosty atmosphere of age. Nevertheless, my dear feminines, if you do but attend well to the garden of the mind, in life's early spring—plant in it the seeds of virtue, modesty and wisdom, and ornament it with the flowers of learning, it will present greater attractions for gentlemen of worth, than all the silks, kids, ivory, paint, curls, gum, whalebone and hog's bristles, that ever a nymph of the pave dugged down the lane of sin to perdition. If you only behave yourselves, and keep letting out a hem at the bottom of your frocks as you grow tall amid the vices of the world, and don't flirt too much while the feathers upon the wings of vanity are beginning to start—you will, in all probability, be lucky enough to amalgamate according to your individual desires, and put forth sprouts that shall bear sprouts to sprout again from posterity to posterity. So mote it be!

## ON BOYHOOD.

TEXT.—Sweet age of blest delusion! blooming boys,  
Ah! revel long in childhood's thoughtless joys!  
Alas! the day will come, when sports like these  
Must lose their magic, and their power to please.

MY HEARERS: All that is bright, bewitching and lovely in this world is a mere delusion; and all that is saddening, sorrowful and gloomy contains more or less of the substance of reality. The first belongs to childhood and youth—the latter, to manhood and age. If man could only travel to his grave, and always be blest with the ideal visions of childhood, the dread demons of doubt and despair might lash their tails, and howl in anger, but he would heed them not. If the green plants of youth did not wither and fade in the autumnal frosts of age, the sepulchre of the centennarian would be surrounded with the budding flowerets of joy, and no dubious fogs would ever enshroud the bright Elysium of the future. He would scamper, as merry as a cricket, toward the precipice of death, and leap into the lap of heaven; like an affectionate monkey into the arms of his master.

My dear friends: the age of blest delusion is certainly that of childhood. During that delightful season, the thorn-tree is covered with silvery blossoms—the brier-bush bends with its burden of berries—daisies and dandelions overtop the young, venomous nettles—and the bramble blooms with beauty. Every departing shower wears a rainbow upon its bosom; and the streaks of sunshine that intervene in youth's cloudiest day are wider than those of age by about seventeen feet and a half, at the least calculation. To the child all things are wrapped in the gauzy veil of delusion. The morning mists that sleep upon the mountain seem as though the spider-spirits of heaven had woven there their webs to entangle the sylphs on their journey to the flowery vale below. The rusty hours that roll heavily by the aged flit past the careless young, scoured as bright as a brass kettle. Sorrow never hovers long over their happy bowers. She only drops, in her flight, an occasional feather from her raven pinions—and that is soon wafted by the zephyrs into the dead lake of forgetfulness. Ills hasten by them in an instant and disappear for ever, like the shadows of wind-driven clouds that scud over the landscape, and return no



more. O, my friends! I know when I was a child I was as happy as a 'coon in a corn-field, because life was new—the world was new—and I was new myself. I ran, frisked and frolicked over the sunny lawns like a lamb let loose from its fold, and never thought of the trials and vexations that were to come down upon me, like a sack of salt, in after years. Then the smiling face of creation was without a wrinkle, and not a grease-spot nor a tobacco-spit blemished the gray carpet of earth. I gathered posies in abundance, and wove lovely wreaths, where now the thistle rears its mocking head, and the burdock frowns upon the toad-plantain below. The fingers of Fancy were ever busy in fabricating fairy castles of delight. Even the scattered pieces of Hope's broken pitcher flew together at the magic touch of her wand, and a new vessel, brighter than the golden goblet of Mammon, appeared before me. Imagination, then, was a mere fledgeling. She seldom tried her unpractised wings beyond the hilltops of her home; nor did she venture to explore the dark mazes of the future, where the embryos of man's miseries lie hatching in the moonlight of sin. No, she staid more at home—cultivated my little garden of comfort—and fed me with apples gathered from ideal orchards nearer at hand. These, my friends, were some of the joys which childhood furnished; but they were all a delusion—a humbug—a hoax—a decided take-in.

My beloved friends: it cannot be expected that I should address boys, who have barely shed their petticoats, so as to be well understood by them: therefore, I shall apostrophize:—Blooming boys! It almost causes black hairs to shoot again from my winter-killed caput to see you thus revel in the sweets of enjoyment—to behold with what emotions of delight you spin your tops, fly your kites, and roll your hoops; and I grieve to think how soon all your precious toys will be wrested from your grasps by the iron clutches of Time; how soon the day will come when your large slices of boyish bliss, which are now buttered on both sides, will not be buttered at all. Every dog has his day, says the proverb, and I can assure you, my dear juveniles, that every puppy also has his day. As soon as you put on the boots, trowsers and surtout of manhood, you will feel as though you had been driven out of Paradise into a world of wo; for then you can no longer brood under the sheltering wings of ignorance, and the thorns of

knowledge will goad you on every side. Then the veil of delusion will be drawn aside, and the mournful realms of reality appear. Then shall the fires of love, ambition, envy, jealousy and revenge be kindled upon the altars of your hearts; and Peace, affrighted, shall wing her way to her native heaven, with her tail-feathers scorched, while Memory sits and sighs over the mouldering relics of youth.

My dear friends: the dark days of evil are upon us, and we must now light up the lamps of morality and brotherly love. We have been borne upon the chariot of years far away from our early joys, and landed in this gloomy wild, where the toad-stools of trouble spring up in a night, and cares grow spontaneously: but socialism and friendship can also flourish there, if properly cultivated. They put forth blossoms of gold to him whose childish sports are past—whose youthful anticipations are over; and the blighting blasts of the tomb cannot rob them of their fragrance. So mote it be!

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#### ON WHALES AND LITTLE FISHES.

**TEXT.**—There's now and then a whale, you know,  
But lots of little fishes.

**MY DEAR HEARERS:** I'm a whale, and no mistake. It is not because I contain a superabundance of blubber that I am a whale, but rather for the reason that I am so given to spouting. There are thousands that consider me to be a whale of the largest species, while I, in return for their foolishness, look upon them as very small fry indeed, and scarcely worthy of a mud-gudgeon's notice. The fact is, my friends, this billowy world, in which we are spawned, may be properly considered one vast ocean, and its inhabitants, fishes of all sorts, sizes, grades, and classes. Some are scaly, some are slimy, some are soft, some are smooth, and some are solid and consistent, clean through, from the dorsal to the ventral fin. Of the scaly tribe I may mention those suckers belonging to the body loaferish, that never rise to the surface of respectability, but are always grovelling in the mud of corruption, whose sole study appears to be to see how much they can get



without the least physical exertion ; and who would rather ride to hell in a hand-cart than walk to heaven supported by the staff of industry. The slimy sort are those who make pretensions to uprightness and purity of character, and yet are the lowest and filthiest of the whole HOMO-FISHO tribe. They look well enough outwardly, but they won't do to handle. The gloss that glows upon them is but the glutinous exuberance of iniquitous deception; and no one who has the moral courage to meddle with them can ever come off with clean hands. They swim up the brackish creeks of pollution—riot in all kinds of debaucheries—then come back and rub their slime upon the silks and satins of virtuous society ; and sport about in the sunny wave of independence, as though they were the gold-fish of admiration, and everybody else nothing but lamprey-eels and bull-heads. These are the silly fish, my friends, that bite at every bait of pleasure which the devil throws out, and are so often caught but let go again to feed and fatten on the fruits of their own follies till they become fit for that table which is kept constantly spread in the great cellar-kitchen of Beelzebub. The soft species, my friends, are the dandies, with more gills than brains—whose vanity makes a very good pickle in cold weather when mixed with a plenty of sauce and impudence. The smooth kind are those whom it is the fashion of the day to style gentlemen. The scales of vulgarity upon their backs are so fine and delicate that they are scarcely susceptible to the touch of sensibility ; and yet, when seen through the magnifying glass of jealousy or envy, they protrude in every direction like the hairs of a cat when molested by some mischief-making dog. The solid and consistent are those who are blessed with more common sense than learning—who are so loaded down with reason that they never float on the surface of the world's wide sea for the purpose of catching those female gilded flies of fashion which are ever sporting in the sunshine of etiquette. No—they swim deeper in the waters of sound judgment and pick up the pearls that the foolish and extravagant cast from them. They are fishes of more intellect than bladder, and of more honesty than conceit.

My worthy hearers : take the world as a whole, it is a unison of small potatoes and little fishes ; but there is now and then a whale that comes swimming up the harbor of society, causing the waves of excitement to roll with unwonted fury, while myriads of

little fishes gape with wonder and astonishment. There is a German lady, for instance, called Fanny Elssler, who has learned the art of putting one leg before the other, and the other considerably higher than one, in a very scientific manner. She is thought to be a whale of the very largest species ; but she is nothing more than a note of admiration, after all—a mere point in the book of decency—nothing more than a woman wreathed with the artificial flowers of homage—more admired than respected, and more talked of by the supercilious and extravagant than courted by the wise and good. Still, wherever she goes, ten thousand little fishes follow in her wake, with mouths wide open with wonder, ready to sacrifice both money and character for the sake of gratifying some unhallowed desire, which they can no more account for than a young duck can for its natural antipathy to overshoes and umbrellas.

My dear friends : you are all little fishes in the sight of Omnipotence ; but you shouldn't make yourselves smaller than you really are. Because you happen to come across an occasional whale, it is the very syrup of nonsense to draw yourselves up into an almost imperceptible speck of animation, through a fearful respect for nominal greatness ; for, though comparatively small in your own estimation, you may one day become whales yourselves, by the aid of fortune or circumstances, to be worshipped by mermaids, sea-horses, scullions and catfish. But, my dear friends, if you would pay a little less regard to whales, and stand more in awe of the multitude of land-sharks that depredate so much in this world of credulity, folly and ignorance, you would be safe in the beginning, safer in the middle, and better off in the end. The whole community is composed of a scaly shoal of fishes that prey upon one another, instead of praying for one another, as they ought to do. The weaker fall victims to the stronger, and the stronger are rendered stronger still by the servile stupidity of the weaker. The only way for a man to get through this world without chafing the skin from his elbows is, to assume the form and appearance of a whale, and make all the slashing he can, when the tide of public favor once sets upon him. If he only does this, he will cross the channel of existence as smoothly as a sail-boat in a gentle breeze, and finally land upon the shore of eternity as safely and soundly as a clam upon a sand-bank. So mote it be !



## ON PETTICOAT INFLUENCE.

TEXT.—Petticoat influence is a great reproach,  
 Which even those who obey would fain be thought  
 To fly from, as from hungry pikes a roach;  
 But since beneath it upon earth we are brought  
 By various joltings of life's hackney coach,  
 I for one venerate a petticoat—  
 A garment of a mystical sublimity,  
 No matter whether russet, silk, or dimity.—BYRON.

MY HEARERS: You may look upon it as peddling small potatoes for me to preach about such comparatively insignificant things as petticoats; but I don't think so. There is something sublime, mysterious, potent and soul-enthraling in a petticoat. The influence that it exerts over the hearts of men is no less powerful than it is mysterious. Its magnetic properties I never could rationally explain—and still I think I have looked about as deep into the subject as any man of my number of years. Yes, my friends, a petticoat puzzles me and my philosophy most extensively. It makes no difference as to what kind of stuff it be made of, whether silk, dimity, russet, or red flannel, its attractive and capturing power is nearly all the same. It has that same property of attracting the needle of man's affections to one particular spot, even as the magnet is attracted towards the pole, or as the lips of lovers are approximated by some magical and mystical influence.

My dear hearers: a petticoat is no great shakes after all when it hangs fluttering upon a clothes-line. Hundreds, ay thousands, may pass by it without feeling disturbed in the least about that sensitive region of the heart where Love builds her downy nest, but leaves now and then a thorn of care protruding from its sides: but just hitch this mysterious garment upon the back of a feminine beauty—let it gently swing to and fro, according to the dictates of affectation and pride, and a saucy young hurricane will sweep through the bosom of each male beholder, and cause him to apply the grappling-irons of resolution to his heart, lest its brittle threads be snapped, and the whole precious concern be carried away for ever. Petticoat influence, from some cause or other, is considered to be a great reproach, inasmuch as those who obey it the most are the very ones who crawl out from under its hems and declare that it has no more effect upon them than a glass of

gin, or any other diuretic has upon the clouds in time of drought. But, my friends, I don't see why it should be thought a reproach. There is no harm, I am sure, of being under the influence of a petticoat that enfolds a pure, beautiful and virtuous lump of female corporeity; but it is truly contaminating to be confined in the atmosphere of one that shakes vice from its folds, and drags its nether extremity through the mud and filth of iniquity. It is your own fault, my young friends, if you are governed by one of this description. If you follow one of these into the dark alleys of lewdness, you are just as foolish as a fish is that bites at a red woollen rag, or an eel that hangs on to the bob beyond the surface of the water.

O, my dear friends: if you are to be swayed by any of the petticoat tribe, I pray you to let those rule who wear the white dimities of virtue, morality and heart-born love. They are sub-angels whom the angels of heaven have deputed to sojourn for a season upon earth, not only to scatter fresh roses along the path of man, but to eradicate every noxious weed that grows in the flower-bed of his affections. You needn't be ashamed of such petticoat influence as this—for it is as wholesome as bean porridge to a peasant—but take a petticoat, my friends, that has been washed in the soapsuds of matrimony, and you will often find that the mysteriousness of its power is all gone—washed out—vanished. Its puissance is then a matter of comprehensive reality: you can understand it without the aid of an interpreter. Marriage sometimes gives man a good boost towards the summit of earthly happiness; and it not unfrequently places him in a soul-galling bondage, whence there is no backing out—no retreating—no climbing over—and no breaking through. This connubial petticoat-influence is decidedly a reproach; and well may its sheepish subjects hang their heads with shame while they acknowledge their servility. I always turn the cock to the fountain of my sympathy on all such pusillanimous fools, and let them work out their own salvation with fear, trembling, washing dishes, and peeling potatoes. The idea of men calling themselves lords of the soil, when not one half of them are masters of their own homes, is so ridiculous that I shall waste none of my valuable wind in blowing words at it. We'll let that pass—as the pigs said of the steam locomotive.

My friends: I venerate a petticoat; and so might any one who



has moral courage sufficient to protect himself from its despotic arbitrament. Take it on the whole, it is a chastener, purifier, refiner, comforter and corrector of man. Man without woman is a monster—slovenly in dress, uncouth in appearance, abrupt in manners, and vulgar in conversation. He is indebted to the petticoat for all his polish, his manly qualities, and his heavenly virtues; and I hope always to see this article respected for the sake of the good it has wrought and is daily working in this world of sin and iniquity.

But, my dear friends, petticoats are getting to be worn rather too short, at the present day, to effect much good. Some don't even wear any at all. You know, as well as I, that most of our modern female dancers, in order to make as great a display as possible, and to exhibit all their attractive qualities, wear not even an apology for a virtue-protector; and the consequence is, they take a whole community by storm, and sacrifice their own reputations in obtaining the conquest. Therefore, my dear brethren, be cautious, be careful of petticoat influence. Be not brought under it too hastily, and neither keep altogether without the pale of its powers—but pursue a medium course, and all the honor, the glory and the praise shall be yours, world without end. So mote it be!

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#### ON OLDEN AND PRESENT TIMES.

**TEXT.**— Old Time! Old Time! you've passed away,  
 And men have sadly altered;  
 The robber walks amid the day,  
 Unchided and unhaltered.  
 The statesman talks away his time,  
 And leaves the people starving;  
 The scales of justice lean to crime,  
 And doctors cure by carving.—J. E. Dow

**MY DEAR HEARERS:** Refinement and corruption are always found to be wedded together. They are so closely allied that it is difficult to distinguish which from which, or t'other from t'other. In fact, refinement, such as we boast of at the present day, is nothing but a mass of corruption, coated with a beautiful exterior of hy-

pocritical pretension. Old Time has not wholly passed away, as my text might seem to imply; for he is destined to drive his chariot (the wheels to which are rolling years) into the edge of eternity, before he can be reckoned among the HAS BEENS; but old TIMES have passed away, and present times have fallen into such a state of degeneracy, that I doubt much whether we shall have any times at all, by-and-by. We talk of improvement! What kind of improvement do we make? Man, after having soared upon the wings of science to the celestial cities of the stars, and explored the aerial desert of space—having gone up in balloons among the dark billowy clouds, and ascertained, by analyzation, the component parts of thunder and lightning—is, after all, farther off from heaven now than he was five hundred or five thousand years ago. By the aid of telescopes and a kind of delusive fancy, he brings objects from above apparently near, and then foolishly imagines that he at last has arrived at the very door-step of heaven! What folly! what vainness!

Why, my friends, to tell you the plain truth, as we advance scientifically, intellectually and socially, we digress MORALLY. There is no more mistake about it than there is in twice two. Good morals can't exist where fashion and refinement are associated with vice. You might as soon think of catching trout from a putrid pool, or of breeding mosquitoes from a living spring. The morals of this and every community have, for a long time, been growing downward, like a cow's tail, while vice keeps turning up and curling under, like the posterioral embellishment of a cur. As the accomplished arts flourish, morality is left in the shade; and it cannot grow while such weeds are sapping it of its vitality. While this state of things remains, man may grow wiser and wiser with each returning day; but, depend upon it, he can become no better. We have among us a swarm of tinkers of public morals; but while they endeavor to stop one hole, they are sure to make ten more—if they don't even expose their own rottenness. In fact, my friends, morals are like an old shirt: they may look cleaner for washing; but, at the same time, they are worse than ever, and more liable to rip in the back. The only way to forward the growth of morality is to cut away and make a bonfire of all such noxious brushwood as avarice, cupidity, venality, fashion, and selfishness; and then it will flourish spontaneously upon



the uncultivated soil of the heart, and make man appear as he once was—pure, spotless and undefiled.

My dear hearers: it is a melancholy truth that man has sadly altered. I don't believe he looks any more like the model which the Creator made as a pattern for us all, than a ribbed-nosed baboon like Prince Albert or the King of the Cannibal Islands. His moral attributes are not the same, and his exterior has lost all its original marks: O, how degenerate is man! and O, how corruption oozes from the sores of society! Not only the professional robber walks unchided and unhaltered in the broad light of day, but you also—yes, you, ye unceremonious robbers—all of you, are permitted to rob one another, 'by way of trade,' as the saying is, or, in other words, 'just for a lark,' with perfect impunity. Yes, you lie, cheat, and steal all the week, for the sake of Mammon, then go to church and pile up your sins at the foot of the altar, and then hurrah for more money, either by fair or by foul means. You dare not deny it, you sin-scathed sons of avarice, that many of you have been known to drive over dead mendicants' bones, on your unhallowed errands of venality; and I have no doubt that many of you are only free from the charge of picking pennies from a blind beggar's hat on the ground that no opportunity has yet been afforded. Now, my friends, you must know that you are paying a very heavy tax for the privilege of being miserable; and I really wonder that you don't bring about a reform of self-government, and let peace, contentment, and happiness once more hang their evergreen wreaths in the blighted bowers of the heart.

Our congressmen, my friends, what are they? Nothing but blood-suckers upon the cheek of Uncle Sam. They talk and drink for eight dollars a day, and you have to stand the treat. Don't be deceived. While they pretend to strengthen the pillars which support our temple of liberty, they are often, by their very acts, undermining its base; and you mustn't be surprised if the whole fabric comes down, one of these days, with an awful crash, and upon its ruins spring up the deadly upas of despotism. The fact need not be concealed that our senators and representatives who are now feeding upon government fodder, at the District of Columbia, will gamble at the faro banks—play cards—throw dice—make use of profane language—quarrel—fight duels—and drink

gin-cocktails. It is true they go to church, but it is for form's sake. They seldom read their Bibles, and their bosoms are well-stuffed with selfish pride and vanity. Instead of walking and watching upon the watch-towers of the nation, they are loafing, idling and blackguarding their time away; therefore, don't be deceived, I repeat, in your estimation of them over such hewers of wood and drawers of water as we common folks are. They may preach as much as they please about the rights and privileges of the poor; all they care for is the glory and honor of their stations. They are always ready to sacrifice paltry words for the sake of freedom, but you don't catch them sacrificing anything of greater value. They ask you to give them a boost into the tree of office; and what do they do?—they eat the apples, and then throw the cores at your heads. Such are our statesmen, and such is man at the present day. Our doctors are working hard for death and the devil on shares. There was a time when they could live and let live; but now they cut and slash at poor humanity, as though it were an inanimate piece of clay. They feed the jaws of the sepulchre with all the coldness and sangfroid that ever a menagerie keeper threw a pluck to a tiger. But I will not dilate upon this uncongenial topic.

My hearers: as the good old days are gone for ever, and never more to return, we must try to prevent the rust, which has now gathered upon the times, from spreading farther, rather than, in useless endeavors, to rub it wholly off. If you have a mind to try, there will be no trouble in getting smoothly on, until you arrive at that blessed country where the times are first-rate, and strict morality prevails for ever and ever. So mote it be

#### THE GLOOM AND SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

TEXT.—The deep blue sky hath turned to gray,  
 And chilling is the wintry air;  
 The earth seems sad and drear to-day,  
 But look within—'tis summer there!

MY HEARERS: Winter once more is upon us. The earth, stript of its gay garlands and lovely wreaths, now appears in robes of sadness and sorrow. The sky wears a cheerless aspect—the mu-



the wild birds has ceased—and the velvet-lined cradles of  
g-born flowers have become their sepulchres. The variegat-  
pet of the landscape is soiled by the footsteps of the frost-  
and looks as if it had been spit upon with tobacco-juice by  
spiteful spirit of air. Nature, too, looks as saturnine as a  
n a cloister, and as down in the mouth as a dying dog-fish.  
s comes howling from his cold northern home, or whistles a  
choly dirge over the grave of the year, while matronly Earth  
of her green gown—lies lifeless and inanimate, with her  
bared to the freezing blast. The Sun looks out from the  
south with a sickly face, and a grayness overspreads the  
out notwithstanding, my friends, the aspect without is cold  
ntry, those of you who are blest with comfortable homes  
azing fires, can take a peep into your own bosoms, and find  
MMER is there! The heart hath all seasons for its own, but  
on't always come in rotation like those of the year, any  
han geese always march single-file when they go to drink.  
friends: could I now look into the hearts of the multitude  
me, I should find all sorts of seasons. With some it is  
—where the young buds of hope are just beginning to swell  
re the plants of pleasure are fresh and green, and flourish  
n the warm sun of anticipation. With others it is summer  
re each blossom of joy is full-blown—where the climbing  
ambition finds a fostering for each tendril—and where the  
f love are blooming unblighted by the frosts of disappoint-  
and untorn by the raging storm of jealousy. With others it  
nn—where melancholy gives a yellow tinge to every earth-  
ymment—where flowers of joy are fading—and where a so-  
hange is silently destroying the soul's summer beauties.  
others, too, it is winter; where the bosom is as destitute of  
ess as a meadow of daisies in December—where the snow-  
f discontentment obstruct the paths of peace—where the  
inds of want and wretchedness continually howl round a  
eserted heart—and where sorrows come borne upon storms,  
ow-birds to the cottager's door.

Dear friends: I want you now, at this inclement season of  
r, to exercise philanthropy and pity; and show your gene-  
towards those who have a winter WITHIN as well as WITH-  
pon the hearthstones of whose hearts not a coal of com-

fort can be found as big as the smallest of two pieces of cha- know very well that you all say you feel for those unhappy ings whom Fortune sees fit to frown upon ; but you don't feel your pockets for them, as you ought to do. Sympathy, accompanied with a sixpence, is of some value ; but pity, bestowed without a penny, is of no more use than prayers without penitence. many of you were to cast only a single cent into the lap of poverty to every sixpence you drop into the ocean of useless extravagance, multitudes of the poor might be made comfortable and happy, where now they stand just about as much chance of escaping pelting after pelting as a grasshopper in a hail-storm. I know, my well-off friends, that you are inclined to look with compassion upon a fellow being in distress ; but the rough thread of avarice and parsimony are so inwoven in your natures, that you will exhibit a roughness, in spite of all artificial brushing. When you see a silver-haired old man tottering along the street, with nothing but a few filthy rags to protect his time-bent back from the pitiless storm—and when you know that he would be thankful for the privilege of sharing even a bone with your dog—NATURALLY pity his condition, and wonder how the public can be so hard-hearted as not to contribute to his relief. Then let the needy old mendicant approach you and extend his palsied hand for charity, and you INSTINCTIVELY turn upon your heel, as much to say, A shattered, miserable wreck of humanity like him is not worth the trouble of repairing : he had better be out of the way than in it !

O, my friends ! this wealthy and wicked city has some sins of omission yet to answer for. A short time since, on a freezing night, when hundreds and hundreds were enjoying themselves even beyond enjoyment—in the ball room, the theatre, the pot-house—and while the sounds of revelry echoed from the halls of dissipation—a poor, fatherless, motherless, homeless, friendless beggar-boy, after having begged in vain during the long day for a shilling to procure him a comfortable lodging, lay himself down in a lumbet-yard, tired, despairing, and exhausted. He slept—and while he slept, God, his Maker and Protector descended in mercy, and took the poor boy to the asylum where pain, sickness and hunger are unknown ! O, shame, where is thy blush ? O, charity, where is thy benevolence ? To



the innocent and helpless young must perish for want of succour in the very centre of earth's golden circle, and surrounded by those who wear the garbs of christianity and philanthropy, is enough to make the blood of a beet boil with the thermometer below zero.

My dear friends: when a needy suppliant begs a paltry pittance, look of the poor sacrificed beggar-boy and withhold it not. Revere every virtue upon the decalogues of piety and morality—the first of which is charity; for that, as has been said of old, covers a multitude of sins. Be forgiving to your enemies; for forgiveness, as the blind man beautifully remarked, is the fragrance which flowers emit when trampled upon, and is grateful to the bosoms of heaven. If you avoid extravagance, prodigality, and avarice, your hearts will naturally incline to benevolence, and prompt you to contribute an occasional crumb of comfort to those in whose barren bosoms one perpetual winter reigns. You will not crop a solitary branch nor pluck a single flower from your own gardens of happiness to build up and adorn a bower for yourself; but grant the destitute a few seeds of solace, in a charitable way—and they too, as well as yourselves, may soon be enabled to enjoy a SUMMER WITHIN; while the merciless storms of adversity are raging without. So mote it be!

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#### THE GROWING WICKEDNESS OF THE WORLD.

TEXT.—The world has wicked grown of late,  
And still it grows the worse for wear.

DEAR HEARERS: That the world grows wickeder every day is evident from a slight survey of the present condition of the human race. Man is now as much minus in modesty and morality as he is plus in pretended piety and practical roguery. His means for manufacturing mischief and misery are increased in proportion to the facilities afforded for making money; and he is sure to possess himself of every possible pecuniary advantage—for it's plain to be seen that he had far rather go down to the pit of perdition with a shilling in his pocket, than to enter the gates of heaven penniless and poverty-stricken. In proportion as he improves in-

tellectually by knowledge gained by experience and learning gleaned from books, he retrogrades morally; and I am really afraid that in most instances, at the present day, when the motive of the soul is detached by death from its corporeal car, runs directly off the track that leads to the kingdom of everlasting happiness, and is upset for ever in the dark valley of endless torment.

My beloved friends: I should suppose that we had been busy enough at work in the moral flower garden of the world to keep it entirely free from any noxious weeds whatever. Upward of four thousand years have passed since a solitary human being commenced operations on a small scale, with a very small capital and on quite a small spot—about as big as a cabbage-yard—called Eden, situated at the eastward, on or near the rivers Euphrates, Pison, Gihon, and Hiddekel. He had a good, though indiscreet wife, and first-rate water privileges, whereon to erect a mill, to do his own grinding: the earth produced him food, and rain hung upon the branches of the trees. All he had to do was to push forward and improve upon so auspicious a beginning; instead of which, he neglected his little paradise—allowed brambles and thistles to overspread its fair surface, and the fertile spots in his own heart's domain were permitted to be overgrown with the wide-spreading vines of vice. Since which the world has been growing the worse for wear, physically and morally; so much so that if it were to be sold at auction to-morrow by my distinguished friend and co-laborer in a good cause, brother Bell, with all its live stock, including goats and gentlemen, lizzards and ladies, I doubt whether it would bring enough to pay the commission fee—if it did, the purchaser would be taken for worse than Jonah was, on a certain particular occasion.

My worthy hearers: all this prophecy by a certain individual about the millennium being nigh at hand is only a clap-trap with a view to gain notoriety and pocket pennies. As wicked as the world is, it is not yet quite wicked enough for such a desirable crisis to believe, for myself, that the devil is to be let loose and released after a thousand years previous; and that he has just been released from bondage to play his pranks among the weak and erring children of earth, for the above given space of time. He commenced in good earnest. One-third of the whole human race is already



ured, and the other two have no other protection than a paste-board shield of hope. Men in high places have fallen the first victims. Our law-makers assemble together at the capitol of the nation, and either do nothing but quarrel, drink gin cocktails and play at faro, or else contrive ways and means to carry out the designs of the inordinate ambition of party, while the distressful woes of their country are lost in the din of disgraceful debate. Our ministers of the gospel are paid for preaching, but are not expected to practise. They shell out salvation upon their friends and flowers in proportion to the shillings they receive, and deal out annation gratuitously upon each who may presume to differ with them upon a few unimportant doctrinal points: they seduce the unsuspecting daughters of men behind the curtain of christianity; in swapping horses, or in striking a bargain of any kind, they will take advantage as soon as some others whose characters are rough for a close inspection. My friends, you will pardon me for this sweeping assertion. I speak of our preachers general—and not of particular individuals. I know there are some who defy the devil and all his imps—whose bosoms are filled with pure extract of piety, and who speak from the fulness of their hearts. I look upon these as bright and glowing stars in the darkament of faith—guides to wanderers who stray from the narrow path that leads to heaven—and beacon-lights to such as are led to and fro upon the threatening billows of affliction. I revere them for their worth and value them for their scarcity. Our preachers are as formerly—beasts of prey—but more artful in their pursuit of game than ever; our doctors bleed people more freely, and keep those sick the longest who have plenty in their purses. Some of them, I have no doubt, would ride to Halifax for the sake of administering an emetic to an ostrich did they suspect of swallowing a sixpence.

My dear friends: the world has become so corrupt and wicked that if one were to travel in a straight line from Kamschatka-kingdom come, I do not believe that he would come across more than a baker's dozen of strictly honest men on the whole. If corruption continues to be heaped upon corruption after the same manner, the whole surface of the globe will, in a few years, be covered with nothing but mounds of misery, containing the remains of depraved mortality. There is no possible way of putting

an entire stop to the moral putrefaction among the great mass of mankind; but it may be partially checked, or delayed in a degree if every one used his utmost endeavors to sprinkle the saltpetre of reform upon every piece of living human flesh that begins to savor too strongly of sin—and be careful, at the same time, that his own is not undergoing the same process of decomposition. I mote it be!

### THE CHARMS OF SPRING.

TEXT.—Sweet Spring, I love to sit and hear  
 Thy music echoed far and near;  
 And, O, I love to scent the gale  
 That bears the perfume from the vale!

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I hail with joy and gladness the return of each season, as it performs its little annual circle in the vast circumference of time; and I let not a single one slip past without preaching a sermon upon both its natural and moral character. The entrance of the archangel Spring into that graveyard of the year, Winter, is hailed by all as betokening the happy resurrection of Nature's dead, that rise as mysteriously from their respective graves as must mortals from their bed of dust when the spring of immortality shall 'visit the mouldering urn,' and dispel the winter of death. The doors of Winter's icy mansion that are upon the sunny south are already ajar, and the warm light of the proaching spring begins to steal gently in, giving cheerfulness and animation to scenes of darkness and gloom; and the general crawling among the genus homo shows that men, as well as snakes, are beginning to be thawed out of their dens of dormancy, and that Nature is about to put on a clean shimmy, a new frock, and trim her bonnet with fresh wreaths of roses.

My dear hearers: every one and all of the human senses are gladdened when spring comes to dress earth's desolate bower, and scour up those ornaments of mountain, hill, and dell, which the breath of Boreas has so sadly tarnished. Our sense of sight is quickened when we behold the little babes of Flora laughing in their mossy cradles, as if anxious to be kissed by the sylphs that



down from the mountains to pilfer perfume from the meads. Our eyes are feasted when we see carpets of varied green spread over the naked fields—when the young buds begin to put forth promises of beauty yet to be unfolded—when each shrub and tree is weaving for itself a garland—and when the hills and valleys are donning their emerald robes, as if conscious that green is the color the most easy and refreshing to optics, and consequently the most to be admired. Our sense of hearing is gratified when those tiny feathered minstrels—blown, as it were, by the zephyrs out of Paradise—commence their carrolings in the vernal morn ere the discordant din of day begins to mar their harmony and the sweetness of their notes. Music made by art—no matter how pleasing, how enchanting it may be at first—if persevered in too long, is enough to bore a hole through a brickbat. The soft, mellow tones of the lute, that seemedulcorated with an angel's breath, soon become monotonous and wearisome, so much so that 'Old Hundred' played upon a tin horn, and accompanied with a cow-bell, would be a decided relief: but we are never tired of the music made by birds. We can hear one of these little animated pocket-organs repeat the same tune over again a thousand times without feeling that sickening sense of satiety so often produced by the grinding of hurdy-burdies and the scraping of pussy entrails. O, my dear friends! the songs of the feathered creation are as soothing to the soul as they are delighting to the ear. They often make the sad heart merry—the care-worn cheerful—and they tell that all our spirits must naturally be gay and tuneful when released from the obligations, the responsibilities, and the thralldom of a jangling and unmusical world like this. Spring brings pleasure to our olfactories. Its breath is as sweet as that of a lamb which feedeth on clover. Each plant and vegetable, as it starts into life, gives a sample of its flower to the breeze—and there is a freshness imparted by swelling buds and shooting blades which comes as grateful to the nose as pardon to the soul of a penitent sinner. Then when Miss May prepares her morning toilet, surrounded by the sweetest of flavors when charming odors are wafted from her perfumed chamber—and when the richest of fragrance is shaken from zephyrs' dew-pangled wings, how delightful and refreshing to snuff the morning air! Yes, my friends, that's the sort of snuff you ought to take, if you would have your spirits refreshed—your ideas fur-

bished—and your hopes of heaven strengthened ; but you, who smellers have become callous and dead, by being constantly filled with pulverized tobacco, can no more appreciate the sweetness of an odor-scented breeze, than you can coax a pig up stairs with a plate of putty.

My dear friends: we welcome the return of spring as we do the bright morning after a long night of repose. Though never so old in our lives, we feel younger than when confined in the ice-barricade prison of winter, by a year or two, at least. We seem to be born anew—the earth itself appears to have just left its infant couch—and the sun, moon and stars give no evidence that they have yet passed the bourne of childhood. How I long for the floral family to gather round me, that I may steal kisses from daughters of fragrant spirits as well as blooming cheeks ! How I desire to see each tiny bud, now sleeping in embryo, burst into bloom, and garnish earth's garden, that looks as though it might be something by-and-by, as the boy said when he broke the egg to see how the chicken came on. Sweet Spring ! I love to sit upon some sunny bank, away from the wicked haunts of men, and listen to thy music echoed from meadow, field and grove ; it so tranquilizes even mental emotion, and calls up such bewitching recollections of the past. When I hear those mysterious pipers of the marshes tune their instruments among the reeds and rushes each vernal eve, I always think of the days of my childhood, when I fancied they were a nest of young angels crying to be taken again to their native heaven. It's an odd idea, my friends, but no odder, I can assure you, than thousands of others which give such a fascinating interest to the wild romance of youth. I like the scent of the spring blossoms, for it corrects my naturally-corrupt taste—takes much of the ginger and meat-axe out of my nature—and I fancy at the time, that I am imbibing the true essence of love. In fact, my dear friends, I see nothing but love in Nature. The birds—how lovingly they sing together ! The flowers—how lovingly they grow together ! The brooks and rivulets—how lovingly they run to meet and kiss each other ! but mortals—envious, jealous mortals—how lovingly they DON'T live together ! They snatch bread from each others' mouths—quarrel, like dogs, for a single bone, and that not worth picking—and rob widows and orphans of their last mites to make up a purse for the devil ! Ho



ten have I seen scenes of squalid wretchedness made doubly  
 etched by the inhuman barbarity of man, when the means of  
 deviation were within his grasp, but withheld to be squandered  
 the dens of dissipation and profligacy! This, my friends, is all  
 the lack of true love.. Your loves are sexual, and consequent-  
 they are sensual; but if you live together in harmony, as do  
 the unintellectual children of nature, you must inculcate and fos-  
 a spirit of GENERAL love—and when this happy crisis takes  
 place, all proud and haughty distinctions will be done away with,  
 and you will mix and mingle together as nicely as a pocketful of  
 lead and milk.

My hearers: as Spring is the glorious morning of the year, so  
 youth is the blessed morning of life. If we sow not in the spring,  
 we shall reap no harvest in autumn; and the winter may find us  
 poor and destitute. So, if you plant not the seeds of virtue in the  
 young-time of existence, your harvests of happiness will be found  
 empty indeed, and that, too, in the autumn of life, when the soil  
 of the heart has become barren and worthless. The summer of  
 youth may be crowned with the loveliest blossoms of hope,  
 but they will wither upon their stems when visited by the first  
 frost of age, and leave no fruit behind. The green leaves will  
 fall from the wreath of ambition, and nought but the dried briers  
 of disappointment be left in their stead. The dread winter of death  
 may come suddenly upon you, and find you wholly unprovided  
 —literally starving for faith—suffering for that consolation  
 which the good and virtuous possess—and groping about in the  
 darkness of doubt and uncertainty, not knowing whether the tomb  
 opens into the pit of perdition or upon the glories of salvation.  
 I then in the spring, that you may behold the beauties of your  
 labors in summer, gather their fruits in autumn, and partake of  
 them in winter. So mote it be!

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#### THE WORLD COMPARED TO A FISH-POND.

EXT.— All the world is a fish-pond—we are the fishes—  
 The devil's the fisher.——

HEARERS: When I come to twist the subject round about, and

turn it over and under in my mind, I think the world may not be inaptly termed a big fish-pond, or, rather, an ocean containing vast variety of man fishes, for which the devil, sitting with his legs hanging off the dock of damnation, is continually fishing, and, I am sorry to say, with the fattest kind of luck. Now, my friends, you are the piscatory tribe which inhabit the world's wide pond, and for which Satan sinks his hook with such glorious success. Some of you are white fish, some black fish, some queer odd fish, some scaly fish, some slippery, slimy fish—some are cold blooded, and some are warm—some swim near the surface of the water, and others dive deep, run low, and keep shy. In short, you constitute a great variety, and various are the baits which the old fisherman throws out for you. The young ladies are a perplexing lot of shiners, that nibble at almost every bait, but seldom take hold fairly enough to be caught except when the point of the hook is nicely covered with the fly of flattery—and then they jump at it like a toad at a rose-bug. A miser is a kind of mudgudgeon that will snap at a tin sixpence, regardless of consequences. When Satan wishes to catch a lawyer, he first catches a client, and then uses him for a sucker: he drops a bottle of brandy, and is sure to get a bite;—for a professed politician he never purposely fishes; and when perchance he catches one, he immediately throws him back into his native element, as being an ugly toad-fish, neither fit for heaven nor worthy of hell. He once caught a hypocrite with a half-penny; but, eel-like, he so twisted and squirmed, and was so slippery withal, that he slid through his fingers, and made his escape; and what do you think, my dear friends, the devil then said? Why, Go to glory, you slimy son of a serpent!—your flesh is rotten, and your skin is only worth making into a halter to hang the rest of your race. The foolish young rake of twenty will even bite at the bare hook; and the first thing he knows he finds himself kicking and floundering upon a burning bank of misery, with none by his side to protect or pity; but the wise man and philosopher impose too heavy a tax upon the patience of the Evil One. They live calmly and quietly at the bottom of the deep waters of wisdom, and meddle not with the alluring bait; for the school-mistress Experience has taught them that oftentimes that which appears fair upon the outside contains destruction within, as the Indian said of a bombshell.



My friends, and fellow fishes: you of the scaly, the slimy, the delicate and the beautiful brood! I warn you, one and all, against sitting at those baits which Satan drops into the sunny, seducing waves of sin. Beware of them, lest you suddenly feel sore about the gills, and afterward have the painful pleasure of being served up for supper in the kitchen below. The angels and other spiritual agents of the Omnipotent are bobbing for you from the upper deck of heaven; and all you have to do is just to get a good grab and hold on, and you are hauled up safely to the realms of happiness without even a prick in your jaws. How often do you, ye careless crabs, crawl around the line of Satan, out of sheer curiosity, and get entangled therein to your sorrow! Be wary of the carb that is covered by the bewitching bait of pleasure; and shun those nets of vice which are set at the mouth of almost every creek of worldly enjoyment—for, when you are once caught in the meshes, you are gone suckers to a certainty.

My dear friends: fishes as we are, in an applicable sense, we have reason and strength of mind sufficient to protect us from danger and guide us from temptation. Let us not be too chimerical in our hopes nor too visionary in our schemes. Let us not look too much after those golden, ideal fishes which tenant the ocean of imagination, and which are worth nothing for food, but are only beautiful to behold; but let us look for ourselves—let us dive deep, down among the coral caves of christianity, where all is purity, calmness and peace. The storms and tempests of worldly excitement may then rage with all their furor above us, but we shall neither hear nor heed them. The waves of sin may roll over the surface of the social sea, but they can never disturb the unbroken placidity of our souls; for there they enjoy the sweetest of repose—there no billows of anger, passion and revenge break upon their slumbers—and there the devil might fish from the Fourth of July to the further end of for ever, and then go home without even a nibble.

My hearers: the bait that the wicked one uses to catch a lover is a bit of Cupid's liver fried in the fat of early affection. It is a sure 'take'—but don't you be so soft, my beloved sea-bass, as to be caught in such a manner. Never jump at a bait merely because it looks beautiful, but first examine it well with a prudent and cautious eye; and then consider whether there may not be

something inside rather too crooked for comfort and too pointed for pleasure. O, you wicked and perverse generation of shadows! How inclined you are, in the spring-time of your lives, to run into the rivers of wickedness, to be swept on shore by the seines of Satan, never more to return! Better by far stay back and spawl in the salt water of salvation, than enter the creeks of carelessness and be caught by hungry monsters of vice. And, O, you foolish and improvident porgies!—how many times more must I warn you against going to feed upon the fishing banks of Babel and Beelzebub! Remember, there is no security for your souls except in the deep water of strict morality. There, you have nothing to fear from either hook, harpoon, or scoop-net; but, just as sure as you venture near the shores of corruption, and pick up the various crumbs of vice that float hither and thither, you will find that the devil has been appointed a committee of one to devise way and means for your inevitable destruction.

Dear friends: I know that the leopard cannot change his spots easily, nor the Ethiopian his skin. Such of you fish as are naturally scaly I expect will always remain so—and you who are beslimed with sin must have the privilege of being more or less beslimed for ever; but if you will only use the precaution not to meddle with the baits thrown out by the arch enemy of mankind, and keep as much as possible in the clear, pure waters of piety, you will become partially cleansed, at last; and, perhaps, have the satisfaction of making the old chap wind up his tackle and quit fishing for ever. So mote it be!

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#### THE SIX ERAS OF LIFE.

TEXT.—At ten a child, at twenty wild,  
                   At thirty tame, if ever;  
       At forty wise, at fifty rich,  
                   At sixty good, or never.

MY DEAR HEARERS: At ten, or thereabouts, we are gay, thoughtless, giddy, ragged and saucy children. Having dropped our diapers, and outgrown the imbecilities of babyhood, we frisk and skip about with all the life and enthusiasm of lambkins upon emerald



banks and sunny knolls. Unlike babes, just beginning to totter long upon their pegs, with a galvanic uncertainty, towards a chair-post or table-leg, we bound forward with a step almost as elastic as a grasshopper's, and spirits as lively as pearlash and cider. Then, not a cloud of care, even as big as a bit of rag, is seen to sail across the bright blue sky of hope—then, the earth is an ever-blooming paradise—happy spirits are heard to sing in the balmy morning breeze—fairies and elfins inhabit every grove and power—joy and gladness are everywhere; and we can no more keep still for a moment than monkeys in a menagerie. We go out in the morning, revel among the flowers, skip across the fields, chase butterflies, dig in the dirt, launch our mimic ships in the goose-pond, spend a day of delight, and go to bed at hen-roosting, anticipating a still happier to-morrow. Such are we at ten—no care, no sorrow, no money; and as independent as tree-toads that sing in showers.

My hearers: at twenty we are wild, wild as partridges. There is no such thing as taming us; we ride that fierce, fiery and headstrong animal, Passion, over fences, ditches, hedges, and on to the devil—leap the five-barred gate of reason, without touching the curb of discretion, or pulling harder than a tit-mouse upon the strongest rein of judgment. O, at twenty, you are perfect locomotives, going it at the rate of sixty miles an hour: your heart is the boiler—love is the steam, which you sometimes blow off in sighs—and hope, fear, anxiety and jealousy are the train that you drag. At this season of life, you are filled with the exhilarating gas of romance: everything to you looks romantic, by spells—even a jackass philosophizing over a barrel of vinegar. You (both girls and boys) now read novels till your gizzards have softened into a sentimental jelly, and settled into the pit of your stomachs. O, I know how you feel!—you feel as though you like to soar from star to star! kick little planets aside—take crazy comets by their blazing hair, and pull them into their right courses—sit upon the highest peak of a thunder-cloud and dangle the red lightning between your thumb and fingers, as a watch-chain—then dive into the golden sunset sea, and sport with celestial syrens—speed on, pull the nose of the blackguard in the moon—ransack all creation—knock a few panes out of the windows of heaven—and then flutter down as gently as a breeze, and find the darling object

of your love mending stockings by moonlight ! That's how you feel.

My dear friends : at thirty you are more tame ; the pot of passion still boils, but it doesn't boil over with a fuss and fury. You now love, but more reasonably and rationally—you look upon the matter as being partly a matter of business as well as of pleasure—you are not going to sleep upon a bed of thorns through life for the sake of a few frail roses, no matter how fair they may look nor how sweet they may smell—not you. Because why ?—you begin to THINK as you go : you see the world more in its real guise, divested of its deceitful ornaments and ideal festoonery. At any rate, you are tame enough at thirty to be caught in the hymenial halter by slow and considerate means, and without being grabbed. I am just as much sure that the women are, as I am that I can catch my old mare with an empty salt-dish.

My dear friends : at forty you should be considered wise. The leaves then upon the tree of knowledge are as full, fresh and green as they ever will be ; and the fruit of wisdom, though still unripe and growing, will never be more abundant. Now you have gathered pretty near all from the fields of the past that can be of valuable service in your pilgrimages through the dreary desert of age. Here Experience, the school-mistress, gives you no new lessons, nor sets you any new copy to write after—what you have had must answer for the future. School's out.

At fifty, generally speaking, you have completed your pile of that dross which delights man's eyes and damns his soul ; yet there is now and then one who plods along the path of poverty up to sixty or seventy years, and then stubs his toe against a lump of good luck, and tumbles headlong into a fortune. But these are exceptions to the general rule, as the father said of all the children he had over twenty.

At sixty, my hearers, if you are not good, I wouldn't give a rotten potato for all the piety you might scrape up afterwards. You would stand no more chance of working out a clean and thorough redemption, and maintaining it, than you would of lifting yourselves over the back of a chair in pulling on a pair of tight boots. So look out for your salvation in season, by doing those things which ought to be done, and leaving undone the things that need no more doing than a raw cucumber. So mote it be !



## MAN'S PROPER STUDY.

TEXT.—The proper study of mankind is man.

MY HEARERS: How often do we see a disposition sprouting forth in people to travel and visit foreign parts ere they have scraped up a thimbleful of knowledge in relation to their own country. So it is with mankind in general, in another point of view. Instead of looking after their own heart's home, and making themselves acquainted with the geography of their own natures, they encourage a desire to trespass upon the domains of their Creator, and speculate upon what is to be, rather than upon that which now actually exists. The future, to them, is a dark and curious cavern, which they endeavor to explore by the dim bug-light of imagination; but, after having groped and felt about for a long time in doubt and uncertainty, they relinquish the expedition without having made any new discovery whatever. Know thyself is the point to be considered. My text means, my friends, that man should study himself—learn the alphabet of his own unaccountable actions, before he attempts to read the journal of Jehovah, that book of mysteries which is printed so finely that no one can peruse it except through the spectacles of divine inspiration—and with which he has no more business than Satan has with a psalm book.

My friends: with all your boasted knowledge, wisdom, learning and enlightenment, you know no more about yourselves than the untutored savages who inhabit the benighted isles of the ocean. Why is it that one desire is no sooner gratified than another springs up in its place? Why is it that you cannot be as happy to-day as you think you will be to-morrow? Why is it that the ripest-looking apple of anticipation so often contains a big, fat worm of disappointment in its core? Why are those sweets so sickening which are gathered in the honey-pot of pleasure?—and why is it that you, my brothers and sisters in sin, make so many promises to reform and never fulfil them? Why is it that so many of you commence by resolving to resolve—then resolve to perform—and then go on resolving till death puts a period to all farther pretended resolutions? The naked truth of the matter is, man doesn't know himself any better than he can comprehend the meaning of the hieroglyphics on the pyramids of Egypt. He is

a mystery—an enigma—a riddle—which he nor any one below or above can solve. He knows so little of his own acquirements, capabilities, wants, or weaknesses, that when perchance he happens to read a medical work giving a description of the various diseases incident to poor human nature, he fancies that he is afflicted with the whole of them—inasmuch as each one answers to his case exactly; and if any one tells him that he is a person of extraordinary talents and abilities, he takes it for gospel; or if he is told that he lacks in intellectuality, he immediately begins to doubt whether he do actually know as much as the generality of his fellow creatures. Thus it is evident that most persons know very little in regard to themselves; and I have even heard of some so stupid that, when their corns were trodden upon, they did not know whether it were better to laugh and return thanks, or curse and cry about it.

My dear friends: know yourselves. Look inwardly and see what the soil of your bosoms is about to produce. If you observe the young blade of laudable ambition springing forth, cultivate it well—manure it with industry, and keep it pruned of every superfluous branch that is calculated to rob the future tree of its life-sustaining sap. If you discover that the roses of love are beginning to bud in your breasts, be careful and eradicate every vicious weed around them, in order that they may blossom in purity, and their fragrance be not mingled with and contaminated by the stinking savor of unhallowed lechery. Ah, my friends, the human body is a complicated and ingenious structure which, for the want of being well understood, is too often suffered to go to rack and ruin! You must be careful with that brittle shell, the head, and strengthen it well with reason and cool philosophy, lest the waves of feeling and excitement dash against the battlements of the brain, and destroy them for ever. Let not the cares of the world corrode the heart. Care can kill kings, and eat the flesh from the frame of an alderman. Dwell not upon the sorrows of the past, nor let little difficulties turn you aside from the straight path to heaven. If you meet with an occasional creek of disappointment, wade straight through it, with boots and breeches all on; and then sit down and dry in the sun of happiness, upon the other side. Just understand yourselves well, and you have nothing to fear—have confidence in your own capabilities, and the



demons of doubt will never molest you; and whenever you undertake anything, you will go right through it like a dose of physic. Your motto will then and ever be 'Come to the scratch, and no crawling,' as the beggar-boy said when he applied his digits to his cocoanut.

My dear friends: I want you to be sufficiently acquainted with yourselves to know that you are capable of performing a great deal more than you do. This I have been trying to beat into you with a sermonizing sledge-hammer, for a year or two past; and you appear to be as stupid as a lot of woodchucks in winter. You sleep as soundly beneath the thunderings of my eloquence as an oyster in the roaring ocean. While you are thus sleeping, you are being carried back and forward upon the ferry-boat of faith, and the chances are, that when you awake, you will find yourselves just where you started. Awake—arouse ye!—ascertain who you are. Know that you are made after the likeness of your God—a notch or two lower than the angels, and a good ways above the beasts; that you are not only put here to make money, kiss the women, and cut a swell, but to fulfil a higher and a more important destiny. You were placed upon this little planet to toil for the soul—to procure for it such food as shall sustain it through the countless ages of eternity—and clothe it with such raiment as shall never need patching. Let each one, then, introduce himself to his own image in the mirror of wisdom, and ascertain what manner of man he is; so that when Death shall grab him he may be able to calculate pretty closely what amount of reward or punishment is due him. So mote it be!

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#### THE DOCTRINE OF SPIRITS.

TEXT.—I look for frosts; but none will force  
 Their way to me:—'tis falsely said  
 That there was ever intercourse  
 Between the living and the dead.

MY HEARERS: As to whether other spirits than those born of the rum-bottle have communication with, and exercise potency over, the superstitious and sickly-minded mundanes, is a question that

has been mooted ever since the first babe of Adam became frightened in the dark of imaginary boo-boos. Thousands have settled it in the affirmative—most satisfactorily to themselves, if to nobody else. So strongly fortified is the castle of their belief that spirits do actually pay terrestrial visits, and hold intercourse with the living, that it can no more be made to surrender by the powerful bombardment of Reason or the fierce stormings of Ridicule, than can you entice the idea into my head that the millennium is to enter the city by railroad, and commence operations at the corner of Church and Leonard streets. The minority of folks ever have and always will believe in Ghosts, Witches, Hobgoblins and Spirits, in spite of reason, common sense, ridicule, and my preaching. In them they put their faith, and in their company they are bound to train. Like one Glendower of years ago, they call spirits from the vasty deep (of their imaginations), and most obedient they do come at the summons; but, as for myself, and all reasonable sensible auditors, we ‘holler’ ‘Spirits, avaunt!’ and they are soon to vanish as soon as they have made their apparitions—if not some time before.

My dear hearers: let's see what some men, more weighty in talent, and richer in gift than my good-for-nothing self, have said concerning supernatural beings or spiritual essences. There's our Shakspeare—who, by the way, is dead now, and whose patient spirit, I trust, will not be offended if I innocently misquote him—said something after this sort relating to witches: What are the ‘tarnal critters,’ so withered and so wild in their attire, that look not like the inhabitants of the earth, and yet are on it? Live you or are you anything that man may make a sixpence out of? You seem to FUSTANG, by each at once her choppy fingers laying upon her skinny lips. Though you untie the winds and let 'em fight against harmless churches; though bladed corn be lodged, trees blown down, and husbands blown up; though castles topple upon their warders' heads; though palaces and pyramids do slope their heads to their foundations: even till Destruction grow sick at the stomach—answer me?

Then the mumbling old beldam thus mutters her charms: On the northeast corner of the moon hangs a vaporous drop profound I'll catch it in my cap ere it kisses the ground: which distilled magic slights, shall produce spirits artificial and wonderful. The



times the old tom-cat hath yawled : twice and once the hedge-pig whined : HARPIER cries,

'Tis time ! 'tis time !  
Round about the cauldron go,  
In the poisoned entrails throw.

Pour in sow's blood that has eat her nine litters, and grease of rattlesnake, throw into the flame. Toad, that under the barn-sill has sat thirty and one days and nights in February, boil thou first in the charmed pot. Then add, tail of rat, and wool of frog ; scale of bat, and 'hair of the dog !' adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting ; cork leg of stork, and lizzard's wing ; fur of dragon, tooth of harrow ; tire of wagon, and shin-bone marrow ; drunkard's liver, slanderer's gall ; Cupid's quiver, and tumble-bug's ball ; finger of birth-strangled child ; froth of mad ox fierce and wild. Make the gruel thick and flab, and stir it with a white oak slab. Cool it then with babboon's blood, and our charm is firm and good :

'Tis a charm of double trouble,  
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble !

So, you perceive, my friends, that witches in those days not only silently and mysteriously cut up all manner of carlicues, but actually talked with mortals, even as I now talk unto you, in the homeliest of English. The ghost of Hamlet wagged an awfully-eloquent tongue ; and veracious History, that never was known to lie, (!) has given us many instances where apparitions have belowed like bull-calves—so horribly loud, that, as one Horace (not Greeley, my friends) once said,

Behind the tombs, to shun the sound and sight,  
The moon skulked down, or out of shame or fright.

And my particular friend Milton, alluding to spirits, says : All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, all intellect, all sense (and no pudding-bag) ; and color, shape, or size, assume as likes them best, condense or rare—flat as a pancake or plump as a partridge ; bright as a brass button, or dull as a pewter penny, they their airy purposes can execute, and works of love or enmity fulfil. Of which, brethren, your incredulous humble servant and miserable preacher doesn't believe a single syllable. I've worn out some considerable sole leather in this flinty world ; but, in all my travels, never have I had the luck to encounter a bona-fide ghost.

I've been through a three-mile woods in the dead of night, when the parsimonious moon shed just enough sickly melancholy light as to make every rock, bush and stump look pokerish. I passed by the identical oak, upon whose spreading arm a poor natic, one stormy night, hung himself up to dry, and forgot to take himself down again. Imagination did her worst to scare me; and I must confess that my hair, at times, would become restless, and my old white hat be seized with a sudden fit of ambition. But I wafted myself along, without scarcely disturbing the repose of a leaf in my path, for I felt as light as a feather—as if I were but a ghost myself; and ever and anon looked anxiously to see if a shadow dare follow me. Don't believe I could have weighed more than half a dozen ounces—allowing seven pounds tare of homespun—till I reached the open field. And there I DID see Spook, sure enough—milk-white, and moving round. Instead of a bold, awe-inspiring aspect, it wore a rather sheepish look, which gave me courage to approach it; when, lo, and behold! it was a sheep just shorn, and tied with a tether to a thorn-bush! Since then I can't believe in Ghosts, Goblins, and such trash: they know it, too, and are prudent enough to keep their distance from such disagreeable infidel as mine is the fortune to be. And the one Witch that ever bothered my bachelorhood was wont to throw sheep's eyes at me; by which I was always reminded of the Spook tied with a tether to the thorn-tree.

My dear friends: in the Pneumatology of these latter days—these 'Spiritual Manifestations,' if possible, I don't believe in, but I hold good deal harder. I tell you all, and let each be satisfied, that the 'Spirit Rappers' are all humbugs, except domino-players, who rap upon the table for the liquor to be fetched. There is some sense as well as spirit manifested by THEIR 'knockings.' My breath only serves to keep alive and together a paltry peck or so of dust, still I consider it too useful to be blown away upon such a contemptible set of silly-bubs and knaves as are these professional knockers at the entrance-gate to the other world. 'Knock and the door shall be opened,' was said unto me when first I took an oyster-knife in hand; but it wasn't. So it was with them. THEY knock—not the Spirits—but the door of heaven is no more opened to their tunkings, than was that of the cloistered bivalve unto me, when I attempted an intrusion upon his privacy. If they can



old conversation with the inhabitants of another world, why am I debarred of the like privilege? Is not this a free country?—Is it not the 'freedom of speech' allotted alike to all? Make me a 'medium' for any other spirit to operate upon than a thimbleful of good old apple-jack, and I'll not only eat my own words, but a whole ream of paper on which they are printed, in the bargain. But, my friends, I shall save my breath to cool my to-morrow's porridge, before wasting any more of it upon these rascally 'Rappers.' May heaven forgive them their TRESPASSES, let the judge and jury do as it pleases. All I have to say is, that if my fellow-creatures were to evince a more decided dislike to being humbugged, humbugs, like angels' visits, would be 'few, and far between.' So mote it be

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#### THE ADVANTAGES OF A COUNTRY JAUNT.

TEXT.—Go forth into the country,  
 From a world of care and guile;  
 Go forth to the untainted air,  
 And the sunshine's open smile.  
 And it shall clear thy clouded brow—  
 It shall loose the worldly coil  
 That binds thy heart too closely up,  
 Thou man of care and toil!

MY DEAR FRIENDS: Nature has now put on her greenest gown—stuck the choicest and the loveliest of roses in her hair—perfumed herself to the highest pitch—sweetened her breath with the richest of aroma, and is using every art and blandishment, to coax you to go and woo her. She waves her handkerchief from the hillock—beckons you, from the shady grove—sends her bright glances from the silvery stream—smiles lovingly from the glassy lake—exhibits extra attractions, as she walks along the flowery vale—kisses her hand to you by the roadside, and seems to make a proud display, upon the distant mountain top, of her blue summer frock and amazingly big bustle.

My friends: allow me to tell you, it will benefit you greatly, both morally and physically, to take an occasional jaunt into the country, instead of sweltering here, in a city, against which old

Sol seems to have a particular spite, during the summer season, and breathing an atmosphere too lazy, itself, to breathe. Go to the country, and get rid of your cares—those moths that eat your heart, and make such sad havoc with one's health. Go, (as my friend Shakspeare says) find sermons in stones; book the running brooks; and good in everything—except in a rotten potato. There be interested in the dumb language of the flow of the field, that whisper in the soul's ear of beauty, love and innocence: how fair, how frail, and how transcendent! Learn from the leaves of the trees, how friendship longer endureth, fades at last—setting aside now and then an evergreen that maintains its freshness amid the wintry winds of adversity. Look at the gadding woodbine: how anxious it seems to release itself from its mamma's apron-strings, and take a tramp by itself all alone, roaming wide here and there, 'over the hills and far away.' How the young wild vine seems to have grown tired in its discouraging endeavors to climb yonder steep rock. With a laudable spirit of ambition, it sticks its tiny fingers into every crack and crevice, and holds on, like a monkey to a cocoanut tree in a hurricane; but, for all this, it seems to look back, over its left shoulder, and cry for assistance. Observe with what affection the infant (though an adopted child) clings to the parental oak—how a humble cucumber vine has the courage, the courtesy and the manners to go a few feet out of its way for the sake of saying 'Top o' the morning' to a democratic toadstool—how the little blue-eyed violet is humble and content in its lowly situation—how the butter-cups apparently take pride in bespangling the green pastures—how the whole family of flowers live together in peace and harmony—and how the birds, frogs, locusts, grasshoppers and tree-toads mingle their voices in melody; and also how the effect of the whole is heightened by the diapason of the song-singing breeze, and the deep bass of the ever-thundering cataract.

My worthy hearers: you will find as much difference between the air of the country and that of the city, as there is between new-laid eggs and those that are on the edge of rottenness. There the atmosphere is always fresh and new—the pure, uncontaminated breath of heaven; but here, we have it second-hand, stagnant, and polluted to the uttermost—and we are compelled to breathe it over and over, till (there is no doubt in my mind) a



invisible green scum floats upon it, worthy of the most putrid frog-buddle amid the marshes of New Jersey. O, you miserable, sweltering, sweating, care-cursed, business-driven Gothamites! poke your heads out of this big oven, once in a while, and blow. Go to Hoboken, to Bloomingdale, to Harlem, to Staten Island, to Fort Hamilton, to Coney Island—or you may go to the devil, provided you go through a pleasant country. But when you go out, be careful and see that none of your city-reared cares are tagging after you. Halloo ‘Shoo!’ to them, and bid them be as quiet as their natures will allow, till you return. Unhitch your minds, upon such occasions, from all business. When you take a jaunt for health or pleasure, you are too apt to let your thoughts be disturbed with your affairs at home—which is detrimental to your health, and a great discount upon your promised pleasures. No; cut that india-rubber string, that stretches as far as you want to go, and yet, by its contractile power, is continually urging you towards home, and to ‘business.’ Go into the country, about this season—enjoy its pure and invigorating atmosphere, its cool shades, its romantic walks—its birds, buds, flowers, and beautifully-green foliage. Go, and come back improved in health—bettered in morals—patched-up, at least, in virtue; and entertaining new and more correct ideas of the world at large, and the country in particular. So mote it be!

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ON INQUIETUDE.

TEXT.—Here lieth one who did most truly prove  
That he could never die while he could move;

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Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
And too much breathing put him out of breath.

MY DEAR HEARERS: This is a bustling world; and, consequently, every one has to BUSTLE through it, if he would get on SMOOTHLY. Were we ALL lazy alike—one equally ambitious as another, and one with sufficient energy to blow out a candle at bed-time—we might flow down the placid stream of time as tranquilly as so many ships, and probably be as well off in the end as now. But, my

friends, since the majority are ever on the hop, skip and jump, behooves us all to keep stirring, like a pudding-stick, or we shall come off, in all our endeavors, like the lame chicken that hobbles up to the dough just in time to see the last billful hurried dove in the red lane of some more fortunate companion.

My hearers: there is a fistful of truth, as well as poetry, in the rythmetical quotation, 'Restless mortals toil for nought'—especially as applied to some of you fidgetty sons and daughters of Disquietude. I have even now one in my mind's eye, who is restless as a withered leaf in an autumnal gale. He is a perpetual motion: a 'reed shaken by the wind;' a stormy petrel, a caged hyena; the tip-end of a tattler's tongue. Like the squirrel, he either sits or runs—never walks; and yet, when sitting he hitches about from side to side, as if some belligerent flea were attacking him in the rear; throws one leg over the other—leaps back, and twists and squirms like an eel in the claws of a falcon hawk. When he provides for the body at welcome dinner hours he reminds me of the good old song commencing with

'Did you ever see the devil  
Shovel gravel?'

And then, too, I bethink me of the printer and his 'devil,' who mimics him to a nicety in making haste to pick up the type, whereby to publish my old-fashioned, gamble-roofed discourse unto Jew and Gentile—Whig and Democrat—Hard-shell and Soft-shell—Flint-phiz and Dough-face—and 'the rest of mankind!'

This restless probationer, my friends, is upon the constant jump all the livelong day. No sooner is he in the middle of one undertaking than he jumps upon the commencement of another; 'beginning, never ending.' And then, at night, after agitating his coat from his quivering carcase, he hies to his briery bed and lies down, as my late esteemed brother Hood says,

Like a hedge-hog rolled up the wrong way,  
Tormenting himself with his prickles.

Verily, my friends, such a man 'toils for nought,' except to suffer and maintain his soul-cherished unhappiness.

My hearers: methinks I behold another odd individual. He is one of the transitive, migratory sort—never stops long upon any particular spot. He is ubiquitous to a certain extent—in at least half a dozen places at once—always 'about.' If a man were k



by the blasting of a rock above the Bull's Head, and another crowned off the Battery at the same time, he was 'thar,' an actual eye-witness of both melancholy accidents. Any bit of news about to burst upon the world, he stands ready to receive at its source, and convey it to the very outskirts of Everywhere, as much speedier than the lightning telegraph as said telegraph is quicker than the veriest 'old foggy' that ever pored and poked over a heap of putrid politics. In the language of Scripture, if you 'take the rings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, behold, he is' 'thar!' Rest, that gives other people life, is sure to angrene to him; he must either locomote or stagnate. When he dies, he dies with his harness on—drops in the track upon the great trotting course of life; affording ample evidence that 'too much breathing put him out of breath.'

I don't know, my dear friends, but most of us are too apt to beir ourselves to a nonsensical purpose. We mistake intangible shadows for solid substances: chase them over flowery meads, across verdant fields, through tangled wildwoods, into gloomy dens; and find ourselves, at last, above our boot-tops in a miry marsh of difficulty. In our abundant haste to get a grab at the golden eggs, we are just ganders enough to kill the goose that lays them.

My dear friends: with all your remarkable speed, activity and cunning, there is one old chap from whom you can't escape—into his clutches you must fall at last. He is known by the dreadful appellation, Death. The temperate he steadily pursues at a distance to the summit of manhood's mount, when he puts speed to his trotters, and finally overtakes them somewhere in the downhill of life. The less prudent he waylays, and bids lie down and deliver the, perhaps, worthless soul required. The downright pl-hardy, that rush to encounter him in his den, he disposes of summarily as I do, occasionally, a dozen of raw oysters at my good neighbors Weekes' Excelsior. The weak, the nervous and the timid, in their crazy endeavors to avoid him, manage most adroitly to flounder within the reach of his relentless paw, and thus swell to every further fear! as once I exclaimed, when an in-nant bull tossed me over a five-rail fence into a frog-pond.

However vigilant, active and fleet of foot you may be, my be-ved brethren, that unvarying hound, Time, will chase you to the

point of Death's javelin, at last. There is no use in dodging corners, or attempting to hide behind stumps. The evidence of his being always 'about' is manifested in every quarter. There is 'Fire Insurance,' and what is miscalled 'Life Insurance,' but there is no such thing as Death Insurance. You may, however, obtain a safe insurance against fire in another world by dealing fairly and honestly with every one in this; and by being governed by the WHOLE of my precepts, and the MAJOR PART of my practice. The Devil, also, is 'about' with the great hunter Death, ready to snatch and bag the game as soon as caught by the latter—and not unfrequently a long time before. But I will tell you, my friend, how you may avoid being prematurely detected by the old surly burnt son of sin and wickedness. Don't flee to that 'whited sepulchre,' the City of Washington, just at present; for there he has chosen his terrestrial head-quarters. Nor think to seek safety in Wall street; for there his principal branch office is located. Neither would I advise you only upon protection in the pews of our 'splendid' churches; for he is certainly THERE, albeit in so respectable a guise as to be of the first water. There is one place you may resort to for safety, on a pinch: get among an assemblage of 'spirit rappers'—Old Crafty would never venture there out of pure regard for his own professional reputation. And—So mote it be!

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#### THE SKY.

TEXT.—The sky above looks calm and fair:  
Why should it not since heaven is there?

MY DEAR HEARERS: When we seek for heaven, we naturally look some ways beyond this insignificant earth of ours—this paltry pile of dirt—the mere sweepings of the solar system, gathered together by the besom of the Omnipotent, and swept into one corner of creation to become inhabited by the fecundity of its own filth. Yes, we look, instinctively as it were, upward to the calm blue sky, and the angel Hope softly whispers—THERE is heaven!—there is happiness!—there all is purity, and all is peace; and there, if anywhere, must all our anticipations of a happy hereafter be



realized. The calmness, tranquillity and loveliness of the sky are enough to convince one that heaven is there. Behold it just after it has been rinsed by the rains—when the sun hangs itself out to dry, and not a cloud is left to cast a blemish upon its beauties. Does it not then look like the kingdom of contentment, and the home of the happy? View it at the clear, still midnight, when every sound is asleep—when the day-wind has folded its wings in a valley of repose—when the zephyrs disdain to disturb even the dew-drop that hangs upon the flower—when myriads of stars, like so many angels' eyes, are peeping from behind the deep blue curtain of night: ay, view it then, and say if it does not appear like some celestial city lighted with the lamps of eternal love, and as though heaven were built upon its borders. Far in the gorgeous west, when the sun goes to bed beneath a canopy of purple and crimson, pillars of gold seem to support the porch of heaven, and juvenile gods appear to be blazing away with fireworks, in commemoration of man's glorious redemption. When the limpid blue of the sky becomes mudded by storms—when the red lightning rips the black wardrobe of the firmament asunder, and Jove madly drives his thundering chariot over the rough pavement above, we cannot but be impressed with the idea that the mansion of the Almighty is somewhere in those diggings—that heaven is here, and that some noisy preparations are being made too for the reception of such an unwelcome creature as wicked, perverse and extraneous man.

My hearers: you can't stay here for ever, by some thousands of years at least, however much you may enjoy the luxuries of life and the vanities of the world. When the soul finds that its mortal habitation is getting too dilapidated for comfort, it will judge for the Texas eternity, and leave it as vacant as a pauper's pocket. Yes, the time is even now treading close upon your heels when you must return to dust, and slumber as soundly in the silent sepulchre as a superannuated raccoon upon a chestnut rail. Here, your corporeal portion will be wholly insensible to either pleasure or pain. The tears of sorrow may be shed over your grave, but they can never moisten and mould together the dry bones of mortality. The light of love can infuse no warmth into the cold clad clay that lies embedded in the bosom of its parent earth; for the perishable part perisheth, and ceaseth for ever to

participate in the pleasures of the world, and to sympathise with the feelings of friends. But, my dear friends, the soul escapes from the grave as easily as a shiner through a shad-net. On the wings of immortality it speeds its way to heaven, when its earthly lease has expired, and takes up its abode in a palace of peace, where it can never be molested through all eternity—for the good reason that the rent is required in advance.

My dear friends: where do you suppose this heaven is located in which the spirit abides when it has shaken off the shackles of mortality? I know no more about it for a certainty than you do—but I have reason to believe that it is somewhere in the regions of the sky; for that is the only place that seems untouched and untarnished by the greasy fingers of corruption. The effluvia of earth-generated sin has not yet risen to contaminate its purity, nor has the smoke of worldly wickedness yet ascended to cast a stain upon its delicate ceiling. The beautiful bubble of life, that exhibits its rainbow colors upon the turbid stream of time for a little while and then bursts into nothing, I believe forms again upon the surface of your ethereal ocean, to float about from everlasting to everlasting, either in the sunshine of eternal bliss or amid the breakers of wo. When we meditate upon the evils that belong to earth, we grow sick of our situations, and become disgusted with even the dainties that the world affords; but when we permit our thoughts to play truant in the skies, they are sure to return with a garland composed of the fragrant flowers of faith culled from the ever-blooming fields of futurity, where all is loveliness, holiness, beauty and grandeur.

My dear friends: hope brings heaven nearer to earth than it really is. Although it seems to be near enough for you to touch it with a long pole, it is, nevertheless, a good way off; and even when you have ascended the highest mountain of morality it appears to be just about as far distant as when beheld from the deepest ravine of iniquity, and yet it is absolutely nearer. But my friends, there is no use in climbing, if you wish to gain the summit of salvation. The ladder of ambition can never reach the sky, nor are the wings of wealth sufficiently strong to bear you to the realms of happiness. The good old man bows down his head with humility as he is about to enter the door of heaven but the young, the gay and the proud seem to think they can car-



y their caputs erect, as though they were upon the free-list, and could pass in without interruption—but in this they will find they are most wofully mistaken. Humble yourselves, then, if you wish finally to obtain a home in the sky, which, no doubt, was designed as an eternal resting-place for all weary pilgrims in this toiling sphere. So mote it be!

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SUBMISSION TO THE DECREES OF PROVIDENCE.

TEXT.—O, humbly take what God bestows,  
 And, like his own fair flowers,  
 Look up in sunshine in a smile,  
 And gently bend in showers.

MY HEARERS: There is nothing like taking the petty cares and troubles of the world as composedly as a corn-sack takes a kicking, or in as easy a manner as a dusty carpet receives a thrashing. When misfortune pounces upon one's prosperity like a vulture upon a lamb, the better way is to yield with calm resignation to the sudden attack; for, depend upon it, the more a person writhes and struggles under such a circumstance, the more is the agony increased, and less is the chance of an immediate release. The man who has the moral strength to bear up beneath the heavy burden of adversity is far nobler than he who has the physical might and courage to combat the lion in his den, or defy the devil himself with a pair of faithful and trustworthy fists. Misfortunes will oftentimes visit, in spite of all human precautions, the palaces of the proud as well as the humble huts of the dependent poor. They will bide their time; and as for endeavoring to scare them away, you might as well undertake to frighten the yellow fever from an obnoxious public city by publicly predicting a killing frost through the columns of a penny journal.

My dear friends: just humbly take what God bestows—no matter whether it be in the shape of a blessing or a castigation—and you will find in the end that you have lost nothing by being submissive to the dictates of divine will. When the warm summer sun lets down its glad rays upon the fair flowers of the field, they look up with a beautiful smile, as if with thankfulness for favors

received; but not with arrogance and self-perfected pride; and then again, when the rushing wind and beating storm drive over with wrath and fury, they bow their heads in meek submission, and present as handsome a picture of humility as a dog sneaking under the table with his tail between his legs. Receive the gifts of Providence with thankfulness, and give praise in return; and not go off grumbling because some of your craziest hopes and wildest anticipations have not been realized to their fullest extent. The meal of mercy comes from heaven unsifted—the bran is unseparated from the flour—and the bread of benevolence, though sometimes coarse, is none the less wholesome, and ought always to be received with heartfelt gratitude. Providence supplies the poor with potatoes; and they are grateful for them, even though they be small, and but few in a hill. Heaven heaps luxuries upon the rich; and they are proud, saucy and independent—and not unfrequently they make mouths at their Maker for not adding a superabundance to their superfluities.

My dear friends: you might just as well be satisfied with your portions and contented with your lots, as to grumble about the matter; for chafing, sweating, fretting and swearing are all as useless as beating a lamp-post for the sake of revenge; and, besides, there is no more religion or piety in it than there is in whistling a psalm tune on Sunday. You can't always have it fair weather, neither can it be always cloudy or stormy. To-day the sun shines clear in the heavens—a smile of gladness lights up the face of nature—all is gay—all is cheerful; to-morrow, clouds may gather, and cast their dark shadows upon the earth—the birds may sing plaintively, and man have the grums: next day, Euroclydon Æolus and Boreas may get into a scuffle in the spacious celestial chamber above—break things, and upset vessels—and give us a cold shower bath, when perhaps there is no shelter near, and no umbrella at hand: and the next day after may be one again of peace, quiet and loveliness; the air be purified—the earth refreshed—and man none the worse off for what has happened. So, to-day the sun of prosperity may shine—the flowers of the heart unfold their bright corolla, and Happiness fondle in her lap the fair and promising bantling, Hope; to-morrow, the clouds of doubt may skirt the horizon, and at length obscure the meridian of our fondest anticipations; to-morrow again, adverse winds may blow



and the storms of misfortune rage, and sorrow, misery and despair tyrannize over every earthly joy. But, my friends, brighter days are sure to come, if you do but go forward with perseverance and energy, and with full faith in their coming. You must be as content as possible with whatever the Almighty sees fit to bestow upon you. Take the good with the evil. When you receive the good, don't jump out of your stockings for delight, and waste it foolishly; and when you are visited with evil, welcome it with a smile, and glory in the anticipation of something better next time.

My beloved friends: if you would find long, broad and beautiful pieces of comfort among the shreds that are strewn along life's pathway—if you would discover but few kinks or rusty links in the polished chain of happiness, you must make up your minds to take what God bestows, as becometh a good christian and a true moral philosopher. At the same time, you must act honestly and honorably with yourselves, your own consciences, and your fellow creatures. Drink wisdom instead of whiskey—piety instead of porter: instead of following naughty women, follow good examples, and, instead of taking too much physic, take advice.

Take all these things into consideration, my friends; and, instead of preparing for dinner, prepare for death—and then you will be well-prepared for that awful day when the dread trumpet of the Archangel shall sound—when Time shall cast his scythe into the ocean of eternity, and scatter the sands of his glass among the rubbish of chaos. So mote it be!

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#### AUTUMNAL WARNINGS.

**TEXT.**—The autumn leaves now falling fast

To all this warning give:

Prepare to die, ye sons of earth,

Ye shall not always live.

MY DEAR HEARERS: I fear that too many of you flatter yourselves with the idea that you are to live to a great and good old age, and then die in the piety-bought hope of a happy hereafter; and I know that some of you appear to live as though you were peren-

nial plants of mortality, never to be transplanted to the soil of some unknown island in the vast ocean of eternity. But, erring friends, do not deceive yourselves. The evidence of decay is exhibited upon every earthly object around you : change, wondrous change, is daily taking place in the world, and all things animate are steadily progressing towards one common tomb. Could we but see, at a glance, what multitudes of us, insignificant insects that crawl along life's narrow pathway, are hourly being crushed beneath the big boots of Time, we should shake in our shoes, through fear lest we be the next victims ; but being blind, as we are, to danger, we canter fearlessly along in our wicked career, till we feel the dart of death sticking in our gizzards, when we straighten out like a dying frog, give a gasp and a galvanic quiver, then yield our souls to God, the giver, and our bodies to the grave-worms for dissection.

My friends : the autumn leaves that now fall around you warn you, with speechless eloquence, to prepare for death. They seem to say that every fair object of earth must fade and fall—that the wreath of beauty must be stripped of its blossoms—the laurels that bind the brow of Fame must wither—and that the proud, noble, majestic form of man must soon be laid to moulder in the dark and dreary sepulchre. The glories of the year are passing away, and so also are the glories of the world. The day is not far distant when Time will bring an autumnal frost upon the whole boundless universe. The stars will cease to bloom in heaven's vast field : they will fall like leaves before the October wind ; and, mingling with the common rubbish of chaos, they will doubtless look like broken bits of diamonds glittering among the worthless refuse of creation. The sun will appear like a rusty shield upon a field of blood and carnage ; the moon will melt and drop into the ashes of annihilation, like a piece of toasted cheese : the earth will shake itself like a spaniel just emerged from the water, and scatter all its vermin upon the borders of eternity.

My worthy hearers : this generation will have passed away ere that awful crisis shall occur, and you will all escape its attending terrors ; nevertheless you are doomed to die—and the sooner you begin to think about it and make the necessary preparations, the better it will be for you. . Now is the season of the year to be serious and thoughtful. You, whose hearts have grown harder



iniquity than a ball of putty in the sun, and you, in whose heads a couple of worldly and wicked ideas are continually rattling, like gravel in a gourd-shell, may go on in your reckless career till you find yourselves irrecoverably lost in the labyrinth of destruction—and the devil may help you, for I can't. But to the wise, the prudent, and the virtuous, I would say, go walk in the woods, at this sweet Sabbath of the year, and worship in the sacred temple of Nature. All is solemn and silent. All there is calm and still. The birds have ceased their summer carrolings—the chickeree shells his nut in quietness—no sound is heard, save when the light fingers of the breeze are feeling about among the rustling leaves—and the warm light that sheds a golden lustre along the landscape has as religious a hue as sunshine through the stained window of a church. Yes, go kneel at the deathbed of Flora, or sit at the sick couch of vegetation, and meditate, like a hungry horse, upon human frailty and the shortness and uncertainty of life. The flowers, all faded and gone, show how quickly youth casts its bloom never to blossom again, and the decaying verdure of the trees proclaims to man that the season of maturity must shortly give place to the autumn of age and decrepitude, and that the cold cheerless winter of existence is nigh at hand.

My dear friends and fellow citizens: when you see how each tender plant is drooping, and the leaves are dropping one by one to the ground, you have a picture before you representing the constant egress of your friends and kindred from this world of wickedness and wo; and you ought, by all means, to put yourselves in readiness to depart when Death shall knock at the door of your hearts, and demand a release of the soul from its prison-house of clay. What is man but a vegetable that springs from the dust, grows, blossoms, ripens, and sows its seed, and then amalgamates with its original dust! In the spring-time of youth he flourishes like a squash-vine near a barn-yard—in the summer of manhood he exhibits both fruit and flowers—in the autumn of age he withers and decays, and then the winter of death hides him for ever from the world.

My dear hearers: learn your destinies from the falling leaves! Young maiden! allowing you threescore and ten years to enjoy yourself, painfully at best, upon the Almighty's footstool, it will but to-morrow ere your raven hair is as gray as a woodchuck.

Ah! soon those sparkling eyes will lose their lustre in the dim evening twilight of existence. Time will kiss every particle of paint from your cheeks—the roses will fade in the wreath of loveliness, and you will no more be an object of attraction than a dried mullen-stalk in a sheep-pasture. Decorate, then, the mind with the garlands of wisdom, in order that you may be thought beautiful, even when the perishable portion shall have become blighted and withered by the frosts of age. I have no doubt but the old and young, of both sexes, are profited by the lessons they receive from the harmonious but wonderful operations of Nature; but as for attempting to set them seriously thinking upon the precarious situations in which they are placed by the aid of my patent preaching, I suppose I might as well undertake to whitewash the sky in order to render the evenings light and pleasant in the absence of a moon.

My dear friends: all that I wish is, that you may live in such a manner that your last days may be as mild and glorious as those of autumn; and that when you depart, you may bid adieu to the world with hope in your hearts and a smile upon your lips. So mote it be!

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#### THE ENJOYMENTS OF LIFE.

TEXT.—Life's a bumper, filled by fate;  
Let us, friends, enjoy the treat.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: There is no use in a man's making himself miserable, at life's feast, because some particular and favorite dish on the table has been devoured by others. He ought to make the most of what he has before him—enjoy it as though it were the best of God's bounties—the rarest of rarities, and the most delicate of delicacies. The plain, coarse food of contentment is better by far than all the nice luxuries of extravagance that wealth can ever command; and I think, my friends, that the solid, unleavened bread of present satisfaction is preferable to, and morally more healthy than, any light cake of hope, reduced to beyond the consistency of nothing by the yeast of ambition. Some people, at the repast of life, want everything highly seasoned. They eager-



ly partake of all that is warm or exciting ; such as pepper of politics ; the spice of unusual or extraordinary occurrences ; the mustard of murders, manslaughters, rapes, crim. cons. and so forth : are fond of flare-ups, routs, balls, assemblies, horses, carriages.—yea, of drinking wine and kissing women. Many, too many, of the female sex are unwilling to draw their social tea mildly—they go in for the excitement attendant on tattling and backbiting—dip into the sweetmeats of scandal till they make themselves sick and sorry ; and, with a headache and heartache, they vainly repent on the morrow for the indulgences of to-day.

My friends : those who gorge upon the luxuries of life are not so happy, by a number of degrees, as those who are compelled to subsist upon more frugal fare. The epicure diseases himself, physically, mentally and morally. He renders himself weak in body, uneasy in mind, and as loose as raw cotton in morals : but the poor peasant who satisfies his hunger with submission and salt pork, penitence and potatoes, is as sound as a live oak corporeally, as happy at heart as a clam at high water, and is as correct as a chronometer in his habits. Although with him the trees of plenty and prosperity are withered and bare, still the little garden of his hopes is in constant bloom, and the halo of peace for ever encircles his humble mansion. He envies no one, and consequently his heart rests in his bosom as calmly as a swan upon the placid surface of some silvery lake. His soul is ungoaded by the spurs of ambition : he prefers to be a tenant of a lowly cot in the vale of contentment, than be a mere tenant in a splendid palace upon the high mountain of fame. He knows, or ought to know, the more man essays to soar upon the wings of wealth or artifice to heaven, the farther he is from it, and that all unlawful or unholily exertions exercised to arrive at everlasting happiness are of just about as much avail as a dose of physic to a foul chimney.

My dear hearers : how many there are who take unnecessary pains to travel out of the straight path of rectitude and righteousness into the winking walks of vice. They think that because the bushes of iniquity are covered with blossoms, that an abundance of palatable and wholesome berries can, sooner or later, be gathered therefrom ; but they will find that many of those blossoms are false and deceiving ; and that whatever fruit is produced by others will sit hard upon the stomach, although it may be sweet

to the taste. In order to enjoy yourselves, my friends, at life's banquet, you should partake of such dishes as afford nourishment for the mind rather than those which fatten the flesh ; for, remember that the body must eventually rot and decay, in spite of all pains bestowed upon it, but the soul is bound to travel upon an endless journey ; and, unless you provide sufficient grub for it, it will hunger and famish long ere it has reached the interior of eternity's vast empire. If you are not so extravagantly provided for as some other of your fellow creatures, don't make a fuss about it, but endeavor to enjoy whatever is placed before you ; make the most and the best of it ; adopt as your motto 'the smallest favors thankfully received,' and the flowers of peace and quietness shall garnish your path to the tomb. If Providence pulls your hair, don't fight your brother man in a fit of rage, as two cats fly at and scratch each other when their tails are pulled by some mischievous boy ; but look upon it as a just punishment for either past or present misconduct, and consider, at the same time that you are deserving of a much severer drubbing than your heavenly Father sees fit to allow you.

My dear friends : life is a bumper, and you should make it your study how you can best enjoy the treat. If you drink from the cup of pleasure till you become intoxicated, all present hilarity is sure to be soon turned into the saddest of melancholy. If you surfeit upon the sweets of the world, a sickening sensation at the heart soon ensues, and you feel far worse than you would had you partaken prudently of the dainties which heaven supplies. In the morning of youth you breakfast upon hopes ; take strong cups of the hot coffee of enthusiasm, sweetened with the sugar of incipient love, and seem to enjoy the repast like juvenile gods revelling amid ambrosial sweets—but you indulge with too much freedom altogether. At the mid-day of manhood your fare is more substantial : on the table you find the corned beef of care—the mustard of misery ; offensive onions of avarice, and a small quantity indeed of the true butter of benevolence. You eat and get your fill, and then go away complaining of indigestion and the wickedness of the world. In old age you sup upon sorrow, and lament that your appetites have gone and have lost all relish for earthly enjoyments. Thus you go forward from the cradle to the grave, disdaining all plain but proper food until it is for ever too



late to enjoy it; but if you will now make up your minds to live upon plain mutton and morality, the potatoes of piety, and drink nothing but the pure water of wisdom, you will enjoy life's treat in a manner that becomes the rational portion of the Almighty's creation; and at last go down to the grave uncorrupted in body and undiseased in spirit. So mote it be!

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## PEACE IN OLD AGE.

TEXT.—O, may at last my weary age  
Find out a peaceful hermitage!

MY DEAR HEARERS: There is nothing this side of heaven so blissful as rest to the body, and repose to the mind, after long hours of toil, care and anxiety. When our poor feeble natures become exhausted with the fatigues of the day, how delightful it is to crawl under the sheltering wing of Night, and there let the senses brood in happy oblivion till revived and invigorated by the cheering rays of Morn! But an old and good book says, There is no rest for the wicked; not meaning, my friends, that there is no sleep for you (you are all wicked), but that there is no permanent repose, no lasting quietude of mind, unless you seek for it properly. You may go into the glittering hall, where Folly, Pride and Fashion are assembled to worship at the shrine of Beauty—where music pours its witching eloquence upon the enraptured ear—where sadness loses itself for a time in the mazes of the dance—and what will you find there? Why, you may pick up a few particles of joy, and inhale the evanescent exhilarating gas of delight; but the rest which you obtain there is no more like that rest which the soul thirsteth after, than the essence of stink-weed is like the genuine otto of roses. You may seek for rest in the blooming bowers of love, where the zephyrs of anticipations bear sweet incense of joy to the heart, and the flowers of affection continue to bud and blossom, untouched by the rough winds of jealousy; but no rest is to be had there. An occasional thorn will be found even in the garland of love; and a person will sometimes fret and chafe in the midst of his amorous delights, as though his very shirt were set with the poisoned arrows of Cupid. If you seek

for rest as you spiralize upward along the winding path of Ambition, you will be sadly disappointed. Your beds will be briars in spite of the roses that cover them, and a spirit of restlessness will rankle in your bosom when you fain would slumber. Seek not for rest in your temple of fame that continually echoes with the plaudits of an admiring, huzzaing multitude, and where the sickening flatteries of a lavish world collect and putrify. No; you might as soon think of lying down by a dead horse in fly-time, than be lulled to sleep by a succession of West India thunderbolts.

My dear friends: the proper way to obtain rest is to unburden yourselves of those big packs of sin, containing pride, vanity, cupidity, selfishness, venality, anger, hatred, jealousy, and revenge, and bury them for ever in the grave of repentance. Then you will breathe easier; then will a wearisome load be taken from your shoulders; then will the holy dove, Rest, descend from heaven and nestle in your bosoms, and each moment, as it passes, be surrounded with the bright halo of peace. But, my friends, I perceive that some of my fellow mortals, whether righteous or wicked, are strangers to rest. Their unweary souls, like Mother Carey's chickens, are for ever on the wing, seeking for rest, but finding none. They sometimes light for a moment upon the dark waves of doubt, and then rise again to be blown and beaten about by tempestuous storms, meeting with no peace or refuge between the furies of the skies above and the wrath of the billows below. After their spiritual arks have long drifted hither and thither upon the waters of wo, they send out the pigeon, Hope, to pluck a sprig of consolation from the ideal groves of the future; but, after flying over a boundless waste of gloom and uncertainty, and finding no rest for her weary pinions, she finally returns to her disconsolate home as tired as a drayman's dead donkey. Poor beings; I pity them! No sooner does a ray of sunshine illuminate a single dark corner of their bosoms than it is extinguished by some obtruding cloud of grief. When the tide of sorrow is at its lowest ebb, a few pearly shells of joy may be seen scattered along the shore of their hearts; but the flood soon returns, and deep waves of trouble roll over them as before.

My hearers: notwithstanding that commotion and disquietude have long been trying to overpread our pleasant places with thistles and thorns, there is some rest for us yet in the world; some



few resting-places on the steep hill-side of life ; some houses of entertainment on the public road to eternity. There are our Sabbaths ; sweet days of rest ! how beautifully they are sprinkled in with our days of toil, business and care ! Flowery wreaths scattered along man's pathway to the grave ! Blooming oases in the barren desert of Time ! I admire them for their beauty, and love them for the moral and religious fragrance they impart to my soul. If you can't afford, my friends, to release your minds from the cares of the world, and bid them be at rest one day in seven, you must be as miserable as a monkey with his hands tied, and as undeserving of heaven as a dishonest bankrupt is of a creditor's blessing. The Sabbath sounds, looks, and even feels and smells like a sacred day of rest. All is hushed, as though angels were stationed among us to preserve silence ; the winds only whisper as they sport amid the spring and summer foliage, and so lightly they tread among the dried leaves of autumn, that their unseen feet scarce raise a rustle. Beasts, birds, and insects, all seem to be enjoying repose, as though conscious of the day ; and in the midst of all this quietness, this solemn stilness, with what holy emphasis does the church-bell say, ' Come ! come ! come ! ' O, who can hear that sacred sound without having his heart-strings vibrate like a weaver's web in an earthquake ! Who can witness the neat, the comely and pious-like appearance of those who move slowly, soberly and solemnly towards the house of prayer, and say that religion is ' all in my eye ? ' Here comes the hoary grandfather, who expects to totter over but a few more Sabbaths before he puts his foot in the grave. He looks through the church window, and glances at the charnel-yard that soon must receive him ; but his vision rests, through the aid of faith's spectacles, far beyond the confines of the tomb, amid the glories of immortality. Here, too, come fathers and mothers leading their little ones a part of their way to heaven, and showing them the rest so plainly that they can go alone and not err therein. I want you, my hearers, all to rest upon the Sabbath. If you can't rest yourselves, don't prevent your neighbors from resting. Go to church, by all means. You can attend my church, and others also ; for, bear in mind, that the morality which I deal out to you is only the foundation of true religion ; and I want you to build on it such a noble structure of christianity as shall serve as a fortress to the soul when

besieged by Satan with his armies of sin. My hearers: man's journey through life is a tedious one, and he requires far more rest than he is apt to obtain; especially when he becomes old, and the evening twilight of existence gathers round him, and he begins to stretch and yawn as though he desired to go to bed, and let his eyelids close in their last slumbers. For my part, I begin to feel tired already. I prefer to tread the quiet, cool and shady walks of obscurity than to lose my hat, tear my shirt, and exhaust my physical powers in climbing up the dangerous precipices of ambition. I don't want to be disturbed by the clappings and praises of those whom God has made equal with myself, and who ought to have sense enough to know it. The boys and the girls who sometimes stand on the corners, and point at me as I pass, saying, 'That's Dow! that's him! there he goes!' are trifling annoyances, which I could dispense with without a sacrifice of comfort. The compliments that roll at my feet from various quarters, I pick up and pocket, but never put into my stomach to be vomited forth at some future time in vanity and egotism. I have got accustomed to them, and can bear them as patiently as can a tadpole the toothache; but heaven grant that the time may never come when I shall be confined in the cage of public curiosity—exhibited from place to place as a rare specimen of the animal homo—fed like a beast from strangers' hands—soft-soaped with praise, and stirred up with a long pole of uncalled-for attention. No; let me go through the world quietly and in peace, making as little noise as the vociferousness of my calling will admit; and let no hubbub be raised on my account; for I fain would creep slyly through the apertures of to-day and to-morrow, so that, when my soul is weary and seeks for rest, I can lie down and sleep without being startled at the sound of flattery or disturbed by the voice of censure. And then, when I shall have reached my funeral sermon, and bade you all adieu—when the storms of time shall have shattered my physical and intellectual faculties beyond the possibility of repair; and when old age, like an infant, shall be required to be rocked in the cradle of repose; O! may I then find out some peaceful hermitage in the shadowy vale of years, where I may be free from the cares of a tumultuous world, and undisturbed by the annoying insects of popularity. There let me live, with my God for my nearest neighbor, and my hopes of heaven for my



bosom companions, till life's last embers have ceased to glow upon the hearthstone of the heart, and the pendulum to the clock of existence hangs as still as a lamb's tail from the crotch of an apple tree.

My worthy hearers: if you would seek for and obtain that rest which is so necessary to comfort and to health, you must avoid being too ambitious, too fond of popular applause, too grasping in your desires, too avaricious, and too anxious to fly at once to the highest pinnacle of fame; but walk humbly, be industrious, strive mightily to improve, emulate and excel, live temperately and virtuously, and you are already in 'Wisdom's ways, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace.' So note it be!

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#### EVENING MEDITATIONS.

TEXT.—At musing hour of twilight gray,  
When silence reigns around,  
I love to walk the church-yard way;  
To me 'tis holy ground.

MY DEAR HEARERS: Melancholy sometimes feeds the soul with the sweetest of moral molasses. It furnishes the mind with meditative wings, with which it speeds its way to the blooming paradise of ideality, where it sports amid flowers that look pale to the eye, but impart pleasing odors to the senses. For my part, I like to seek shelter occasionally from the storms of care and folly, under the branches of yews and cypresses that wave over the silent sepulchres of the dead. I love to go there at twilight gray—between sundown and dark—as the gentle dews descend to moisten the heart—render it pliable as new-made putty, and as capable of receiving as holy impressions as that of a sinner when soaked in the cream of Christianity, and touched by the finger of Faith. Yes, I love to go there at twilight hour, for that is emblematical of the evening of age, when the sun of existence is about to set for ever, and the dark wing of the Angel of Death is soon to overshadow the bright landscape of life. I love to tread the sacred ground, and read upon the moss-grown stones who

sleeps below. They tell me that the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the proud, and the humble, all slumber quietly together in one common bed : that here no jarring discord is ever heard : here calumny loses its power to stain : here the sod sucks the poison from the tongue of slander : here the laurel leaves in the wreath of fame—which now bind a cold, inanimate bunch of clay—are only kept green in the sunlight of memory : and here the once warm bosom of love is as cold as the back of a bullfrog.

My hearers : as I meditate over the lonely spot where the wearied and worn-out ones of earth repose, I cannot but think that I soon must end my own mortal pilgrimage, and lie down by their sides to nap it till the archangel's trump shall proclaim the breaking of an immortal day. It is impossible for me, too, to scare or coax the thought away, that when I am defunct, the rank weeds and tall grass of forgetfulness will cover my grave, and the moss of oblivion conceal my name from the world for ever. It will be just my luck, and no disappointment, if it happen to turn out so. I care not, however—for what am I but a mere speck of dirt on the fine cambric of creation, destined to crawl about for a brief hour, and then dissolve and unite with the commonest kind of dust ? Why should I crave to have my humble name everlastingly engraved upon the monument of memory, while my body is being powdered by the worms, and my spirit is too far off to be reached with the long pole of posthumous praise, or be tickled with a short feather of flattery. No—my mortal part is trash ; good for nothing but to enrich the soil whence it sprung ; and as for my name, let it die like an echo in a solitary wild !—for it is no more worth pickling in the heart of posterity than a pair of buckskin breeches are fit to be chopped into cold-slaw. When I look around me and see the wondrous works of the great Creator's hand, I feel myself brought into the smallest possible focus of insignificance. I feel so small that my clothes seem to hang as loosely upon me as a shirt upon a fire shovel.

My dear friends : go at the evening hour, when the plaintive robin sings a vesper hymn in his cypress bower ; when the night winds breathe sacred melodies through the sombre branches of the yew ; ponder over the silent tombs of the departed ; shed a tear upon the green turf above them ; the earth will absorb it, and prevent its wetting the cold cheek of the dead. Go, ye careless



and gay ! and there consider on what swift pinions flies the hour of joy. There ask yourselves if gayety can restore long-vanished years, or if it can cheer the 'dark, dark mansion of Death.' Go, ye young and beautiful ! you will there learn that some of the most promising plants of youth have been withered by the frosts of the grave ; that beauty casts its bloom at the portal of the tomb, and there loses for ever its power to charm. Go, ye proud ! there see how the monarch and the slave are mouldering together ; and wear, if you can, that THERE are the ashes of honor, and HERE is the dust of disgrace.

My dear friends : if you were all to saunter occasionally along the bone-paved streets of the City of the Dead, you would, once in a while, be reminded that you are doomed to die ; and would accordingly make every necessary preparation, instead of cantering along the highway of vice and wickedness, as though there was no end to the pleasant journey of life. Let me tell you, my dear friends, that Spring will weave but a few more green carpets to cover the spots where you are to lie, before it works a covered for your carcases. A few more years, and you will be kicked from the Almighty's footstool into the dark and uncertain gulf of eternity ; the record of your good deeds will be lost in the rubbish of ages ; your very signatures will be erased by the blotting pen of time ; and you will soak into the ground like drops of water to ascend in spiritual vapor to regions beyond the sky. Posterity may knock at the door where are deposited your mortal remains, but no answer will be given : the chariots of future generations may thunder over your graves, but they will disturb not the sound slumbers of your bodies ; for they must sleep on, unvisited even by dreams, till awakened by the loud resurrection call. Prepare, then, for the crisis while the soul acts in partnership with the body, so that, in the decline of life, the former may be locked in the cradle of hope, and the latter meet with that sweet repose which an invalid may obtain in one of Gillies' celebrated centripetal spring chairs ; which, I am informed, can be had at 108 Broadway. So mote it be !

## LIVING TO LOVE.

TEXT.—Since we love to live,  
Let us live to love.

MY HEARERS: The main object of man's existence is to serve his Creator, and to love and respect his fellow creatures; but there are thousands who do neither one nor the other. They place themselves upon the mountain of vanity, whose top reacheth above the heavens, and there spit down upon the heads of their superiors, and even laugh contemptuously in the face of their Maker. Such men love to live, instead of living to love. Their souls are in their stomachs; and at the bottom of their hearts is settled the black sediment of self-gratification. They love to live for the sake of fattening a poor perishable body, for which the grave-worm has no preference over the carcase of a dead horse. They love life so well that it gives them the shakes to see others enjoy better than themselves; and they will even ride the horse of ambition to hell rather than be left behind on the road to wealth and honor.

My dear friends: you never can be happy together till the celestial bird of Love comes down from the skies, builds its nest in your bosoms, and hatches out benevolence, charity and mercy. Till then, there will always be wranglings, discords and disputations in the social family—man will continue to be a beast of prey, living upon, robbing and devouring his brother man—snatching bread from the mouths of orphans—walking into widows' houses with the mud of mischief upon their boots, and carry off what few little cakes of comfort their bereaved situation afford them. In speaking of love, my friends, I don't mean the soft spongy sort of stuff manufactured by Cupid, and devoured by Hymen—that milk which curdles and grows sour in the midsummer of matrimony—that moonshine which gilds the heart for a month, and then leaves it as rusty as a gimblet in the gutter. No—I have reference to that Spirit of Love which pervades the whole universe—which preserves order and harmony in the great and magnificent temple of creation—which weaves evergreens of affection for the angels of heaven: that pure and unsophisticated love which engenders universal and mutual good feeling among



portals, and teaches them to live as quietly together as two toads under a curbstone.

My dear hearers : philanthropic love links hearts together, whether strange or kindred, and strengthens the bonds of brotherhood. It builds up an impregnable fortress for our social joys, which the assailants of sin can never scale, and upon which the battering-rams of Satan can have no more effect than a sky rock against the ramparts of heaven. But how is this love to be propagated ? Why, it is to be done by sowing the seeds of generosity, benevolence, and forgiveness ; and the fruits thereof will be peace, harmony and unison, provided the tares of pride, envy and party animosity are not allowed to spring up and choke them in the blade. As yet we are all savages, a little advanced and reared by knowledge, but debased and corrupted by sin. The sun of enlightenment may cause the bush of wisdom to be covered with blossoms, but the frosts of iniquity fall prematurely upon them, and no berries can be gathered therefrom. While money is in the market, man will hate and mistrust his fellow kind, and be miserable in consequence.

My dear hearers : I know that you all love to live. You love to live, to enjoy the good things of the world, hoping that the time will come when you will be enabled by fortune to ride over your fellow mortals in the car of independence, as stiff and unconcerned as an iron god in a wheelbarrow. You love to live, because you are unfit and afraid to die. You know that you are no more entitled to a sop in the gravy of salvation than a dog is to his master's dinner ; and that if you were to slide from the world with those big bundles of iniquities upon your shoulders, you would certainly sink beneath the waves of everlasting destruction, to rise no more. But, my dearly beloved friends, if you were to live to die, the clouds of doubt and distrust would be immediately dispersed—the lightnings of anger would never flash—the jarring elements of discord would cease—the sky of hope would become clear and serene—the sun of happiness would shine forth in more than usual glory. Knowing, then, that you had lived in purity and peace, and put on a new pair of spectacles for the express purpose of finding the direct road to heaven, there can be no doubt that you would eventually bring up some somewhere upon the borders of eternal righteousness, notwithstanding the little allow-

ances to be made for the frailty of human flesh. My friends, live to love, if you would enjoy heaps of happiness—if you would partake of the pleasures of life without having occasion to wring beneath its pains. The true spirit of love is the adamantine cement that binds soul to soul; and without it we are but fragments of wretchedness driven about upon the billows of dissension and strife, perhaps to be washed upon an unknown shore of total destruction. Live to love, dear friends, and your ways to endless happiness will be as smooth as oil and sleek as grease. So may it be!

#### THE MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCE OF LOVE.

TEXT.—Through sunny May, through sultry June,  
 I loved her with a love eternal;  
 I spoke her praises to the moon,  
 I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.  
 My mother laughed; I soon found out  
 That ancient ladies have no feeling;  
 My father frowned; but how should gout  
 Find any happiness in kneeling?

\* \* \* \* \*

We parted—months and years rolled by;  
 We met again, four summers after;  
 Our parting was all sob and sigh—  
 Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;  
 For, in my heart's most secret cell,  
 There had been many other lodgers;  
 And she was not the ball-room belle,  
 But only Mrs.—Something—Rogers.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: To sermonize upon the subject of Love stirs up some of the old sensibilities that have long lain dormant in man's bosom's warm nest—the agitation of which, I must say, create the keenest sensations of both pleasure and pain. Love is a subject upon which I scarcely dare dilate. As often as I have attempted it, I find still that I have neither the moral courage nor capacity to do it justice. It is something so refined, subtle, ethereal, and unexpoundable in its nature, that, to analyze it, I might as well attempt to grab a handful of moonshine for dissection.



ou have all, my matured fellow mortals, experienced, more or less, its mysterious influences; and yet, after all, you know no more in regard to its philosophy than the mother does of the how and wherefore of the milk in her bosom.

My dear friends: there is a certain period in the existence of mankind, in which love is the prevailing passion—and as for exercising any control over it, you might as well undertake to prevent the sexual approaches of birds and animals in ‘the season of the year.’ Nature is nature, all the world over. Young men and women have a magnetical desire to approximate; and while they are in the full glow, heat and vigor of youth, it cannot but be expected that amorous propensities will prevail. Such was the case with me some years ago; and I feel now that not a little of love’s poison is still lurking in my system. I sometimes feel myself rejuvenated when I think upon the pleasures, the extacies, and the enchantments of my first love; and then again it seems to embitter the remaining portion of life’s liquor. To think that certain scenes of enjoyment among a lot of happy, gay, wild and frolicksome lasses can never be indulged in again—to think that I once sowed the seeds of affection in a rich and fertile soil, and did not attend to the harvesting—is enough to inundate one’s soul with the tear of sorrow.

My dear friends: I know that when one of you gets your affections once fastened upon a female, there is no such thing as hitching them. Your heart-strings become so entangled with hers that the devil himself couldn’t disensnarl them; and the more you pull, the tighter become the knots. You love her, because you can’t help it. She may be as ugly as sin in the eyes of others; but to your optics she is, as it were, a semi-celestial being—a rose-bud, put forth in Eden’s garden above, and dropped by some wandering angel to bloom upon earth. She may be as foul within as a stove-pipe at the latter end of winter—full of faults, blemishes and stains; but you, being partially blinded by love, of course can discover nothing but beauties. You love her with a madness—a perfect diarrhœa of amorosity. You speak her praises to the moon—you write them among the stars—you inscribe them upon the high brow of heaven—and imagine that no earthly creature can approach her in the way of loveliness, purity and grace. But, my friends, matrimony lifts the veil, and

raises the garments that hides, for a time, every mental and physical imperfection; and then you awake, as if from a pleasant dream to scenes of sad reality.

Young brothers and sisters: when you have once formed an attachment, ardent, sincere and true, I advise you to allow no obstacle to impede your progress towards the consummation of your hearts' desires. Perhaps papa or mamma may interfere in the matter, and endeavor to put a stop to every further proceeding; but pay no attention to either of them. They forget that they were once young themselves—that they delighted to rove at will, and untrammelled, among the flowers of love—and that they scorned all advice from parents whose feelings had been ground to nothing in the matrimonial mill. If you love each other without knowing exactly the reason why—if you feel as though you could never be happy with anybody else in your bed or at your board—marry by all means, and let the old folks go grumbling to their graves if they choose. This marrying for wealth, or distinction, or for the sake of pleasing others, is contrary to the dictates of Nature, and a righteous punishment is sure to ensue. You can't manufacture love after marriage. None of the artificial sort will ever answer the purpose of procuring peace and happiness. If your tendrils of affection happen to take a tendency towards, and cling to objects that others may think unworthy, don't try to tear them asunder; for, as sure as you do, they will wilt and wither, and never lean so lovingly to another object.

My worthy hearers: I am sorry to see so much courting, kissing and making love, merely for the fun of the thing. It is sport for a time, but perplexing, if not cruel, in the end. It is criminal for a young fellow to fool with a girl month after month without fairly and frankly avowing his intentions. What does he do? Why, he plays the part of the dog in the manger—he neither eats the hay himself, nor allows other oxen to eat it. Of course, he discovers after a while that he 'has no notion of it;' and so they separate. Their separation is attended with sobs and sighs; and when they meet, perchance some years after, SHE, in all probability, is Mrs. Somebody—Smith, Brown, or Johnson—and HE, the old bachelor, destined to linger out a lonely and unenviable existence.

My dear friends: this is the greatest world that I ever had



privilege of inhabiting. If I had the power and the means, I'd go it towards Sandy Hook; take a crowbar, make a fulcrum of the ever-sink, upset the whole concern, and spill all its gravy into the p. of Eternity. I wish I could be the Devil for about a week; the way I'd make mischief would be perfectly astonishing to the best inhabitant. I would cause more breaches of promise, and create more crim. con. cases in one day than have occurred since the illegal cohabitation of Adam and Eve in Eden. But since I am as I am, and human nature is human nature, I must let the world wag on as it may, and hope for a better state of affairs in a world to come. So mote it be!

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ON YOUTHFUL DAYS.

EXT.—Days of my youth—ye have glided away!  
 Hairs of my youth—ye are frosted and gray!  
 Eyes of my youth—your keen sight is no more!  
 Cheeks of my youth—ye are furrowed all o'er!  
 Strength of my youth—all your vigor is gone!  
 Thoughts of my youth—your gay visions are flown!

MY DEAR HEARERS: On this occasion, allow me, for the sake of a vetailing sermon with text, to represent myself some few years older than I am—I say few years, because man's years are few at the most. They were thought few in Methuselah's time, when men began to prepare for death two hundred years before there was any probability of their dying. If they were considered few in antediluvian days, when nearly a thousand annual links were numbered in the chain of mortal existence, must they not now be really 'small potatoes and few in a hill,' when man merely takes a suck at the exhilarating gas-bag of life, hops about, laughs and weeps for a moment or so, upon the stage of being, and then makes his final exit?

Imagine, then, my friends, that you see me standing upon the threshold of threescore years and ten, a pretty well used-up specimen of mortality, badly tinkered by Time, every worm-hole filled with the poorest kind of putty;—in fact, a capital counterfeit of Empey's old breeches—patched nearly all to pieces. There I stand, as upon a stump in some wide, open field. I look about

about me, and find Nature decked with the same bloom that wore when I was a boy; but I find that the days of my youth have glided for ever away; those days of mirth and blest enjoyment, when the sunshine of hope constantly burnished the silver waters of the soul, as though they never could be darkened by sorrowful clouds, nor roughened by the billows of care—the days when all my actions were prompted by a pure and holy impulse, unswayed by the grosser passions—when my love for young females was of the same heavenly sort as that which cherishes for the flowers—when, by instinct, I chased both girls and the butterflies, merely to catch, caress and admire them but not to injure—when every thought, action and deed afforded clarified and double-distilled pleasure, even though I thought of stealing watermelons, robbing peach orchards, killing frogs, setting dogs upon cats. But, my friends, I have no desire, now, to recall the days of my youth. I would not, for the whole world and a mortgage on the moon, beslime their purity and bedaub their beauty with those gross and nasty passions, that have sometimes most unaccountably, taken possession of my heart, the same worms will eat into wood that begins to decay, and vermin in habitations that have grown rickety and old.

My friends: ponder upon the second line of my text: ‘Hail to thee, days of my youth—ye are frosted and gray!’ If Time doesn’t nip you down in your greenness, you will become, like myself, gray as ‘coons. For my part, I don’t care a spoonful of porridge about the matter. I know very well that I could buy a wig and thereby approximate to something of a resemblance of my former self. But what is the use, I ask, in adorning the head and endeavoring to bring it back to its pristine beauty, when the spirit within will admit of no renovation, and cannot be laden with the flowers of youth and loveliness? It is just as much out of keeping as it would be for a man to sport a two hundred dollar breastpin and go barefooted. The stars have a right to set, the flowers to fade, and the leaves to fall; and, when we find that the hoar-frost begins to settle upon the vegetation of our craniums, you have a fair warning that the winter of life is at hand; and you should begin to think about laying up stores for the dark and dread period, and purchasing no small amount of the saltpetre of salvation. ‘Eyes of my youth—your keen sight



no more.' Well, I am perfectly willing that they should be beamed and blurred. They have seen a great deal of evil in the world, and witnessed many horrible and disgusting sights. It is now time that they should be closed upon such soul-sickening sights; and all I have to do now is to put on the spectacles of faith and hope, and joyfully inspect the ever-green fields of futurity. 'The cheeks of my youth are furrowed all o'er.' Examine my phiz—it looks like a corn-field after harvest. Old Time has ploughed his ploughshare up and down it—perpendicularly, horizontally, crosswise, transversely, right-angledly, obtuse-angledly, and about the lots. As my friend Jemmy Twitcher says, 'Vel, vot is it?'—all these things must happen in the course of nature; and as for expecting that youth and beauty are going to last for hundred years, you might as well think of having May-blossoms wreathed upon the brow of December.

My dear friends: the strength of my youth is gone, and the gay passions of my youth are all flown, and I feel just like leaving you to your own destruction, for I am fully satisfied that there is neither more or no virtue in my preaching. So mote it be!

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#### THE WORLD AS IT IS.

TEXT.— The world is not so bad a world  
 As some would like to make it;  
 Though, whether good, or whether bad,  
 Depends on how we take it.

DEAR HEARERS: The world is good enough, if you have only a mind to think so. It's the best one I ever lived in, to my present knowledge, and I don't know but it's the best that I shall ever have the good fortune to inhabit. At any rate, make me sure of nothing other equally as good, and my latter end will be one of happiness and peace. The world is good enough, anyhow, if you have but a mind to think so. You can make it appear good or just as you please—if you go about grumbling, fretting, and complaining from morning till night, it will look bad at the best; over the most sunny places a gloom will be spread, like a pall; the powers of friendship will lose their sweet fragrance; love's mo-

lasses will turn to vinegar; quietness will keep out of your way; all Nature will seem to be making cod-fish mouths at you, while you fuss about with a scowl upon your features ugly enough to make a pig squeal, and curdle the milk in a cocoanut. While in such a mood, this world can no more afford you a foretaste of heaven, than could sitting on Mount Sinai, drinking hard cider and smoking a bad cigar.

My dear friends: always have something to do—keep busy either at work or at play—maintain cheerful dispositions, and you will find that ours is as good a world as ever grew people and potatoes. Lazy folks are the ones who find fault with the world; they lie and lounge about till they get dusty, and rusty, and musty, and consequently CRUSTY. Nothing pleases them—everything goes wrong—the world revolves the wrong way—the frame-work of society was never planned nor put together rightly—common custom wants a good deal of fixing—there are no moons where they are wanted—the wind is never in the right quarter—and the whole creation was got up in a very unsatisfactory manner. Such living libels upon hominity, and wretched apologies for people ought to have a world of their own made out of nothing, as ours was—but there should be nothing in it. They are not fit to live anywhere else.

My friends: this would be a better world still if you didn't keep tinkering at it so much. You imagine that some part of its moral machinery is out of kilter; and, in endeavoring to put things to rights, you only make matters worse—in tightening one screw you break two rivets; and in replacing two rivets you start half a dozen screws. Let the world alone—it revolves regularly round the sun, and wags on in its own way; and it always will, in spite of your snivellings and puny attempts to make it do differently. For my part, I think it is an excellent world, for the reason that it is never monotonous, but always changing, and presenting an endless variety of scenes, phases and gifts. It has hills and hollows—ups and downs—sunshine and showers—quietudes and cares—handsome men and women and homely ones; and sweet cider and sour. All this is as it should be; for anybody knows who has the gumption of a goose, that it is variety which makes life interesting, and adds value to the stock of goods in the great storehouse of the world.



My hearers: the world wasn't made in a day, nor was it made yesterday; it was put together a long time ago, and great pains were taken in the building of it—so much so that you can't better; and you might as well cease your grumbling now, before you are pushed out of it, perchance into a worse one. Listen to me: when you find yourself inclined to fret at the world, scold at your houses, kick the dog, tread on the cat's tail, cuff the children, and find fault with everything, you may just consider that something is wrong under your own jackets, that all you want is to take a good dose of the pills of contentment upon going to bed, and you will wake up in the morning with a light heart, and look out upon about as pleasant a world as ever Hope, Fancy or Imagination can lay eyes upon. Yes,

Then were the world a pleasant world,  
 And pleasant folks were in it;  
 The day would pass most pleasantly  
 To those who thus begin it;  
 And all the nameless grievances  
 Brought on by borrowed troubles,  
 Would prove, as certainly they are,  
 A mass of empty bubbles.

mote it be!

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#### A PISCATORIAL SERMON.

TEXT.—Ye monsters of the bubbling deep,  
 Your Maker's praises spout;  
 Up from the sands, ye codlings, creep,  
 And wag your tails about!

DEAR HEARERS: If man and the other animals that inhabit so small a portion of the globe—a few insignificant islands in the sublunar ocean—are called upon to praise the Almighty Father that made them, how much louder should be the call upon innumerable piscatory tribes, whose domains are boundless, whose liberties are unrestrained. O, you cold-blooded and ungrateful fishes! Providence has been partial to you in the bestowment of favors; and yet you are as barren of gratitude as a goose is of feathers. Down in the deep, mysterious main, sport in coral caves—amid glistening pearls, and rainbow-

colored shells—over golden sands—starry gems—and riches uncounted and uncountable; but these, of course, you don't stand need of, any more than a shite-poke wants a flannel undershirt. You swim where the waves roll over the cities of a world gone by; where sand hath filled up the palaces of old, and sea-weed overgrown the hills of revelry; or wallow in the mud and filth of the dock, just as you please. For all these privileges and enjoyments, praise ye the Lord! Every animate thing upon land daily and worshipingly acknowledges the goodness and power of the Creator, except man—he does it only when he hasn't 'other fish to fry.'

My fellow fishes (I confess fellowship because you are scaly) let each, every one and all of you, from a shrimp up to the sea-serpent, spout your Maker's praise! Whales especially—ye are first-rate at spouting; lead off, and throw up your thanks in large quantities, with a 'little extra liquor;' upset small craft in your extatic throes, and keep all blubber to yourselves. Ye porpoises come up, and blow longer and louder your acknowledgments of divine favors. Ye sturgeons! leap oftener, and a few inches higher towards heaven, like a young mulatto Methodist, in your joyous exultations. Ye flying-fish! mount upon the ever-moistened pinions of love and gratitude into a purer element and praise the Great Omnipotent for his tender mercies. Ye dolphins! exhibit brighter beauties in your dying moments, and show to wicked sinners how heavenly glories surround the deathbed of the departing christian. Ye codlings, catfish, and all such smaller fry come out of your sand-banks, your mud-holes, and all of your secret hiding-places, and give us some pantomimic evidence of your gratefulness to God. If you can't spout, open and shut your gills in imitation of heart-throbbings, and waggle your tails with gladness, like a little lamb, while kneeling at the lactescent fountain of its mother; or, in other words, while sucking the old sheep. Yes, and ye testaceous tenants of the deep!—ye crabs and lobsters!—suscitate ye in your tardi-gradous motions—work yourselves backwards, forwards, sidewise, and every way, as if itching under the influence of a holy obligation. And you, ye clam and oysters! open your mouths and gape with astonishment when the tide heaves you high and dry, at the wonderful operations of nature; and when it returns again to protect you in its bosom.



nk, O think of the kindness of that Providence which watches over and provides for helpless Soft-shells and Prince's Bays, as well as for the land monsters that make meals upon them. Ye whales, sharks, porpoises, cods, and so forth! your morals need mending, and you have no improvements to make in your social relations. You devour one another, but that is none of my business—how much better in this respect is man than you? All you have to do is to eat, drink, be merry, and thankful—without without care, without sorrow and without sin. I holler to you amid roaring of waters and the bellowing of blasts. You don't hear me, because you haven't ears; and, if you had, you would heed me not. So I think it useless to holler longer; if I were to, it would be words given to the winds—preaching entirely blown away, like the prayers of the pious for the soul of a monkey.

And, now, fellow fishes without fins—land-sharks, in particular—you have nothing to boast of, and little to be thankful for; that you have never come through the hands of the Almighty. Follow, day after day, the good ship Prosperity, waiting for somebody to fall overboard, whom you seize and devour. You have your reward. Gudgeons! you may thank heaven that you so often escape being hooked in the gills by artful and cunning men. Roguish eels! you may bless your stars, rather than divine mercy, that you so frequently slip through the fingers of justice, and get away unflayed. Snapping turtles! it is not expected that you will praise the Great Giver so long as it is your eyes to snap at the very hand that feeds you. Other suckers, one and all: let us return thanks for the crumbs of comfort that float upon the turbid waters of the world, and enjoy them while we may; for it won't be long before we shall all be caught in the scoop-net of death, and transplanted into the endless ocean of eternity. So mote it be!

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#### ON COMPASSION.

TEXT.—To err is human.

HEARERS: Let the physic of reformation operate as powerfully as it may, and cleanse the human system of its moral, morbid

secretions, still the seeds of sin and a natural proneness to err are left behind. The genuine, religious and pious pills administered by the clergy tend greatly to remove a vast quantity of rubbish that has been gradually accumulating in the bosom of mankind since our first parents caught the gripes by eating too freely of the crude apples of error: nevertheless, there is an occasional innocent inclination to do wrong lurking beneath our shirt bosoms and corsets—and neither Protestant or Catholic cathartic can wholly eradicate it, any more than the present prevailing epidemic can be purged from the atmosphere by Epsom salts. It is just as natural, my friends, for your brother man to err at times, as it is for 'coons to carouse in a corn-field, under the honest supposition that the God of Nature planted it for their especial benefit; and you must know that you are all equally guilty of petit moral defalcations. If there be any difference, it lies, for the most part, on the outside—even as a white bean presents no purer an interior than a speckled one. Therefore, I would have you, my dear hearers, judge not too rashly of your brother-in-blood. His apparent depravity is a hereditary disease, brought upon him by the transgressions of his ancestors; and you should administer to him the soothing syrup of pity, rather than apply the caustic of condemnation. Remember, meanwhile, that you yourselves are afflicted with a like loathsome disorder, and require to be physicked as well as he. Yes, gently scan your brother man. While you look under his flannels, please look over his unintentional errors, and bring against him no such accusation as the pot once preferred against the kettle; for, by so doing, you will both become fundamentally besmeared—and neither of you better than the best blackguards.

My dear friends: scan gentler still your sister woman. She is a delicate piece of goods, and should be handled with the delicate fingers of care and caution. She is more frail, perhaps, than the bearded sex, and far more pure so long as she treads the royal paths of virtue, and turns not aside to gather those bitter-sweet berries of temptation that grow upon the brambles of vice; but as the sweetest of molasses makes the sourest of vinegar, so the loveliest of the Almighty's works, lovely woman, becomes the most loathsome of objects when contaminated by worldly corruption. Yes, my friends, a beautiful female, 'fallen from her high



ate,' looks like a tarred and feathered angel, wandering homeless and unbefriended outside the gates of Paradise with no one to afford solace or give friendly admonition. But we must overlook many of the mis-steps of the misses of this miserably-made city of thām, and cast the censure upon the heads of those who so fully deserve it. The truth is, that female labor is at present so poorly recompensed that thousands of Eve's fair daughters are compelled to toil at a sacrifice of that best of all blessings, health and happiness, in order to prevent a dissolution of partnership of Soul and Body. So long as they are obliged to go upon the root-or-die principle, is it to be wondered at that so many of them, through their actual distresses, jump from the frying-pan even into the fire? No—it is just as natural for them to do it as it is for a fish to leap from the net and expire upon the beach. The girls are beautiful little insects, that delight to flit from flower to flower in the bright morning of existence. They contribute much to man's happiness. They can gather us honey from the most poisonous flower that grows in the world's weedy garden—they pick the scattered leaves of friendship and weave them into unfading wreaths of love—they lead us over many pleasant places, and finally leave us basking upon the sunny banks of heaven. If, through human frailty, they chance to deviate from the narrow path of virtue—pushed aside, upon the one side, by absolute necessity, and allured, upon the other, by dazzling temptation—I beseech you to draw them gently back, if possible, by the silken cord of persuasion, rather than kick them into the dark ravine of iniquity to perish for ever. Yes, keep the doors of reformation open to them—invite, coax and solicit them to return to their forsaken homes, to bud anew and bloom again beneath the fastening friendship of virtuous society, and in the warm light of legitimate love; if they will not hear nor heed, let them enter the harem of the Prince of Darkness, and live and lament for a thousand years. Hearers: if the men were all really holy and righteous, the world would be as pure as they are pretty; and if charity and mercy were only mingled with the component parts of the male creature, the flowers of female virtue might be made to blossom, even in the cold winter of adversity sets around their carnal habits, and the chill winds of want whistle through the crevices of their dilapidated hopes. The girls constitute the gilding of the

animate world; and be careful, my dear friends, how you handle them with greasy fingers. They are susceptible of the slightest soil—and, when once soiled, they set themselves up at auction as damaged goods, to be purchased by the highest bidder. Never bestow your admiration and love upon such articles, nor even handle them, unless you wish to buy at a private bargain. But if your natural inclination leads you to keep fingering in a miscellaneous way, I advise you to purchase at once, and be satisfied—and not for ever to be meddling with that which can neither conduce to your own welfare, nor to the everlasting happiness of others. So mote it be!

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THE APPROACH OF AUTUMN.

TEXT.—By the sights that meet my eye,  
 By the sounds that greet my ear,  
 By th' appearance of the sky,  
 I know that Autumn's near.

MY HEARERS: How Time trudges on!—or, rather, how he continues to make the old treadmill move without advancing much himself!—just like a squirrel in a revolving cage: he scratches it at the rate of, at least, an hour in three minutes, apparently without getting ahead an inch; but we go round, nolens volens, and with a velocity sufficient to smooth down the hairs upon the back of a nanny-goat. Here we are, sliding from the second section of the cycle, and scarcely realizing that another half year has cavèd in—collapsed into eternity! Yes, here we are, betwixt and between. I go to my window that looks upon the south, and methinks I see the tip-end of the tail of Winter still wriggling in the distance: then I turn to the window that faces the north, and thence I behold the head of the self-same animal—old Boreas—popping from behind the pole, and pointing uswardly, like the nose of a white bear upon an iceberg. Verily, how short the seasons are, upon actual measurement! Why, here I can stand with one foot upon the heel of Summer, and the other upon the great toe of Autumn, and, with a little stretch of the arms, scratch both ends of Winter at the same time. Alas! how short the dis-



space from winter to winter, and how small the space between the cradle and the grave! Man, as has been said, is but a shadow, and life a dream. Most metaphorically correct—yet many of these shadows weigh over two hundred pounds each; and life, accompanied with semi-starvation, is anything else than a dream. I could call it a real reality.

My dear friends: what do we see—what are the visible signs approaching autumn? They are many. The last roses of summer are beginning to fade—their petals are dropping one by one, as our friends and loved ones are dropping around us), and the waxy morn is no longer redolent with their sweet perfume; the spring chickens have arrived at puberty, and as far as appearance concerned, it is difficult to distinguish them from antiquated cocks and elderly hens; a certain yellow butterfly flits lazily over the fields, as if wearied in search of a straggling flower; the crows play particular Peter in the corn-fields, and skunks are out, casting their sweetness upon the midnight air; one or two faded leaves are seen in the green garland that Spring and Summer took so much pains to weave; Pomona comes trudging along with an apron full of apples, pears, peaches, and plums; the robin looks at the cedar berry; the swallow quits 'the straw-built nest'; the bobolink has put on his old gray travelling coat, preparatory to his annual southern journey; frogs and fashionable toads are less numerous around watering places; countrymen are flocking into the city upon worldly speculations; and my congregation increases like a nest of bedbugs.

My worthy hearers: what are the audible tokens of autumn? The road traveller, as he plods his way at nightfall, hears a little cricket, about the size of a vulgar fraction, making music of the most melancholy order, among the leaves of the toadstool; a diminutive, speckled sap-sucker faintly cries PEE-WEET, while he performs a hop-waltz round the body of an apple tree; there lately the thrush, bluebird and robin poured forth their enchanting carols, the fretful joy now scolds like aunt Peggy; 'hot corn!' is the nocturnal cry at the corners of the streets; the cat-did mocks katy-did upon the fading sycamore; there are soft, angel-like whisperings in the forests and groves; the winds, as they wander through the woods, have a hollow and mournful sound; and a gruffness comes over the voice of Nature, as upon

that of a boy of seventeen. The sky, too, indicates the nearness of the fall. It has a soberer look by day, and a more placid countenance at night, notwithstanding meteors shoot in every direction—rockets, I suppose they are, let off by angels in commemoration of some glorious event that occurred in the celestial regions about this time of the year. The sun, old Sol by nickname, sinks to rest in glory: he wraps the gorgeous drapery of his couch about him, and goes down **FIRST-RATE**.

My dear friends: when you observe all these harbingers of autumn, you should pause and reflect. Think how soon your summer days will be over; and consider whether you have no mental or physical admonishings of a less joyous season. Have you a single gray hair? If so, give it language, and let it preach eloquently to the heart; if you have forwarded a tooth to another world, as a fragmentary sample, bear in mind that the whole body must shortly follow it: and, if you find a new wrinkle upon your brow, you may expect that, if you live long enough, the time will come when your whole faces will look as dried up and shrivelled as a sheep-skin that has lain in the sun for a month of Sundays. So mote it be!

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#### ON MUNDANE EXISTENCE.

**TEXT.**—Joy, pleasure, pain and bitter grief  
This world of ours do constant fill;  
And yet, with candor, I confess,  
'With all its faults, I love it still.'

**MY DEAR HEARERS:** Misanthropists and hypochondriacs are ever finding fault with the world and their own existence. They not only upbraid in their hearts their fathers who begat them, their mothers who bore them, but they growl and grumble at the Heavenly Father for having gratuitously furnished the materials which their frail bodies are composed. They wander about the earth seeking for sorrow, like crows for carrion—diving into every ditch of discontent—and fancying that they must wallow in the mire of misery before they can experience the common comfort with which their fellow creatures are blest. If they were



out take a gentle suck at the sweets of life, instead of voluntarily wallowing, day after day, its bitter dregs, they would soon find out that there is a way to gather the blossoms of enjoyment without being molested by the thistles of wretchedness and wo.

My dear friends: as for me, I am very well satisfied with this existence of mine, only there isn't quite enough of it; and I have no other fault to find with this world but that it is rather too short at either end, and a little too wide in the middle. I don't know as I ever lived in a better one, and I am not certain that I shall ever find another so good; but I have a hope within me, that when this carnal building of mine shall have been reduced to a bushel of ashes, a spiritual spark will still linger in the heap unsmothered, and ready to blaze forth in glory when the breath of Omnipotence shall rekindle the fires that once burned upon the altar of life, and illuminate the night of the grave with the soul-cheering flames of a glorious resurrection. You should all adhere to this world like a bulldog to a sow's ear, inasmuch as it affords you a best opportunity of indulging in the anticipations of a happier life to come—as the bear thought while lying in his wintry den, kicking his paws, and meditating upon the advent of a joyous spring. You should be pleased with it on account of its variety; for I know that by nature you are constantly desiring change, and never satisfied even with satisfaction itself. If Providence were to bestow upon you to-day all that the heart could wish, to-morrow you would toss aside the boon in disgust, and pray for something else of not half the value or consequence.

My dear friends: variety you want, and variety you think you must have. Therefore, your great Providence sees fit oftentimes to spread mustard on your bread and butter of enjoyment—sprinkle well your social soup with the red pepper of remorse—and dash gills of gall into your wine cups of pleasure. He physic you with pills of misery in order that you may have a true appetite for happiness, and know how to appreciate it when it comes. Behold the pleasing vicissitudes of life! You are free from the cares and anxieties of a jarring world—you open your little mouths instinct, like new-hatched birds, to receive your food, and slumber sweetly beneath the coarse, home-woven blanket of poverty—as within the velvet-lined cradle of affluence. You soon gamble amid the gay bowers of childhood, where every bud of joy

seems to have blossomed to bloom for ever ; and where, like your woodchucks in a clover-field, you riot upon the pleasures of the present, unmindful of the dark frowns of the future. Afterward youth comes upon you, and you have to catch hold of your boots and straps to prevent being borne too suddenly upward with the gale of ambition. If, while climbing the elevated cliffs of fame, you lose your hold and fall to the base, you immediately rebound like a tight-blown bladder, and make another attempt, while Hope still assures you that the highest pinnacle of your undertaking is just as accessible as a robin's nest in an apple tree. Manhood then succeeds, and, although chafed and fretted with care and concern, you have many moments of merriment, and fondly anticipate the time when your riled rivulets of discontent will settle as clear as a bucket of Croton beneath the calm autumnal atmosphere of age, and not a gale of sorrow blow to ruffle their placid surfaces. Old age comes at last, and man finds a melancholy pleasure in bending over the tomb of his past delights. His earlier days are associated with many a pleasing recollection, and the few that are to come are rife with the promise of a blissful hereafter. All he has to do, then, is to sit down and warm his toes by the gentle fire of resignation, dressed in his night-gown, with the staff of faith in his right hand, and wait patiently to be conducted to his sepulchral bed, from which he hopes to arise with the bloom upon his cheek, and the vigor of manhood in his frame. Then to rail not at this life—for it is but the beginning of the grand drama of man's existence. Although the curtain of the first act falls upon the tomb, the second will open rich, beyond a doubt, in accordance with the programme penned by the hand of Divinity.

My dear hearers : I can find no fault with the natural world. We have our budding springs, blooming summers, fruitful autumns and desolate winters. Each, in its turn, contributes to the happiness of us all ; and I know that none of you would be willing to part with a single season for the sake of a substitute. The brightest star of evening, that looks so shining and pure to us, may, after all, be no more compared with this dirty planet of ours than the glitter of a common crystal can be compared with the brilliancy of a real diamond. But, my friends, you may well find fault with the moral world. There is too much corruption, cupidity, venality, selfishness and vice extant, to render every one



happy or contented. I want to see morality come out among you the power of my preaching, like measles upon the skin through the influence of saffron tea; and then, if you could say aught against the world, I am sure you would be dissatisfied with heaven and the whole host of angels that might condescend to act as servants. I would instil into your hearts a spirit of love—love the world—love for holiness—love for your fellow creatures—love for the opposite sex—and especially love for virtue. I would enjoin you to hold dear and sacred everything that appertains to morality, virtue, and piety, to the end that you may not grow weary of a probationary existence, and finally curse the world and die. So mote it be!

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#### THE VARIETIES OF LIFE.

TEXT.—For pleasure and for trouble,  
We mortals all are born.

HEARERS: No mortal was ever born to partake of the sweets of pleasure alone. From the cup of life we are all compelled to drink an admixture of joy, bliss, misery and pain; and the more we make in swallowing the dose, the more bitter does it grow to the taste. No one ought ever to dash, in a suicidal manner, the goblet of existence to the ground because it contains a drop of the essence of evil: for what can be more sickening than a continual surfeit of sweets? If you were to sip wholly and constantly of the saccharine juices of the world, you would sigh for something sour, for the sake of variety; for variety, as some philosopher has truly remarked, is the spice of life—and, without variety, every meal of man's enjoyment were as flat and insipid as a bowl of soup composed of dish-water and potato-skins. The morning melancholy after a solid supper of mirth operates as a moral medicine upon the mind, inasmuch as it causes serious reflection to purge the inner man of at least that corruption which clings upon the heart and stomach after an excess of folly. And Providence has so ordered it that no mortal shall reap a harvest of pleasure without gathering the tares of pain; and, as we endeavor to make up a bundle of the one without collect-

ing a handful of the other, you might as soon think of bottling a few pints of daylight for evening use.

My hearers: in every station we are born for pleasure and trouble—not expressly for either, but a little for both. He that hatched amid the desert sands of poverty is no more a candidate for care and sorrow than the babe which is born in a blooming paradise of opulence, and nursed at the breast of abundance. The pathways of both to the tomb are equally bestrewn with flowers and beset with thorns. The angel of evil will oftentimes spread his dark pinions over the head of the proud patrician, while the golden halo of joy encircles the heart of the poor peasant. Thus again, the son of independence may be seen dancing for joy upon the grave of buried care, and singing the songs of gladness as merry as a cricket in a chimney-corner, while the half-starved child of penury sits crying for a crust. I think, my friends, that he who dwells in a lowly vale of contentment receives a greater portion of pure and unalloyed pleasure than the aspiring dupe of ambition and wealth, whose home is fixed upon the high hills of honor: for in the valley of humility grow the beautiful posies of peace, which give out their perfumes to the gentle breeze, while the rough winds are heard to howl mournfully around the mountain tower of fame.

My dear friends: the better way to get along smoothly and without stubbing our toes, is to enjoy the pleasures of the world as rational beings, and not like brutes—and bear up beneath every ill with all the composure, fortitude and philosophy of a saw-horse under an oaken log. If you give in to every trifling vexation while sailing upon the rough sea of life, and yield to despair at the storms of misfortune rage, you can no more double the length of Good Hope than you can safely ride through Hell Gate upon a shingle. Don't rave, jump and tear your under-clothes when you are visited with your respective portions of trouble and care; keep cool and live low on the porridge of patience and fortitude, and all will soon be right again. Don't be such common-sense fools as to throw away a pound because you happen to lose a penny, nor chastise an unoffending post for having the obsequy to stand its ground when assailed by your nasal protuberance, for such acts show a want of wisdom, and are the very extreme height of folly. When you come to look at the miseries dist-



ted among the great mass of mankind, you will find that you have only your just proportion of them ; but if you fancy that you have been particularly selected as a target for the arrows of ill-fortune, you will be afflicted with more plagues than ever were saddled upon the land of Egypt. When the star of hope is hidden behind a dark cloud of despondency, you ought to have sense enough to know that it must, in the nature of things, shine forth again in its wonted brightness. All you want is to persevere for the present with full confidence in the future, and your heavy burdens of woe will be essentially lightened ; but, O, you weak and sickly children of doubt and despair ! you lack the strength of mind and determination to push your way through the thistles when you find yourselves in their midst—and when misfortune lightly places its hand upon you, you squat like sick turkeys, and give up for lost.

My dear hearers : push ahead boldly, uprightly, and hopefully, and the drops of joy, as they descend from heaven, will not become frozen on their way, all fall upon your heads in the shape of large hail-stones of ill. Deal fairly with your fellow creatures—show kindness to all—don't mortgage your souls to Satan for the sake of money, nor make yourselves unhappy because others are more prosperous. Above all, don't run up too long a score with your Maker, but settle often. I hope you will be enabled to square all your accounts, both heavenly and earthly, in a fair and honorable manner ; and, if you do receive some rather hard knocks in this world, you will have the hope within you to the last of finding a better. So mote it be !

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#### ON IFS AND BUTS.

TEXT.—If I had a donkey what wouldn't go,  
Do you think I'd wallup him ? No, no, no !

MY HEARERS : That little word IF, though insignificant to look at, is one of the most important and powerful in the English language. It serves as a propeller, sometimes, to mighty big sentences ; and, were it not for the diminutive, though equally potent, monosyllable BUT, there would be no telling where its go-ahead-itive-ness would end. Now, my beloved, deceitful, deceiving and deceived

wretches, how often do you say to yourselves 'If I only had such and such a thing, I would do so and so,' when you know very well, or ought to know—from observation, and your own experience—that you would not do any such thing. An IF, planted in the path of your purpose, might as well be there as not; for, were it not removed, you would turn off and take some other road. You, who are poor and lazy, think that if you had five hundred dollars, just for a starter, you would go to work with it and build up a fortune in a hurry: but you are deceived—industry, energy, and ambition can acquire wealth, without a red cent to begin with; but laziness, even with the assistance of five hundred dollars, must for ever remain in the mire of poverty. You think that if you were wealthy—had a few millions at command—you would be as happy as a young nigger in a sugar hogshead: but no—you would be continually stung by swarms of cares, and your lives would be as miserable as mine is careless and contented. You think that if you had all this money, you would open your ears, your hearts and your purses to the calls of charity, and lend small sums to the Lord, by giving sixpences to the poor and needy: but then again you are mistaken—for, when a pitiful beggar came to implore your assistance, you would cast upon him a fearful and agonizing frown—fresh from a fretted soul within, and look, for all the world, like a rat-dog lying in the sun, scowling and snarling at the annoying importunities of a horse-fly.

My friend: I suppose you are of the opinion that, if you were riding a donkey that wouldn't proceed with mild persuasion and gentle encouragement, you would get off, and let the animal tire out his own stubbornness, rather than walk up him with the cudgel of cruelty. You think this, because you don't own a donkey. If you had one, and he wouldn't go till some time after he got ready, I'd bet the kingdom of heaven to Coney Island that you would give him such a cudgelling as would do honor to the science of flagellation; but if you saw anybody else doing the same thing to your donkey, you would call him a cruel monster, and perhaps fall to and give him a flogging. The fact is, you all want to do the whipping yourselves, and allow none others the privilege. If somebody had stepped up behind and beaten Balaam's ass for him, while the rider was thumping the poor beast so unmercifully between the ears, there is no doubt but Balaam would have been mad



out it, to say the least. My beloved friends: you who have passed that 'bourne from whence no traveller returns'—I an you who are not yet married, but desire to be—think that, you were hymenially conjugated, love would twine her amaranthine wreaths of joy and bliss around your hearts, never to fade, never to die; that you could live upon love when beef and mutton and potatoes were scarce; that then the golden moments and silver-winged hours would flit as noiselessly and prettily along the flower-strewn lane as butterflies o'er the blossomed heath; and the atmosphere perpetually glittering with the spangles of pleasure taken from the fleet pinions of Time. The hot soup of love would be cool, in a degree, even though set in the warm sun of fondness; darkening clouds will sometimes drift athwart the connubial sky; and in your gardens of delight will now and then be found flowers without fragrance, and roses that bloom amid thorns. The most that you can reasonably expect to find in the dominion of matrimony, my friends, is a happy home, a small but steady stream of love, contentment, peace: and this is far more than you can expect from the other-warped, pride-puckered and care-soured old maids and bachelors, ever thought of possessing.

My worthy hearers: IF (no doubt you each say) I were to live my life over again, I would pursue altogether a different course. I would avoid every stump that I have run against in my travels, I would be clear of every mud-hole, and arrive at the end of life with a clean shirt and unbarked shins. There is little question but you would do so; but remember, you have only one life to live in this troublesome world. So shove all ANDS, IFs and BUTS aside, and go the straight of the way as though you had profited by the experience of the past. The lamp of reason will guide you from sloughs and snares, the star of hope will cheer you onward, temperance will give you strength to progress, prudence and economy will keep you in funds, virtue will prevent your being waylaid by the robberies of one's reputation, and I will do all I can, without straining my back or cracking my character, to help you safely and snugly through life. So mote it be!

## THE PAST.

TEXT.—           Thou unrelenting Past!  
                   Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain;  
                   And fetters sure and fast,  
                   Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

MY DEAR HEARERS: What a voracious appetite and unfathomable maw must have that monster—that terrible, devouring ogre THE PAST! There appears to be no alvine outlet to its insatiable stomach. For ever eating and never evacuating, it is a wonder to me that it doesn't grow bilious and throw up a portion of its half-digested dinner upon the rich and costly carpet of the Present. If we dissect the Past, what do we find there embowelled? Nations that have been swallowed almost at a single gulp—innumerable relics of pomp, grandeur, and pride—the deglutinated fabrics of glory and renown—the whole antediluvian world—and millions upon millions of human beings that have since sprung up like grasshoppers, and perished like locusts when wind-driven to the ocean.

My dear friends: where are those monuments of moral and intellectual greatness that once towered to the skies, and commanded the admiration of all Europe? They are crumbled to dust—ever buried beneath the rubbish of the Past! Where now are ancient Jerusalem, Babylon and Palmyra? They are among the ruins of the Past. The ploughshare turned the turf over the magnificence of one; another is but a dreary wild—the home of scorpions and the abode of owls; and a few broken pillars alone tell the traveller that here once flourished Palmyra, the beautiful. Upon these once golden, but now addled, eggs, the Past is sitting like a determined old hen; but the incubation is in vain.

My dear friends: how swiftly flows the silvery stream of time into the eternal ocean of the Past!—and what a quantity of mortal scum, filth, rubbish and drift-wood is continually floating thitherward. Every minute is a bubble upon its surface, that bursts as it passes us, and is gone to appear not again. If we could only build a dam across Time's mighty river, and prevent the crystal waters of the Present from emptying into the muddy gulf of the Past, what would be the consequence? Why, in a short time the world would be a big pond, filled, as it were, with frogs, toads,



rapins, water snakes, eels and blood-suckers; and our earnest prayers would be for an outlet by which all such nuisances might make their final exit.

My dear friends: if you fish in the dead sea of the Past, you will frequently fancy that you have got a bite; but when you come to pull up, you will just as surely find nothing upon your hook as you would if you angled in a swill-tub for flounders. That which has been, never can be made to be; neither can man re-journey among interesting scenes of ages past and gone. Memory alone is capable of doing this. She oftentimes delights to glean in the fields that have been harvested by the sickle of time. She loves to wander in the uncertain twilight, the misty moonlight, and even in the dark midnight of the Past, to gather half-withered roses, from the sepulchres of former joys, even though she gets scratched not a little by the molesting thorns of sorrow: and yet, after all, she brings nothing back but a few imaginary joys that are wholly without substance and form, and perfectly void.

O, thou unrelenting Past! the barriers round thy hard domain are as strong as the fetters that a farmer fasteneth upon a wayward ram! They hold all that once enter upon thy unbreathing reign, tighter than ever a steel-trap held a young skunk by the tail. There is no such thing as getting anything loose from thy over-fond and affectionate grasp. I'll make thee a proposal: if thou wilt restore to me certain purses filled with the golden coin of true happiness that I have dropped upon the world's sidewalks in the darkness of ignorance, foolishness and folly, thou canst keep all else of which thou hast robbed me, and go to Beelzebub with the booty. I have no doubt but all of you, my fellow sufferers, will say the same in regard to yourselves.

My dear friends: what is past is the same as the fish that slipped through the net—gone beyond the hope of recovery. Therefore, let us seize upon the present—waylay every wealth-burdened hour that passes—rob it of all its riches—strip it to the skin—and let it pass on in a state of nudity to join company with those 'beyond the flood.' We live only for the Present; and if we don't make up our minds to enjoy it, depend upon it we shall never find enjoyment, even if we were to live through half a dozen eternities. To spurn present joys and pleasures, and perform the part

of spiders in weaving webs to catch the flies of the Future, is silly and foolish. Adverse winds may blow, and storms may arise, that may sweep your fancy net-works away ere they are half completed, and leave the broken threads of hope dangling in the murky atmosphere of doubt and uncertainty.

My respected friends: there are many among you who, to be self-satisfied, ought to have been born a hundred years ago, and others a hundred years hence. They appear to have been cast upon earth at a wrong period and in a wrong place, like a duck's egg dropped by the margin of some muddy pool. They find no food suited to their taste upon the sumptuous table spread before them. They had rather either go back and pick the bones of the Past, or stick their fingers into the unprepared dishes of the Future, than partake of the rich bounty that the Present provides. Such folks are born both before and after their time; and they have no business here at this exact period. However, the fault is not theirs; and it is not my province to cast blame upon their parents. We should all, my friends, bestow little thought upon what has been or what is to be, but make the best of what is; and joy, peace and contentment shall be ours to the end. So mote it be!

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#### HOW TO ACT IN CASE OF WAR.

TEXT.—Strike the Tunjo; blow the Hugag;  
 Let the loud Hogannah sound!  
 Sing toorel loorel, loorel loo,  
 Unto the God of War!

MY HEARERS: While many of my half-brothers (preachers of the gospel) are disputing with one another as to whether God has any agency in War—whether he encourages, tolerates, or discounts it—or whether it avail anything to pray to Him for help in battle, or it be proper to return Him thanks for a bloody victory obtained—we will just consider that He has left us to fight it out, according to our numbers, strength, pluck, position, and advantages. In fact, it must be so; else, by equally powerful praying on both sides, His assistance might be made to amount to no-



ing at all. However, I won't meddle with matters without the  
le of my province, and about which I know no more than a  
ckass does of astronomy.

—But concerning war, my friends, the best way is to keep out  
it just as long as you possibly can, with a good grace. Sub-  
it to a good deal rather than fight. If your enemy smite you  
on one cheek, let him smite it till that gets sore, and then turn  
the other. If he be not satisfied with that, but goes to hitting in  
the eyes and smashing smellers, then it is your duty to protect  
each valuable personal property from serious damage, even at the  
expense of your own lives. Consequently, in such a case, you  
must fall to, and spare not. You must make such a decided de-  
monstration upon him as will satisfy him, for all time to come,  
that the way of the aggressor, as well as that of the transgressor,  
is indeed a hard one. Yes, my friends, when you are pushed in-  
to a fight, you must put it through with a spirit and perseverance  
commensurate with the cause and worthy of the deed. Show to  
the world that you are smarter than you look to be, as the boy  
said of the pepper-pod. Let Pity go to pot—send Mercy on a mis-  
sion to the Cannibal Islands—keep the setting bird of Love away  
from her nest till her eggs get cold—let Philanthropy go a-fishing  
—and bid frightened Humanity take care of herself, till she hears  
the victorious game-cock clap his callow wings and crow.

My friends and fellow countrymen: awake, arise! for the Phi-  
lippines are already upon you! Strike the tunjo! blow the hu-  
g!—whistle the fife, and chastise the drum! Your lives, your  
lives and your liberties are in danger! Now, while your glori-  
ous lamp of liberty is sputtering with the impotent spit of the foe,  
the time for you to girdle on your armor—march to the battle-  
field—then vindicate the national honor, suck the sweets of re-  
venge, settle all difficulties, and return home so covered with glory.  
The common eyes won't be able to behold you without the assist-  
ance of smoked glass. You are spiralized into a war, and you  
must go through it like a dose of castor oil—the quicker the bet-  
ter. If you back out, flinch, or falter, I shall set you down as  
cillanimous wretches, with about half a thimbleful of patriot-  
ism, and no courage to sustain what little you have; and the soon-  
er you leave my congregation the better I shall like it. The bar-  
barous Mexicans, my brethren, have come down from the moun-

tains, and not only dared to pollute the fair valley of freedom with their vile tread—beneath whose poisonous footsteps the young plants of liberty are sure to wither and die—but they have spilled American blood upon American soil!—that ever-blest soil, consecrated to the right kind of religion, refinement, cotton, literature, party politics, pumpkins, sweet potatoes and cabbages! You must get up and at 'em; strike not only for your own homes, wives and babies, but for the halls of Montezuma! In those halls, my loved friends, are splendors unimagined and unimaginable; and the multitudes of mines that surround them, are riches untold and untellable! Push on the war, now you are into it. These Mexican savages must be whipped into civilization; and if I were necessarily exempt by law, I would be one to assist in the pleasant task. They have no business to be brutes—no right to the blessings of barbarism whatever. They are reptiles in the path of Progressive Democracy—who, with his big boots, is bound to travel unhindered from Portland to Patagonia—and they must either crawl or be crushed. On, freemen, on! fight for glory and the spreadings of liberty! Yon uncultured wild must soon be converted into an incipient Eden; but the soil must be well saturated with human gore, ere the flowers of freedom can be made to bloom. Commence the carnage at once—let the sulphurous lightning flash, the deafening thunders roar—shower the bullets like hail in August—clash the steel—thrust the bayonet—down with the standing—tread upon the fallen—wink at the wailings of the wounded, and mock at the moans of the dying. Go it with a rush and fury, till the battle is over and the victory gained. Then, how sweetly will fall the gentle dew of Peace upon the fevered brow of War! It will be like a mild and grateful sunshine after long days of gloom and darkness, or the bright smile of Aurora while preparing her toilet in the gay chamber of the east. Thus I trust, you will convert your swords into pruning hooks—break your spears into ploughshares—turn your muskets into crowbars—and learn the art of war no more.

War, my friends, is considered a necessary evil; but it is an evil, I am sorry to say, in which mankind is apt to take too great a delight. For my part, I 'holler on' Peace, Friendship, and Love. These are my sentiments; and to them will I cling, with all the tenacity of a 'possum to a persimmon, till death loose



y hold, and the tide that washed me upon the shore of being takes me back to the great ocean of unknownity. So mote be!

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#### THE MAN AND THE GENTLEMAN.

TEXT.— A man's a man for a' that.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: In travelling about upon this dirty terraqueous ball, you come in contact with a great variety of individuals belonging to the human race: some white in skin, but black in heart, others black in skin, but white in heart; and others all the way through of a color, like a firkin of June butter. Now, the question is, how do you judge of the moral worth, goodness and nobleness of your fellow man? Is it by his duds or by his deeds? When you make your obeisance, do you bow to the dry goods on his back or to the animated mass of sin and sycophancy beneath them? I know that, in too many instances, you pay your respects to the former, while the dirt of depravity may be found under his dickey, and his heart is covered with a thick coat of corruption—while, at the same time, you would scorn to grasp the hand that has grown hard in honest toil, especially if the homely habiliments of humility were hung upon the corporeal frame. This is wrong, my friends. It shows a spirit of weakness, foolishness and vanity on your parts, contemptible in the sight of our Maker, and ridiculous in the eyes of all good and intelligent people. I tell you a man is a man—whether his coat comports with the cleanliness of his character, or his vest with the value of his virtues—just as much as a potato is a potato, whether it be washed white and clean or covered with the dust of its native soil. For my part, I had rather associate with the person whose good and noble qualities are partially obliterated by a shabby exterior, than with him whose rotten reputation is patched up with broadcloth and buckram.

My dear friends: there was a time when a gentleman and a man were synonymous terms; but that period is past, for ever. The moral material that then composed the one was embodied in the other; but nowadays there is as much difference between them as

there is between bone and ivory. A MAN is now made up, as always was, of honesty, frankness, purity and plainness of apparel; but a GENTLEMAN is a compound of vanity, deceit, hypocrisy, gold, silver, shimplasters and brass. The truth is, my friends, Time has taken into his capacious maw our whole lump of primeval virtue, which has soured upon his stomach; and he now vomits vice over the land, to soil the footsteps of the innocent and would-be virtuous; and he that has bedaubed himself immediately assumes the air, the attitude and the attire of a gentleman, in order that he may walk into respectable society, unsuspected of the moral filth that would otherwise cause his fame, if not his feet, to stink worse than a pot of bears' grease savored with the essence of pole-cat.

My dear hearers: the difference that exists between men of the present day is not so great as that between men and monkeys, but a long chalk. I consider that man to be a gentleman who has in his heart the true principles of honor and integrity—I don't care whether or not he be shod, shaven, shorn, or shirted; and I consider that gentleman to be a MAN, whose interior recommendations correspond with the niceness of his outside arrangements. But virtue, vice, conceit, corruption, integrity, and confirmed rascality have, of late, become so confounded together, under the garb of pretended piety and a whole pair of breeches, that it is difficult to determine the man from the monster. Ancient Esau, the favorite of his blind father, was a hairy man; yet his cunning and jealous brother contrived, by dressing himself in 'coon skins, to pass for Esau in the presence of the unsuspecting old gentleman; but, let me tell you, my friends, that if a scoundrel thinks a good suit of clothes and a false collar of religion are going to pass him safely within the walls of salvation, he will find himself as much deceived as the philosopher who undertook to amalgamate moonshine with metaphysics.

My hearers: when I see man braving the bitter blasts of poverty with christian-like fortitude, and without a murmur—who had rather pick his precarious food from among the thorns of penury, and subject himself to the contumely of the proud, than dishonestly trespass upon the fields of wealth and plenty—I say that man's a man for all of that; and when I see an individual rolling in affluence, revelling in the sweets of luxury, and, at the same time,



bbing the widow of her mite, and snatching the bread from the mouths of poor orphans—I say that gentleman's no gentleman, anyhow you can fix it. The world, dear friends, is growing corrupt and more corrupt, as each revolving year rolls round. Vice and venality are progressing with the march of intellect and refinement; and you might as well undertake to extinguish the fires of endless torment with a schoolboy's squirt-gun as to prevent their ravages. Everybody is a gentleman who has money at his control—everybody is a man who will allow himself to be robbed and everybody is a loafer whose coat has been worn threadbare by industry. But, my hearers, act well your parts, as Mr. Pope says, for there all the honor lies; and, though the world should grant it you, you will still have the gratification of knowing that you hold a mortgage upon the good-will and respect of your fellow men. So mote it be!

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#### BEWARE OF THE DEVIL.

TR.—To rid this fair world of its surplus of evil,  
We've nothing to do but to wage war with the devil.

HEARERS: Ever since the devil gained the mastery over our parents in Paradise, he has been extending his power and enlarging his dominions at a most fearfully-rapid rate. He thinks, that he has the whole world at command; but anything approaching to unanimity on our part would soon convince him that he is but an annoyance—a contemptible mischief-maker, at the best. A doer of mischief he most assuredly is—worse than a weed in a corn-field. He not only pulls up the young blades of good intent, but sows in their places the seeds of animosity, envy, jealousy, and revenge, from which he annually reaps as rich a harvest as a farmer ever gathered from a patch of ground adjoining a barn-yard. It is not only saddening, but absolutely alarming to see how the tares that he has sown in the fields of morality are springing up and choking the green grain of goodness—he delights in seeing the rank, poisonous weeds of vice overwhelm the tender flowers of virtue, that never can flourish unless constantly warmed with the rays of righteousness—and how,

around old and sin-rotten trunks he causes to twine the evergreen vines of hypocrisy. Ah! my friends, the devil is among us, going forward, like an October frost, to injure and to destroy. He is going it with the looseness of an antediluvian relax, and, as Deacon Bobolincoln would say, we mustn't allow him to come the Japan flummux over us much longer.

My dear hearers: I can compare the devil to one of these black snakes with white rings round their necks, called the Chasers. If you exhibit symptoms of cowardice, and endeavor to flee from him he is sure to be after you with the speed of spurred lightning; but if you wheel about and evince a determined disposition for battle he turns tail and retreats with the same velocity that he advanced. I don't know exactly what to make of the devil. He seems to be possessed of considerable talent, shrewdness and genius, and any quantity of power. How he originally obtained, and still retains this power, is as much a mystery to me as are the means by which oysters propagate their species. He either acts in direct defiance of the Almighty himself, or else is allowed by the same Omnipotent to tempt, tease and torment us through life—either of which suppositions, I must say, confounds and perplexes my philosophy. I suppose, however, that Providence permits him to test our courage, bravery and virtue; while, at the same time, we have weapons placed in our hands to protect us from his desperate attack—that we are placed here to fight with Satan for our souls' salvation; and that, if we gain the victory, we shall be crowned with wreaths of glory that never fade, but grow brighter and brighter even to the December of eternity.

My dear friends: the devil is carrying his operations most to far. It is necessary that he should be checked in his course, not stopped altogether: therefore, I want you all, my dear friends to come forward and assist me in doing him damage. Just trail in my company—obey my commands—and march with me to the battle-field—and if we don't make the old chap swallow a dose of anti-hygeian, you may convert my pulpit into a pig-pen. Behold the mischief he is making everywhere in the land! He puts the heads of political parties together, as you would a couple of cats and then pulls their tails till they fight, scratch, pull hair and spit at each other as though they were anything but homogeneous and could claim no more consanguinity than a blood beet and



flock. He is continually punching, with a sharp stick, the professors of our holy religion; and severing those silken cords of love and good-will that should bind them fast and for ever. He says them sect against sect—causes them to wrangle and dispute, and even quarrel about that Book of all books, which tells us to love one another, and do good to those who maul us with the mallets of malice. All the while they are engaged in these pious controversies, the angels of heaven hide their heads in shame, and the ancient Arch Enemy stands aside and dangles the end of his tail between his thumb and four fingers, as a gentleman plays lop-lolly with his watch-chain.

My dear hearers: the Evil One is playing his own particular game among the young men and women. He tells the young man to go ahead in his seductive career, and never mind the expense of cash and character; and the young woman to yield to his arts, and confide in his promises; but, when the deed is done, he abandons both her and every idea of reformation; and she is left to throw herself into a horse-pond or upon the town, as she may best think proper. I perceive, too, that some of my pious flock are occasionally going astray under the influence of an evil spirit. Every now and then an old ram leaps the barriers of virtue, and strays in forbidden pastures; and not unfrequently an ewe is found to deviate from the paths of respectability. These things ought not to be. The only way for us to do is to wage a negative war with the devil; that is, pay no attention whatever to his flatterers, coaxes and promises; but travel steadily on in the ways of wisdom, purity and righteousness—and all the honor, the glory and the praise will be ours in the end. So mote it be!

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#### ON SIMILITUDES.

TEXT.—Now, this and that are quite unlike,  
And yet they much resemble.

MY HEARERS: However unlike things may seem, there is always a resemblance to be found, if you look closely, and consider considerably. Whatever you find in the ocean has its like upon the land. The whale is like the elephant; the sea lion is like the

king of the beasts, or the monarch of the woods; the porcupine fish is an aquatic hedgehog; the eel is as much like a snake as Nature ventured to make it; the porpoise is like a hog; the flying fish enjoys a betwixtiveness, in regard to piscatorial and ornithological distinction; and of the sturgeon I will say, as my friend Shakspeare said, but turning the stocking inside out, 'Oh fish, fish! how art thou fleshified!'

My worthy hearers: the ladies (the last and the loveliest of God's works) are like angels. Though their visits are 'few and far between,' yet the influence they exercise over us is as mysterious as magnetism—as mild as a moonbeam—as saving as salt petre—and as powerful as a steam engine. It is true, they want wings; but if fashion so dictate, they are never found lacking for feathers. They are like angels, because they visit us men in our dreams, sweetening our slumbers, shedding a soothing and grateful influence upon our imprisoned senses, and making us all believe that 'the kingdom of heaven is at hand,' when, just as likely as not, an army of bedbugs are preparing to attack us in front and rear. Angels don't put paint upon their faces, nor wear bustles, to the best of my knowledge; and yet women are like them, especially so long as Virtue finds convenient quarters in their hearts. But, unfortunately, some of them become fallen angels—transformed into she-devils in disguise; and of all the devils that walk the world, they are about the very worst to encounter. Women, too, are like electrical machines: you can't take hold of 'em when they are full charged (with love or madness) without experiencing a very PECULIAR sensation; and I wouldn't warrant you against receiving an unexpectedly severe shock. Some of them are like the flowers of the field; because 'they toil not, neither do they spin'—and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

My friends: when I consider your internal or sub-carnal properties—your mental mines—your gems of thought—your realms of reason—your possessions in the province of philosophy—when I count over the jewels in the casket of intellect—I liken you unto beings belonging to a better and purer world; but when I see how you permit the basest passions to predominate—how you abuse the best gifts of God—how grossly you indulge your animal appetite—and how you delight to wallow in the mire of sensuality—



compare you to hogs, whose pleasures are poured from the swill-l. Now, some of you are like jackasses—obstinate, dull, and stupid: some, like tigers—fierce and ferocious; some, like foxes—crafty and cunning; some, like lions—bold and majestic; some, like monkeys—ridiculously endeavoring to imitate others; some, like grasshoppers—go by jumps; some, like peacocks—proud of their appearance; and some are like alligators—which are neither beasts, birds, nor fishes. Of the she-sex, I had better say little, or nothing. Suffice it to say, then, that a woman upon a washing-day—with half a dozen young ones at her heels, and goes clucking about as though an unexpected army of troubles had invaded her kitchen—puts me in mind of an old hen, with an interesting brood of chickens, bristling at shadows, and making an unnecessary fuss about nothing. Many of our city young ladies, whom I see strutting along the sidewalks as if the stones were too hot for their feet—and in white attire—remind me of a lot of fantailed pigeons. I lately saw promenading the walks of a garden at Blooming-  
ton. The more gaily apparelled are like birds of paradise; but, taken them as a whole, they are like the vast family of butterflies, exhibiting every variety of hue and color—from a brownish brown to a butternut brindle.

My friends: there are thousands of things that seem wholly unlike, and yet, in many respects, are strikingly alike. If you'll take the pains to observe and compare, you'll see that my remarks rest upon the immutable rock of Truth. What further I now have to say is, that you are all like weathercocks, inasmuch as you are bound to face every breeze of flattery, and to be turned by every popular wind that blows; but I hope and trust that, when you shuffle off this mortal coil, you will become more steady, content and comfortable. So mote it be!

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#### THE SINFULNESS OF THE WORLD.

TEXT.—In Adam's fall  
We sinned all.

DEAR HEARERS: When Adam 'put his foot in it,' he stirred up a stench that will continue to stink in the nostrils of heaven to

the very end of duration. He polluted the whole moral atmosphere of the world; and, what is more melancholy still, the rank effluvia grows stronger and stronger as time rolls on. By the fall of this one man, down went the whole triangle of pins upon the alley of creation!—from himself, at the point, to the last generation at the base: it was a perfect ten-strike. When he fell, 'what a fall was there, my countrymen!' White-winged Virtue came fluttering down, like a wounded pigeon, to be trodden upon, and kicked about, by the feet of the vile—Innocence rolled out of its cradle upon a bed of briers—Charity pulled up her petticoats and waded through mud and mire, to get beyond the sighs of the suffering—Truth, in trying to run, tumbled over a lawyer's argument and became a cripple for ever—pots of piety were upset—the casement of mercy sprung a leak, and lost two-thirds of its contents—rock of retribution rolled down from the mountains of wrath, and came near frightening Hope to death while quietly picking strawberries in the pastures of peace. O, my friends! that was an awful catastrophe! but, thank heaven, there is no chance for such another fall!

My dear friends: perhaps you don't know how much you have been injured by the apostacy of your primal progenitors?—how different you are from what you would have been, had they kept as straight as poplars? The swift-whirling wheels of time have ever since, thrown up increased and increasing quantities of sinful mud. From generation to generation, the road becomes muddier and muddier; and it sometimes makes me grin to think what pretty-looking birds mankind will be when they arrive at the last generation!—Bad enough now, in all conscience.—They must look, inwardly, as a hen looks, outwardly, when rescued from drowning in a swill-barrel. But you, my friends—how does your moral toggery appear in the eyes of righteousness? Why, you are enough to make a crying hyena throw up his breakfast with laughter. Your hat of holiness wants a crown, a new brim, a considerable brushing, to be decent for a barbarian: a shocking bad hat—very! Your fine linen of virtue is covered with tobacco juice, beer slobberings, and the splatterings of disgusting bauchery. The coat of your character looks passably well at a distance, but closer to, it is found to be greasy about the collar and out at the elbows, and threadbare, even to the stitches of vanity.



Your breeches of benevolence are pocketless, thin, and short at both ends. Your boots of faith are down at the heel, gaping at the toes, and cracking for the want of gospel grease: and, with all this loaferish, outlandish, sin-bedaubed, poverty-gnawed, hell-singed attire, you sport a flashy vest of pride as though you were sufficiently well arrayed throughout to attend a wedding in heaven! Perhaps I bear too hard upon you—but I can't help it, as the cart-wheel said to the pig.

My dear, sin-saddled brethren: you all have to suffer amazingly in consequence of the downfall of primitive virtue and innocence. Because Adam sinned, you do enough of the same to dam up the stream of salvation, and keep the devil's grist-mill a-going to eternity. By his fall, the seeds of perennial sin became sown in your hearts, to produce in some sixty, some seventy, and in some one hundred fold—according to the richness of the soil and the carelessness of the possessor—for this kind of vegetable always thrives best in the deep shade of negligence. Now, friends, this seed is planted in your bosoms, and you can't get it out, any more than you can pull a woodchuck out of a stone wall by the tail—it's decidedly **THERE!**—but I'll tell you what you **CAN** do: watch vigilantly till the first young shoot appears, and then snap it off. Don't wait till it gets to be a tree; for then you may lack the resolution to fell it. So, in like manner, look after all the seeds of iniquity that grow about the heart as thick as pusley in a bean-patch. Then will the plants of virtue, love and truth have chance to thrive, drawing nourishment from a rich and gracious soil, and flourishing in the sunshine of divine favor.

Yes, my friends, you must have your coats off, and keep digging—quit the poisonous lowlands of vice, and move your residences up hill, a little nearer to God. There breathe a purer atmosphere—partake of pleasures that never cloy—look down with contempt upon Beelzebub and all his minions, and rejoice in the knowledge that, although the whole world is nearly prostrate with sin-sickness, you manage to keep braced up by such tonics as were prescribed of old by the Physician of all physicians. So note it be!

## ON PERSEVERANCE.

**TEXT.**—Never give it up! it is wiser and better  
 Always to hope than once to despair;  
 Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,  
 And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.

Never give it up! or the burden may sink you—  
 Providence kindly has mingled the cup;  
 And, in all trials or troubles, bethink you,  
 The watchword of life must be, never give it up!

**MY HEARERS:** You have, in my text, about the same advice as was given to Mr. Brown, when he urged himself never to give it up so. You recollect the words:

‘My foot slipp’d and I fell down,  
 ’Twill never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown!’

And, my friends, I most cheerfully recommend Mr. Brown as an example for you. I know that, in many of your undertakings, your feet slip, and down you go; but, instead of jumping up and trying it again, on the don't-give-it-up principle, there you lie, grunting like a hog in the gutter; but you finally mope off, covered with the dust of despondency, almost fully determined never to make another effort as long as you live. But, I repeat. ‘it will never do to give it up so.’ Pick yourselves up and make another push—make folks think you travel at a good pace, even though you get ahead no faster than a jackass on a tread-wheel. Just continue to hope that you will effect much by your exertions, and you will accomplish SOMETHING, at least; but give way to despair, and you are dead and done up. It is surprising how brilliantly a single ray of hope can illuminate the dark dungeon of despair!—the light of by-gone days never shone half so bright upon the back side of Memory. If you are bent upon giving up, and being kicked about by care, no moral suasion of mine can coax you to alter your condition; but you act foolishly, nevertheless—and more foolishly still, when you run, upon the road of wretchedness, to meet griefs and sorrows which you desire to avoid! You put me in mind of OTHER cattle when their stable is on fire.

My hearers: as far as performances are concerned, it depends altogether upon what you undertake whether it were advisable to give it up or not. If you think, with my friend Hotspur, that i



were an easy leap to pluck bright honor from the greasy-faced moon, you had better make one jump and then give it up. I say, make one jump, because you will then probably jump farther than you ever did before; and that will be ONE extra deed performed. If you think to reach heaven by getting upon my shoulders, give it up, for you can't do it; and, besides, I have enough sin upon my shoulders already. If you think to make a tin whistle out of a dried apple, or a lady out of a feminine hog, give up the idea at once; for, depend upon it, it is 'no go.' If you dispute with a woman, you might as well give it up first as last, and a little better; for she is sure to get the best of it in the end. Her tongue is much longer than your wind, and while you are pausing to consider how you shall convince her that you are right, she will so worry you with words that you are willing to acknowledge you are wrong. Woman! we don't half sufficiently concede to her! She, being the last of God's blessed works, is, no doubt, a patent improvement upon the original man—therefore, why should he put himself over her on any occasion? There is no sense nor reason in it, as the boy said when he was told that a pumpkin was a living animal.

My respected friends: amid all your trials, troubles, hopes and fears, your general watchword through life should be, NEVER GIVE IT UP! Fix your mark at a reasonable distance ahead: then take fourteen additional drops of energy, an aperient of industry—just enough to work you steadily along—with hope sufficient to stimulate the ambition, and you will walk up to the chalk with all the ease and grace of a horse to the watering-trough. But aspire to something laudable: don't seek the empty plaudits of the vulgar and vicious, but strive to merit the approbation of the wise and virtuous. Neither let Fancy fish too much in the future gilded waters of fame. They look calm and beautiful at a distance, but in reality they are as turbulent as old Ocean in his wrath; and there is no peace for the poor mortal whose bark is once lashed upon its billows. What is fame?—an empty nothing; and yet, to obtain it, men write, preach, go to war and kill, and waste, I don't know how much lamp oil and candle grease at midnight. Ay, they ruin their healths and destroy their peace and happiness, just to have, when they are dead and gone, as my lamented friend Byron would say, 'a name, a picture, and

worse bust !' Don't you seek for fame alone, my friends ; but for honor, prosperity and happiness, go your lengths, to the tune 'It will never do to give it up so.' So mote it be!

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THE MORTALITY OF THINGS EARTHLY.

TEXT.—Cling not to earth ; there's nothing there,  
 However loved, however fair,  
 But on its features still must wear  
 The impress of mortality.

MY DEAR HEARERS: You may cling to earth as a babe does to its mother's breast, but not as a mother clings to her babe. As the globular mass you inhabit whirls you round at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, it is well enough to hold on with a tenacious grip, lest you fly off at a tangent into the unfathomed ocean of eternity. Stick to it as long as you can ; and when you find poor feeble nature relaxing her hold, then put on the everlasting life-preserver of faith, and prepare for the grand splash !

My dear friends: I advise you not to cling to earth through a fondness for it and the things therein ; for the day must come, as sure as Christmas, when you must leave it and them—and the less sticky are your affections, the less pain and trouble there will be in tearing them from the world at last. As my text says, there is nothing in the earth, however loved or however fair, but must bear the impress of mortality. Yes, old Mortality is about, marking, with invisible ink, his mournful initial upon everything here below. I don't know but his name is written among the stars of heaven. Decay, too, with her aquafortis mould and mildew, is ever busily employed, preparing foul dainties for the palate of Death. The young and the beautiful—what are they but delicate morsels of mortality?—a mere lunch for the grim monster, who devoureth millions at a meal—the old and tough, as well as the young and tender—and keeps his mouth a-watering for more! Don't set your hearts too much upon the world ; for everything is as perishing as a political promise. Don't cling to it for the sake of its pleasures ; for most of them are as poisonous as the other end of a hornet : nor for its joys—for, as soon as fledged.



they take wings and fly: nor for love—for, though it be a deliciously-sweet liquor at first, there is no knowing how soon it may turn sour; and, when once acidulated in the least, hard cider is money to it: nor for friendship—because it hath an autumn, when the dead leaves fall at our feet as we pursue our lone pathways to the grave, and give a mournful rustle behind us when stirred by the wandering winds of memory. Nor cling to it for the sake of one another—for you are not worthy of being trusted among yourselves: simple-minded Confidence soon falls a sacrifice to treacherous Scandal, while pot-bellied Mammon is permitted to straddle over every moral and social obligation to grab at a penny. But how long are you loving ones to remain together, sucking reciprocally the bitter sweets of false friendship? To-day, you stand in a heap in the hollow of the Almighty's hand—to-morrow, a single breath is blown, and you are scattered like the contents of a feather-bed in a whirlwind.

My dear friends: what is there in this evanescent, probationary world worth clinging to, and hugging to death, except Virtue incarcerated in a pretty piece of flesh?—imprisoned in a beautiful carnal penitentiary? Nothing. The brightest flowers seem to fade and wither by the very warmth of your admiration—the glorious summer landscape is soon seared by autumnal frosts, while earth's variegated carpet looks as if some tippling god had been quaffing beer and squirting tobacco juice upon its glowing beauties; when the sweet notes of the singing birds are heard for a season, then they give place to the owl's solemn hoot, the shrill shriek of the eagle, the piercing scream of the panther, and the wolf's horrid howl. Old Time, as he trudges on, tangles up some of the flimsiest grass of expectation, just as you get your scythes sharpened to mow it, and is continually trampling under foot the tenderest of plants and the loveliest of posies. He cares no more where he puts his bug-smashers than an elephant among ants. He makes worse havoc in the heart's little vineyard than a hog in a saucy garden.—A ruthless, careless old codger is that Time.

My worthy hearers: since there is nothing worth clinging to, with the tightness of an oyster-shell to a sea-rock, in this ocean-swept existence, you should endeavor—like my departed friend Emanuel Swedenborg—to inhabit two worlds at once; while your feet are upon earth, stick your heads through the skies, and hang

on to the hair of heaven. There is something up there worthy of being sought for, and sticking to, like wax to a cobbler's end. And, in the meantime, my friends, you may hold on to the skin of Hope—not that fickle, earth-born damsel, who leads you only to the gate of happiness, and leaves you to work at the bolt in sorrow and despair—but Hope, who sojourns upon earth while her home is in heaven—who is your comfort and solace through life—who will not leave you at the grave, but will accompany your spirits when they shed their shells and wing their way to a glorious immortality. So mote it be!

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TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

**TEXT.**—Hark! the death-note of the year  
Sounded by the castle clock!

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To-night the church-tower bells will ring  
Through these wide realms a festive peal,  
To the new year a welcoming.

**MY DEAR HEARERS:** The head of the old year hath grown as gray as a woodchuck; nay, it is as white as a gander with the snows of heaven and of age. Our venerable and respected friend '53, Esq., is about to kick the bucket of a hasty consumption, produced by a sudden cold and exposure to the inclemency of the weather. No, I mistake—he is to be executed by the hand of Time; not for any particular crime, but according to the manner in which all years have been served since chaos first conglomerated into globules. Precisely at the hour of midnight, on Saturday next, his death-knell will be sounded by the church, castle and house clocks, and he will be no more for ever. His cold corpse will be consigned to the dark tomb of the Past, whence there is no resurrection, and into which no living mortal can enter. The angel of Memory alone rolls away the stones from the sepulchres of departed Years, while faithful History perpetuates their fame by writing down all that is worth knowing about them—and sometimes a good deal more. Now, my friends, is the time for sober and solemn reflection. The death of the year is something of more importance than that of a dog or a cat—it affects you all. By it



nise, you should be reminded that Time has given you another  
ch towards the dreaded tumbling-off place; and that a few more  
oves will bring you to the edge of that awful precipice, which  
fearfully frowns upon the vast ocean of eternity! And when  
t have once fallen off, there is no such thing as climbing up  
in. If you have taken the precaution to put on the life-pre-  
ver of pious faith, you may swim to the Isle of Heaven in safe-  
-if not, you will go down, down, down, to —— the Omnipot-  
only knows where. Think now, my friends, how swiftly  
seasons roll away! Hold solemn communion with the thought  
these constant revolutions are winding up, link by link, the  
t chain of years that connects man with his mortal destiny!  
old man, already bending beneath his wearisome load of  
escore years and ten, cannot but be reminded that he can turn  
but a few more blotted pages in the book of life ere he must  
e at that most unsatisfactory-looking word 'FINIS.' Look  
, one and all, among the wrecks and ruins of the old year,  
see what you find there: golden opportunities lost for ever—  
ous moments squandered—broken fragments of friendship and  
—Hope's once-blooming garden overgrown with weeds—and  
e a summer's growth of withered grass upon the new-made  
s of our kindred. Ah!

Since the last solemn reign of this day of Reflection,  
What crowds have resigned life's ephemeral breath?  
How many have shed their last tear of dejection,  
And closed the dim eye in the darkness of death?  
How many have sudden their pilgrimage ended,  
Beneath the sad pall that now covers their bier,  
Or to Death's lonesome valley have gently descended,  
And found their last bed—with the Grave of the Year?

w, too, survey the half-buried track of your past lives, and  
vor to correct all errors that experience and a reproving con-  
e pronounce to be such. Balance up all social, moral and  
ess obligations—rub out, with the rag of forgetfulness, all  
standing scores of animosity—and arrive at the immutable  
ision of becoming better, wiser and humbler as each revol-  
ar rolls round.

friends: now let us right-about-face, and look futureward.  
ld year is fast going, and it will soon be gone—so we'll let  
, and cheerily welcome the new one. A few days more,

and the infant 1854 will be born, amid the ringing of bells (sleigh bells, perhaps), and the shouts, hallooings and huzzas of a merry multitude, and anon you will go from house to house, proclaiming the glad tidings, and baptizing the babe in spiced rum, wine, hot whiskey, brandy, lemonade, and coffee. Many of you will be wisely merry—some a little foolish—and not a few of you won't know whether it is this year or the next. This is overdoing the matter entirely: however, if you will only make up your minds, and stick to the resolution, to keep perfectly sober and temperate till the return of another Anno Domini, you may get so oblivious, for aught I care, as not to be able to distinguish the first of January from a Methodist meeting-house. But the medium, my friends, is always the best. Make your calls with heart as merry as the occasion inspires—wish every one (the ladies in particular) a 'Happy New Year, and many joyous returns—and go to roost at night without a feather of propriety rumpled or displaced. I want you, my friends, to look upon the year that is about to dawn as one of good omen. Don't let the ghosts and apparitions of evil frighten Hope out of her senses; but imagine you see nothing but bright, beautiful and sunny spots, and cheerful prospects, between this and a twelvemonth to come. Look not back and lament for what is past and gone; but let the enthusiasms of the future beckon you forward. Take off your coats, roll up your sleeves—apply the grease of perseverance to your elbows—take a fresh swig at the bottle of ambition—and push ahead like an opposition steamboat. Then you will be as happy and prosperous as the years are long. So mote it be!

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#### WHAT LOVE IS LIKE.

TEXT.—Like a vulture, like a dove,  
Like a thousand things, is LOVE.

MY HEARERS: Love, as truly says my text, may be likened to a thousand things—things consistent, things contrariant, things anomalous, things paradoxical, and things plausible; but I shall mention only a few, besides the vulture and dove, to which this tender (yet terribly tough) passion may be likened. Love, the



like the devil; because it torments us, and hath a warm place its home. It is like the consumption; because it wastes away flesh, alternately pales and reddens the cheek, and sets doctors defiance. It is like heaven; because it wraps the soul in a blanket of bliss, and makes a fellow feel as though forever ought the lengthened and eternity widened, to give it scope for the extension of its joys. It is like salt; because it gives a relish to cold porridge of poverty. It is like pepper; because it is stinging to the inwards, and sometimes brings tears to the eyes. It is like sugar; because it is sweet, and dealt out by spoonfuls at the tea-table. It is like wine; because it makes us happy and senseless enough to physic a cast-iron phoenix. It is like a ship; because it rides upon both calm and troubled seas, and takes us to the wished-for port. It is like a jack-o'-lantern; because it leads one into a bog, and the more a body struggles to get out, deeper he is in the mire. It is like the bite of a mad dog, or the kiss of a pretty woman: because they both make a man run.

My dear hearers: love, among other things, is like a rose tree; because it hath both thorns and blossoms. The blossoms are fragrant and beautiful, but the thorns are sharp and piercing. It lasts for a short season, and then is lovely no more. Soon the green leaves of friendship turn yellow and fall: and there stands an unsightly tree of love, as barren of beauty as a flying-fish is of feathers! It is like the small-pox; because those who have been afflicted with it are not liable to have it again, except in a milder form. It is like the measles; because it is severer in adults than with children. It is like the rain; because it falls 'upon the just and the unjust.' It is like death; because it is no respecter of persons. Like a shadow; because it follows close to its object. Like a tick upon a sheep; because it cannot be shaken off. Like a wife; because there is no getting rid of it. Like a goose; because it is silly. Like a rabbit; because there is nothing like it. Like a monkey; because it makes mischief. In short, love is like a ghost; because it is like everything and like nothing—often talked about, but never seen, touched, or understood.

My dear hearers: Love, by some writer of old, has been mentioned as a strange compeer of war; for while war is slaying

thousands with its swords, love is committing murder upon many with its cruel darts. The former sheds blood enough in the course of a century to deluge a small township, and the latter causes tears to flow, in the same space of time, sufficient to keep a saw-mill in operation for a month of Sundays. The tears shed by repentance, compared with the quantity spilt by love, are about as a gentle fall of dew to a rain tempest in August. But, my dear friends, there is a species of love that acts as oil upon the troubled waters—that lulls raging passion to rest—that smooths down the porcupine quills of envy, jealousy, and revenge—that causes the gory battle-field to bloom with the unfading flowers of universal friendship—that glows like a beautiful rainbow upon the departing elements of strife—that comes like a white-winged angel from heaven, proclaiming peace and ‘good will to men,’ and kissing its hand to the women, God bless them! This is the kind of love that I want to see more extensively propagated. Let all the world be illuminated with its glorious effulgence, and Sorrow will have to look somewhere else to deposit her gloom. Love one another, my friends: love everybody—white, black, brown, yellow, and all—and the garden of humanity, now so overgrown with brambles and the vilest of weeds, will soon be transformed into paradise depicting the beauties of eternal Eden above. So may it be!

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#### WOMAN'S WILFULNESS.

**TEXT.**—For women, you know, seldom fail  
To make the stoutest man turn tail,  
And bravely scorn to turn their backs  
Upon the desp’ratest attacks.

**MY HEARERS:** I believe there is more pepper, more pearlash, more saltpetre, more tartar, more aquafortis, more grit, more spunk and more pluck in woman nature than in any other nature extant. All these, however, lie dormant in a thin sack, woven of modesty, diffidence, coyness and gentleness. Once shake them up, and you may look out for a blaze, accompanied by a peculiar kind of thunder. Woman flesh is thought by some to be a confection, a co-



position of sugar and molasses, or some other saccharine matter. Grant that it be all sweetness; yet I would have you know that when the acid of anger, insult or ill-nature comes in contact with it, such an effervescence occurs as one never saw exemplified in ginger pop, seidlitz powders or soda water. Being naturally warm—but one degree below the steaming point—a mere faggot will cause her to boil over, and make all around her stand at a respectful distance, while her own toes, perchance, receive a slight scalding.

My dear friends: women, when put out of tune, are like summer storms. At first they are cloudy—make no noise, but their thinking machines are busy in motion. Then comes the thunder—ripping, tearing thunder! and the lightning that flashes from their eyes is enough to appal the stoutest of hearts. You fall back in wonderment, if not perfectly amazed. Unwilling to retreat further, and not having the chance nor the courage to slip in a pitiful ‘boo!’ you stand and take it like a hitched horse in a hail storm. When the wrath and sulphur of the feminine are nearly expended, you pluck up courage, and are down upon her with argument, reasoning and reprimand: but is all this going to make her turn tail?—not a bit of it—not so much as the wiggle of a weathercock. Having wasted her thunder and lightning, she begins to rain: she knows what effect that will have. With impetuous showers she quenches the furious fire that burns in your osoms, and adds a freshness to every bud and blossom of feeling. When you begin to give in—she begins to clear off—her sky grows righter—she goes to the expense of a smile—the sun of beauty shines abroad—her whole horizon, landscape, and ladyscape, look charming, gay and serene; and you can’t help giving her a buss, and acknowledging beat.

So you see, my buck brethren, that the women are bound to get the better of us. If they can’t do it in one way, they will in another. In them you behold the wild-cat, the lamb, and the dove. If they can accomplish nothing by letting loose their untamed ferine propensities, they give the juvenile sheep a trial; and if that fail, they rely upon the loving pigeon. With one of the three, they seldom, or never, fail to effect their purpose. But I give them all credit for shifting and making shifts. They are called the weaker sex; but with what propriety it is hard for me to ima-

gine. They are the worst kind to wrestle with—either by word, or at a close hug; and I know many of them sufficiently strong to lift a barrel of cider, and drink out of the bung-hole. They can draw like truck horses. They draw us to the church: draw us to the theatre: draw us to the ball room: draw us from our business: draw us into trouble: and, sometimes, draw us to ——— the devil.

My dear friends: woman rules the world, after all; and there is no use in raising a rebellion about the matter. If we did but more implicitly obey her mandates, we should be better off than we are. If we allow ourselves to be guided by her precepts, and consent to follow her example, we shall have but little to fear, and few sins to answer for. She has truth, right and justice upon her side; and if I, MYSELF, were in her place, I'd see several in a scorching predicament before I'd turn tail upon them. God has given her beauty to subdue the strong; pride, to make man her slave; vanity, to render herself pleasing and agreeable; and a tongue for a weapon of self-defence; but, in exchange, He has given us men FLATTERY, which, if properly used, is effective far beyond ordinary expectation. O, that flattery!—how it does smooth down the bristles upon the back of female vexation! What wonders it works in a woman!—how it humbles her haughtiness!—how it melts the icicles that sometimes hang about her heart!—how it sweetens her soul!—how it takes the stiffness out of her whole system, and makes her lop like a tallowed rag! Therefore, my friends, never oppose a woman, nor decry her doings. If she be in the right, encourage her to go ahead: if in the wrong, let her have her own way, and she will come into the path of rectitude much quicker than you can drive her there. Observe the ways of women, my fellow friends—don't pull too hard upon the tender ties that bind you to them, and you will slip smoothly through life into a happy eternity. So mote it be!

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#### THE UNIVERSAL ENEMY.

TEXT.—Wer't not for Time, we'd still be young.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: It is astonishing with what railroad velocity we perform the seemingly short and yet literally long journey of



e. Seventy years, when divided into days and hours, shows us once that it is a considerable while for man to travel upon this rough, rocky and thorn-covered terrestrial ball; but, when tired, weary, and almost worn out with age, we look back and survey the distance over which we have footed it, it seems but a short and easy step at the longest. It is Time that pushes us on so rapidly. If he were out of the way, we should never grow old, but remain young, and abide for ever upon earth. Were we warrant-time-proof, and made up of never-decaying materials, we should consequently be for ever free from the thousand and one petty complexities that rub off the varnish from joy, and knock so many joys out of the great wheel of life. We should then have no use for clocks, watches, and other time-pieces, for our days would be registered in the same book with those of our Creator—our years reckoned with His, and His with ours. The sands in our glasses could run to all eternity without the necessity of inverting them; and the stream of existence would flow on, or rather repose, like a silvery lake, in brightness, beauty and peace. Centuries might even be counted as sands upon the sea-shore, passing away as sands are washed off with the tide and buried in the oblivious wave. But we are perishing mortals, and ought not to entertain desire to exist here always; for our souls' garments must rapidly grow worse and worse, like a shirt washed with potash and water, till finally they are not worth the trouble and expense of mending.

My respected friends: it grieves me to think how ruthlessly Time tears away the green chaplets that bind the brows of youth. To-day a boy is born into the world, and to-morrow, as it were, he is borne to the silent tomb, a withered, wrinkled, and dried-up old man. O, would that Time might allow boyhood to last for ever! During its delightful season, the thorn-tree is covered with livery blossoms—the brier-bush bends with its burden of berries—daisies and dandelions overtop the young venomous nettles—and the brambles bloom with beauty. Every departing shower leaves a rainbow upon its bosom, and the streaks of sunshine that intervene in youth's cloudiest days are wider than those of age by a great number of feet, at the best calculation. To the child, all things are observed by the gauzy veil of delusion. The morning mists that sleep upon the mountain seem as though the spider

spirits of heaven had there woven their webs to entangle the sylphs on their journey to the flowery vale below. The rusty hours that roll heavily by the aged flit by the careless and young, scoured as bright as the brass kettle of a neat and tidy housewife. Sorrow never hovers long over the happy bowers of youth. She only drops an occasional feather from her raven pinions, and that is soon wafted away in the dead sea of forgetfulness. Ills hasten by the young in a hurry, and disappear for ever, like the shadows of the wind-driven clouds of April that scud o'er the landscape, and appear no more.

My friends: it is all fair enough, no doubt, that Time should rob us of our youthful enjoyments. I never found fault with the ways of the Omnipotent; and yet I cannot help but mourn for the ravages committed in the gay garden of childhood, the green fields of maturity, and in the autumn-seared fields of age. It touches the tender spot when I think how soon a young, beautiful and bewitching creature of the feminine gender (the last and the loveliest of the Almighty's works) is disrobed of her charms, and left as unattractive as a rose-bush in December. But I will not complain, since such must inevitably be the case with all us mortals. As my old and esteemed friend Shakspeare says in Cymbeline, so say I:

Golden lads and girls all must,  
Like chimney sweepers, come to dust.

So mote it be!

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#### ON MEANNESS.

**TEXT.**—He cheats himself, his neighbors too,  
And, when from earth he passes,  
Satan, to see his little soul,  
Will have to put on glasses.

**MY DEAR HEARERS:** Carefulness, vigilance, prudence and economy are commendable qualities; but mercenary meanness and miserly avarice are almost too loathsome and detestable to be meddled with by any decent moral physician, like myself, for instance. A germ of meanness, if it be not nipped at its first budding, will



on so overshadow and stunt every ennobling principle of the art, that neither guano, fertilizing powders, nor all the manure morality in creation, will be able to make them flourish again. man's soul, my friends, has an expandability and a stretchitiveness about it equal to india rubber. When high, heaven-born, noble and generous thoughts are infused into it, it swells like a balloon, and rises into a purer and more ethereal element—far, far above the clouds and storms of debasing passion. In fact, it can't come down if it would, any more than an inflated blow-fish can descend to wallow in its native mud. It scorns every dishonest trade, and spurns every low and niggardly practice. Pregnant with a generous and philanthropic pride, sooner than take advantage of the weak, the defenceless and the fallen, you might expect the American eagle to prey upon the putrid carcase of Mexico, or descend to pick out the eyes of a prostrate nation. But when the human soul has long been exposed to the scorching rays of avarice, it becomes shrivelled up to fried shoe-strings—nay, to the ignominious atomy that concatenates with NOTHING. It becomes so insignificantly minute that ten millions like it would rattle in a pea-shell.

My friends: too many of you (city folks especially) are over-ruined to meanness. I know some who are so vastly little—if I may be allowed the term—that, when they are brushed from earth into the devil's dust-pan, the old chap will have to put on double-magnifying spectacles, and poke for a long while, among the rubrics of mortality, before he can find them. There's old neighbor Hatfist, in some respects a worthy member of my congregation; yet, I regret to say, he is mean enough to chase a fat mosquito through a five-mile swamp for the sake of his suet. To his credit, however, he once made a sacrifice for the good cause by giving an unfortunate-looking penny in the box, and going supinely to bed. And there's neighbor Grab, too: if he had the power, and could enrich himself thereby, he would brush the silver stars from the firmament, snatch the golden sun from the sky, and sell the moon for old brass. If a sixpence were required at the gate of heaven, rather than pay the fee, I verily believe, he would rise from his resting-place at midnight, and pick the lock with a tenpenny nail. O, you mean and pitiful pilgarlics! You think that, by cheating others, you enrich yourselves; but you

cheat yourselves in proportion as you cheat others. You cheat yourselves out of that contentedness and mental repose which the free-hearted, generous and philanthropic enjoy, and which is worth more to a mortal than mountains of gold. By hoarding up every shilling you can get, you increase the burning thirst and intolerable itching for more; and where this incessant restlessness prevails, happiness won't roost, any more than birds will roost upon the nodding branches of the tree-top. The beautiful flowers of sentiment will fade in your cold bosoms—your tender feelings become like the parings of finger-nails—philanthropy loses all its sweet liquor—your sympathies seem to be made of sole leather—you never feel the power and the poetry of love—you are perfect strangers to rational enjoyment. In short, your lives lead through a dark tunnel, at the farther end of which you appear to see nothing else than a sixpence glittering in the sun, and are for ever shaking with the Jerusalem fidgets to get at it. If this be happiness, I have heretofore confounded the animal with some other creature that had hair on it.

My worthy hearers: 'Keep what you have got, and get what you can,' is a very bad precept. If everybody were to act upon this principle, a precious little indeed could be got. He that has much would keep it always, without benefit to himself or to any one else; and he that had nothing would be in a fair way to justify his hold his own for ever. No, no—the seed must be sown before it can be made to produce sixty, or an hundred fold: but you must be careful and not sow it upon barren ground, or you will have the mortification of gathering nothing but thistles at the best. For every three-pence, put one in your pocket, dispose of another for the good of the body, and give the other to God, through the hands of the poor and needy; and heaven will smile upon, fortune favour you, men speak well of you—and finally go up to your long home as happy as a woodchuck to his winter burrow. Be saving, but not parsimonious. I want you to enjoy the good things of this world in a moderate and rational manner, as becomes a being with a belly and wisdom. Partake thankfully and cheerfully of the good gifts of Providence with which you are surrounded, and not like 'Patience on a monument, smelling at beef.' Open your mouths, your hearts, your hands and your pockets—sow and reap—give and receive—help one another: and the reward will follow.



—but not in the manner that it followeth the thief. And, we all, foster and encourage a spirit of love—not that passionate love which springs up in a night, like the mushroom, and lasts as suddenly; but that gentle, heavenly, amaranthine love, which not only flourishes in smiles but blooms as fresh in tears. Note it be!

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ON SELFISHNESS.

**TEXT.**—Of all my father's family,  
I love myself the best;  
So Providence provides for me,  
The Devil take the rest.

**HEARERS:** If you look through the whole animal kingdom (including mankind in the lot), you will find that self-love is a natural and prevailing principle. Unerring nature has intended that should be so, in order that every carnal house may be well looked after and protected against the obtrusions and assaults of others. A wolf, devouring a morsel of meat, doesn't stop to inquire whether the one of his own species who approaches and asks to 'go on,' be his own brother or a five-hundredth cousin; but he gnaws his teeth incontinently, as much as to say 'Old chap, if you smell of this, it will be because you can smell at a good distance off.' Just so it is with man: he will instinctively hold on to what he has got, in spite of friend, foe and relation; and yet, he thought he could make a hooter by it in the end—pennies, the praise, or anything else—he would wrap up his shoes in his best shirt, and send them to the Sandwich Islands—or to some remote place on the outskirts of creation, where the inhabitants need articles just about as much as an alligator needs an umbrella and a pair of overshoes.

**My hearers:** the weaker say to the stronger, as the chickens say to the jackass: 'Let us be careful not to tread upon each other,' and the latter reply, as did the donkey, 'Let every one take care of himself.' And so you do, or at least you endeavor to, take care of your individual selves, in preference to looking after the welfare of others. So long as you can get a good sop of the

gravy in the Providential pan, you don't care how many are obliged to nibble their dry crusts in the darkest corner of poverty where the busy spider Fancy weaves her web, and catches nothing but the gnats and flies of care. You may TALK as much as you please about 'suffering humanity,' and blow off volumes of vaporous and smoky sympathy for the poor and destitute; but a noble benevolent and philanthropic ACT is registered in heaven, while a world of words is taken no more notice of than the pious or profane pratings of a poll-parrot. Your envious and grudging dispositions prevent you from being contented with what you possess—so much so, that if you can't rise to an equality with those above you, you want to pull them down to a level with yourselves. I have seen two little boys, each perfectly satisfied with his amount of bread and molasses, till, by measuring the length and breadth with a straw, one was ascertained to possess a greater degree of latitude and longitude than the other. Of course, then, the young Henry was to pay—and no compromise, except at the mother's mouth. You are just as selfish, my brethren, as little children. In fact, you are but children, as has been said, of a ranker grow—wearing larger breeches, and a greater circumference of petticoats.

My dear hearers: you love your own selves—i. e., your frail bodies—with an enthusiasm that amounts almost to a mania. You will see your own stomachs staid, and your passions gratified, even though some broken-winged angel should be treading at your feet, in a state of semi-starvation. You go upon the principle that 'after me is manners;' and, when you have made fat your paunches, and filled your pockets, you MAY, possibly, be sent forward, unsolicited, and assist in removing some of the thorns and thistles that prick the feet of the poor pilgrim as he pines along the path of poverty and woe; but I doubt most deliberately, No, you love yourselves too well to allow your thoughts to wander abroad in search of a neighbor's sufferings. You happen to be poor, and a pitiful mendicant comes to your door to-day and begs assistance to the amount of a penny, in the name of God and humanity; you say to him, 'My dear fellow sufferer! I am nearly as bad off as yourself: I can scarcely get bread for my family, but, had I the wherewithal to make you happy, you should be dancing down the green lane of life, like a calf just let loose.'



ng. Years roll on, and you become wealthy—laden, ay, ac-  
 y bound down, with riches. Another beggar puts his foot  
 on your threshold, and petitions for the slightest relief. What  
 ou say then to him? Why, 'Go along, annoyance—I have  
 got anything for you!' So you turn upon heel, shut the door  
 s face, and depart muttering to yourself: 'When I was poor,  
 I nothing to give, save that which is of no use, to beggars—  
 ank of soup and sympathy; now I have money, it keeps me  
 isery to take care of it!' O, monstrous brother man, what a  
 critical piece of inconsistency thou art! I am almost ashamed  
 confess that I belong to the human tribe. Warrant me an  
 nity from the muzzle, and safety from the legally-constituted  
 e destroyers, and I'll have a tail manufactured to-morrow,  
 ass for a decent and well-behaved dog!

My dear friends: you are selfish only in one respect: you love  
 which is the least worth loving—the mere dross, such as your  
 ming, worthless bodies—filthy lucre and empty fame; while  
 at is pure and refined, you neglect and disregard. With re-  
 to virtue, morality, piety, and true religion, you are great in  
 nt, but monstrously deficient in practice. Here, you seem to  
 others so well, that you earnestly and anxiously bid them  
 speed, while you lay back, in the rear, taking it as coolly as  
 in dog-day weather, with his hindermost submerged in the

But my preaching can't change your natures; so I'll leave  
 ivine grace, the conventional rules of society, and the ad-  
 ration of public affairs in general, to make you more liberal,  
 able, self-denying, and, consequently, happier, for time to  
 So mote it be!

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#### THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

**EXT.**—The road to heaven by Christ was made,  
 With heavenly truths the rails are laid,  
 From earth to heaven the line extends  
 To life eternal, where it ends.

**DEAR HEARERS:** Perhaps you think I am going to tell you  
 ou can get to heaven by steam—that all you will have to  
 en you get tired of life, will be to jump into a railroad car

and ride off to glory at the rate of ten miles a minute ; but it is not such thing. Man has wrought wonders with fire, water, wind, gas, and magnetism ; and it is hard to tell what he yet may do. I can't say that I should be much astonished to hear that we could hold correspondence with departed friends through the agency of lightning. What a grand idea !—mortals communicating with immortal mortals !—we telling them how we make matters go down here and they informing us how they are getting on up there ! It is not probable that this will ever happen ; and yet, I repeat, I should not be surprised if it were to be brought about—I wonder at nothing nowadays. There is one thing, however, my friends, that never can be effected ; and that is a railroad from here to heaven, upon which we can take passage with body, bag, and baggage. No mortal need ever expect to get there by steam in any shape ; and yet I know there are many who are foolish enough to suppose that, while they are steaming up with gin-slugs and whisky punches, they are going to heaven in a hurry, when in fact they are travelling to the other place as direct as their legs can take them—and that is not very straight, to say the best of it.

My dear hearers : the Saviour of mankind has made a spiritual railway from earth to life eternal, upon which you can all travel without money, and at a price which any one is able to pay, be he as poor as a church-mouse. The rails are laid with heavenly truths, running securely by the dangerous precipices and through the gloomy ravines of error. Religion is the car—Repentance the station where passengers are taken in—and the fare is nothing more nor less than a few tears of contrition. Come up, then, ye leg-weary sinners, and take a ride to glory ! The steam is up, and the train is ready to start. So all ye who 'have tears, prepare to shed them now,' or you will, most assuredly, be left behind. The road is level, and the journey pleasant. The Bible—God's word—is the first engineer ; and what do you want better ? If you turn yourselves to that, there is no danger of your running off the track, the boiler's bursting, nor getting upset by the rascally stones which the devil most maliciously places upon the rails. God's love is the fire, and divine truth is the steam. I have a great number of tickets for sale ; and so, all of you who think of taking a trip to everlasting happiness, come up here, and down with the dew of fear, however, that all the repentant tears I shall be able to gather



this congregation will hardly amount to a thimbleful. My dear friends: if I could only coax four or five of you into the cars of salvation, enough more would be sure to follow; for you are like leaven, in more ways than one. If I could get a few fine young fellows to enter, a lot of girls would rush in, as a matter of consequence; or, if I could scare the girls in, there would be no trouble in inducing the fellows to secure seats immediately. But, mind as the fare is to be paid with the genuine tears of repentance, counterfeit ones will pass. Hypocrites may smuggle themselves in and even ride to the gate of the blessed New Jerusalem, but they will be kicked out, and left to wander outside the walls, cold, homeless, and unbefriended—unless Beelzebub felt disposed to compromise his dignity by giving them an invitation to enter.

My dear friends: prepare for the next train—don't wait for the twelve o'clock start in the December of life; for then the days are so short, and darkness so suddenly intervenes, the cars may slip by unnoticed, and leave you to get to glory the best way you can. You poor pilgrims in a wicked and wretched sphere! get ready. The road is a safe one, and the journey is fine. It is no opposition concern, other than running opposition to the devil. It is the people's line—for the rich and the poor, the high and the low—and deserves all sorts of patronage. Pack up your duds; even now the warning steam-whistle is piercing the still air at a distance. All you want for a change are a few clean shirts of good religion; but, as there are no public houses on the way, it will be well for you to put up, per way of provisions, a quantity of the salt pork of practical piety—a few pounds of the fat of benevolence—a ham or two of honesty—the fat of faith—loaves of hope—the sweet cakes of love, and the dry biscuit of denial—a little of the lean of learning, and a plenty of the oil of wisdom—a knuckle of knowledge, and a pig's foot of patience. With all these stores, and extra valise of virtue, you can travel with perfect safety and happiness to the kingdom of the blessed. But remember, I repeat, that the fare must be paid with the drops of repentance. If you are minus these mopuses, you had better sooner think of reaching heaven by climbing a hickory pole than getting there with me, and other good saints, upon the spiritual railroad. So mote it be!

## ON PARTING WITH FRIENDS.

TEXT.—'Tis difficult to say farewell,  
And hard to part with aught we love.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: There is no word in the English language so difficult to pronounce—when we have serious, solemn and earnest occasion to use it—as 'FAREWELL.' It sticks like a fish-bone in the throat; or, rather, it remains dead in the bosom, and makes one feel as though something needed digesting about the region of the heart. The parting pull that severs the cord of companionship is, at all times, painful; but when we are compelled to bid long, and perhaps a final, adieu to fond and faithful friends, the soreness of the separation is about equal to that of ejecting an oyster from that shell-built castle of his, to which he is so remarkably attached. Those who have associated together from youth to maturity become mentally incorporated into one soul. The sympathies are the same—the fine threads of feeling are woven together in a fraternal loom—the vines of friendship become entangled together, and their tendrils so conjointly cling to the same object, that it were folly to suppose they can be torn asunder without stripping them of verdure, and, perchance, blighting many a beautiful blossom.

My friends: my feet have not yet been bound by the fetters of wedlock, and I am still at liberty to wander at will, without having my affections brought to a focus upon any particular object, and, therefore, I cannot wholly appreciate the feelings of a husband and father towards the partner of his bosom and an endearing offspring; but I can readily suppose that for him to be torn from their presence is the same as swallowing a large dose of the essential oil of agony. The pain of parting must far exceed the pleasures he experienced in the honeymoon of Hymen. His little ones may grow up, like weeds by the wayside, neglected and uncultured, for the want of that paternal care so necessary to the right guidance of youth, while his better half sits weeping in sackcloth and ashes. The matrix of matrimony forms a mould in which two souls are amalgamated, and they never can be separated without serious injury to one or both. As my old friend Young says, the discontented man and wife united jar, and still they are loth to part. They had rather stick together and put



with constant bickerings, than to part—notwithstanding a separation might be effected with as little pain as a young frog parting with his tail.

My respected friends: we part with old associates, old habits, old customs, and even an old pair of boots, as reluctantly as does a schoolboy with an old and favorite jack-knife. The inebriate, who has summoned the resolution to reform, parts with his bottle though it required a most extravagant outlay of moral strength to break the iron chain of friendship that binds it to his heart. The miser, knowing that money is the chief cause of all his misery, hates to part with a single cent; and, to probe his purse, makes him leap like a live lobster in a boiling pot. The earth dresses in mourning when the sun departs at night—Autumn looks pale and melancholy for the absence of Summer, and Winter weeps frozen tears upon its barren grave.

My dear friends: when the soul bids farewell to the body, then comes the severest of struggling. Because why?—man, being made up of dirt, doubt and distrust, entertains fears for the spirit when it has left its earthly home for parts unknown to mortals. He knows that the material portion perishes like a plant; but he knows not, for a certainty, that the immaterial can exist for ever without a carnal habitation—a medium of flesh, through which to convey its sensations of pleasure or of pain, and, therefore, he is filled with fear at the dreadful crisis. If the body, with its boots, breeches and beard all on, could be allowed to accompany the soul in its search for a hereafter, man would as soon die as go to dinner—especially after he had tired himself in travelling over the rough and rocky road of an unlucky existence. It is a fondness for the flesh which makes the soul feel as sore as a kicked shin, at parting. We all love our corporeal conglomeration so well that the mere thought of its dissolving into dust, on account of the absence of the spirit, makes one crawl all over, like a nest of caterpillars. We don't much relish the idea of taking a kind of spiritual NOTHING into another world, and at the same time leave an organized SOMETHING to rot in this.

But, my friends, there is no necessity for being loth to leave a dingy, troublesome, wearying and wicked world like this. Corruption covers its whole surface and its sides. You can't turn around in it without getting bedaubed with sin at every circumgy-

ration. The tree of friendship is covered with false blossoms : the leaves of love are only green in the spring and summer of life ; honesty finds no home except among those who are willing to be kept poor in providing for it : virtue is a picked goose—deprived of its feathers and fed on the cold slops of conventional admiration ; while vice, with stolen cloak and borrowed plumes, is courted, flattered, and favored by all. Our fears are too apt to be well founded, and our hopes, for the most part, turn out to be miserable humbugs. The Past is an ocean in whose deep bosom are buried millions of valuable gems—but they are only an aggravation since they can never be obtained ; the Present is a rusty treasure containing a few coppers and any quantity of cares ; and the Future is as deceiving as a painted and patched-up old maid.

My friends : you needn't be afraid to part with a dirty world like this, for you may suck the candy of this consolation—you cannot possibly go to a worse one, and you may stand a chance of finding a better. I have no doubt that when you come to take a sail from time to eternity, you will meet with some green island in the ocean of immortality, where parting is never known, and where the word 'farewell' is entirely obsolete. So mote it be!

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#### ON MINDING YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

**TEXT.**— I meddle with no man's business but my own ;  
 I rise in a morning early, study moderately,  
 Eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly,  
 Take my innocent pleasures freely,  
 So meet with respect, and am not the jest of the family.

MY DEAR HEARERS : THESE words are none of my own arrangement but THOSE which my friend Otway put into the mouth of a good chaplain, whom he manufactured out of pen, ink and paper, assisted by sweat and lamp-smoke. They might answer for me, at a pinch, for they come pretty near tallying with my general course of conduct—always excepting the general fly-offs and moral unhitches incident to poor, shackly mortality. But it is no matter whether they were intended for a chaplain, you or me, they are as such as any one might well be proud of. 'I meddle with no man's business but my own.' How few there are among us who can



put their hands upon their hearts and say this in solemn sincerity! Most miserable few! If the majority don't meddle with other folks' business directly, they do it indirectly. If you don't handle your neighbor's tools, give advice to his servants, dig ditches in his meadow, nor plough where he has planted, you still are too apt to poke the prying nose of curiosity ('coon-like) into his private business affairs. You want to examine and analyze whatever fills his horn of plenty—see whether his pies of pleasure contain more apple or spice than yours—ascertain how he became possessed of his own, and what his prospects are of increasing his store.—Then (puppy-like) you lick his face with the tongue of friendship and flattery, while (bulldog-like) the teeth of hatred and envy are hard to be concealed; and afterwards (serpent-like) you sting him with the poisonous fangs of slander. I know there are some who ENDEAVOR to mind their own business; and they are always rewarded according to the strength of their exertions; but it runs against the grain of human nature for a man to absolve himself ENTIRELY from all interference in the affairs of others. Because why?—he is in a degree dependent upon him for money, food, and the common comforts of life, and, therefore, he must watch him as a cat watcheth a mouse. If, like a snipe, he sucks a sustenance from mud-holes, there would be no occasion for him to suck from his fellow mortal. But, my friends, try as hard as you can to mind your own business and let others' alone—for I have read of a person making twenty thousand dollars by doing the same thing, 'and nothing else'—as we say in the Bowery.

My dear hearers: 'I rise in a morning early.' O, there seems to be health and happiness in the very sound of the sentence! Are you up with the lark? No—I am afraid you are rather UP TO A LARK'—or have been, all the night previous. How do you feel, then, when the blest beams of morning are making the world joyous and merry? You feel inward spurs—the spurs of conscience, shame, anguish, and remorse; and if these are not regular LARK-SPURS, then all puns and prickings are pointless. Be up and stirring as soon as the blushing morn begins to put the stars to flight as well as the mosquitoes; enjoy its freshness while it lasts; but in a moment, as it were, it is borne down the stream of day, and overwhelmed with dazzling light, and then devoured by darkness. All I have to say upon the subject is this: if you miss the

mornings, you miss some sweet bites at the sweetest ends of the little articles that serve to make up a life-time, called DAYS. 'Study moderately.' It is all folly to worry and tense the brain in trying to find out how the milk gets into the cocoanut—how it comes and goes—how the world could have been made out of nothing—how deep eternity is—how a snake can run so fast without legs—and for what purpose the great Hydrargos was made. If you study anxiously to pry into matters incomprehensible, you will ere long begin to find melancholy murdering your mind, and worms eating in your bosoms, which can never be got rid of: not even by swallowing a half-starved crow.

My worthy hearers: 'Eat and drink cheerfully,' i. e., never gormandize till you are as dull as an old hatchet, nor drink within fifteen degrees of stupidity. You are always safe if you never feel otherwise than cheerful after eating or drinking; but beware lest the cup doth so cheer thee as to induce thee to make a d—d (darn'd) fool of thyself! Live soberly and righteously, and God will go with you wherever you have a mind to travel, on hazard. Take your innocent pleasures freely. No harm concomitate, provided they be INNOCENT. They are good for the body, good for the soul, and good for the social condition of the world. So act, so comport, and you will meet with respect, and escape being the jest of the great family of mankind. So mote be!

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#### ON DECEPTION.

TEXT.—How comely, smooth and beautiful,  
And yet how monstrous rough!

MY HEARERS: I'm stuck to begin with. When I want ideas, they never come—they are off, playing truant in some sleepy hollow but when I have no occasion for them, they are about, thicker than flies round a meat shop. How do I look up here, titillating my scalp with a dexter digit, and saying nothing but talking? I look flat, smooth, silly, comely, beautiful or sheepish? I don't know now I look, but I feel as flat as a bursted bladder. Not a single idea about the premises!—all stepped out, and a dreamy



ance surrounds the throne of reason. Never mind—I can talk to you without the aid of ideas; for, when I extend my oral orifice away from the dinner table, words of all sorts and sizes roll out like potatoes from the hind end of a wagon. Therefore, my dear hearers, take you as a body, as I now behold you, with your clean shoes, shirts and faces, new coats, frocks, bonnets and brushed-up appearance, you appear as smooth as satin and as pure as eighteen-carat fine christianity. You look beautiful as a silent and listen-assembly; but I am afraid that all your polish is merely put on for the occasion. As soon as you go forth again into the world you will become tarnished by its greasy fingers; and your sins, being shaken up, will soak through and stain your exteriors much that you can't look comely, to me, nor in the sight of any other good christian. However fair an outward appearance you may now present, let me tell you, you are inwardly as rough as the back of a hedgehog, and as foul as Zebedee's hen, that laid the rotten eggs to a good one. It would take a vast quantity of white putty to fill up the cracks made by the warpings of sin in the wainscots and casements of your souls' apartments; and not until this is done, will it be of any more use to apply a coat of white paint than it would be to stop up a rat-hole with an apple-pling.

My friends: there are some who present monstrous rough surfaces, and yet, like lobsters and oysters, they are a great deal better than they look to be. Their hands are hard, but their hearts are soft; their skins are rough, but their sympathies are smooth; their manners are coarse, but their morals are fine; their clothes may be the worse for wear, but their souls are whole;—and these are they for whom the gates to the kingdom of happiness are open, while the graceful, fair-featured and costly-clad workers of industry are commanded to stand back; for, though rich and good-looking, they 'can't come in.' They think because they are so, that they can slip in, like an eel through the fingers of the deacon, but they may depend upon it, that unless they quit frequenting the old fellow's favorite fishing places, and refrain from biting his baits, he will by-and-by get such a grab upon them behind the gills, that all their twisting and squirming will be of no more use than trying to crawl through a skunk's hole into paradise renewed.

My dear friends: the whole world, with everything in it, will be found as rough as the pavements in a portion of the Bowe upon a minute inspection. Distance and deception appear smooth down its asperities, and 'lend enchantment to the view. LEND is the word—we only get the loan of the enchantment as we approach the objects of our admiration. Then they are divested of nearly all their ideal charms. We see them, if not in a degraded state, in their mere petticoats of pride and beauty, and wonder how we could have been so deceived by distance. The far distant ocean looks as calm and serene as the blue sky above, and yet it hath its billows and breakers. The future, that wears such soft, fine and delicate fur upon its back, is as coarse and shaggy as a spaniel when metamorphosed into the present. This is the reason, my friends, why you don't care about petting the present, but take such a fancy to the future. To-morrow is a pretty bird, with beautiful plumage, that sings the sweetest of songs in sylvan shades; but when turned into To-day, like the bobolink in autumn, it puts on old rusty gray coat and ceases to sing. How smooth looks life's path before us, and yet how rough we find it, and how hard the travelling! The young see nothing but pleasantness around, and smoothness ahead. Alas that they should be so doomed to disappointment! There are more hills and hollows between them and the tomb than ever arrested the eye of youthful imagination. The short distance that I have travelled has already worn out more shoe-leather, damaged more joy, destroyed more hopes, spoiled more happiness, and dirtied more dickeys, than ever I anticipated at the outset. But thank God, my friend the razor-strop man would say, 'I've a few more left yet. So mote it be!

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#### ON REFORMATION.

TEXT.—Our passions gone, and Reason on her throne,  
Amazed we see the mischief we have done.

MY DEAR HEARERS: In youth's lovely spring-time, and the early part of manhood's gay summer, how reckless are we, frail and fragile mortals of earth! We 'take no thought for the morrow,' u



less it promises to appear in something like Fourth of July tog-gery; neither do we take any note of Time—not that we are afraid to trust the old boss, but because we know that he always has the solid pewter in his pocket to pull out for us as we canter along. ‘Take no thought for the morrow?’ Not we, most scripturally, in our bread-and-molasses days. Then we ‘behold the lilies of the field;’ but we don’t care the pop of a parched kernel of corn whether they spin, card wool, knit stockings, sew shirts, braid palm-leaf hats, bind shoes, or do nothing but attend to their own growing: that’s their business, not ours. We know that they are well-clothed—look lovely—smell pretty—and are no doubt happy, like our own careless selves. Further than this, we do not trouble our delicate minds, but hurrah for the fun and frolic of the hour.

At that incipient stage of life, my brethren, Thought, Reason and Philosophy are as much strangers to us as is piety to a plaster-o’-Paris christian, or patriotism to Power’s Greek Slave. Fancy is our mistress—our guide—our queen. At her beck or bid, we tear our clothes and bark our shins in climbing scraggy trees to rob some poor mother bird of those precious eggs which are far more dear to her than so many lumps of gold to a miser; and thereby deprive ourselves of many a sweet song that Nature intended to have been sung for us in after days. To perfume the swift-passing hour, we thoughtlessly pluck the bright blossoms of promise from each fruit-bearing bush; and on the morrow we mourn, with the bereaved parent shrub, to behold its arms babeless: no infant berries

‘Rocked in the cradle of the balmy breeze.’

In our headlong plunges into the inviting pool of pleasure—deceitfully gilded by an ideal sun, or silvered by an imaginary moon we often dive so deeply as to crack our brittle cocoanuts for life, or bring up mud from the bottom upon our backs, that, in spite of all our washings at the fountain of repentance in later years, leaves stains as conspicuous as vicious grease-spots upon the vestal robe of Virtue—or the traces of taffy about the hands of a young candy-sucker’s ‘mug.’

My dear friends: when you get matured—ripe—ready for use in this utilitarian world—when foolish Fancy abdicates the throne, and majestic reason walks stately in to fill her place: when youth-

ful Joy has shed its butterfly wings—when the places of giddy Gaiety and reckless Folly are occupied by sober Thought and cool Reflection—in short, when we first come to exercise our rational senses—we roll up the whites of our eyes with perfect amazement, and turn cream-colored at the mischiefs we have done—not only to innocent little birds, harmless frogs, our neighbors' peach orchards and watermelon patches, but to our promising prospects—our petted hopes—and even to our own admired selves. Then **SOMETHING** must be done soon, or soon **NOTHING** will do something; for we begin to see that every delay is dangerous (except in cases of threatened flagellation), and that, by standing still, we are hurrying swiftly on to destruction: and so we call upon Resolution to do his d—est in the way of duty, without regard to the pitiful 'plaints of Patience. And what then does Resolution do? Why, she sets Reformation to work, in his shirt-sleeves, at ten dollars a day, and sees that he earns treble the amount. But, alas! beloved brethren, there are too many sad cases where youthful indiscretion has imposed jobs upon Reformation beyond the possibility of any earthly power to accomplish. I said so when I smashed my great toe to a jelly, by kicking an obstinate stone that refused to move out of my youthful path—and stick to it still.

My dear hearers: after the wrathful wings of the tempest have swept over the vast bosom of the deep, old Ocean becomes calm once more, as if pensively pondering upon the melancholy mischiefs that have been made. So you, who have sown your wild oats, and become partially tamed by time, may look back, and mourn with amazement over the dreadful shipwreck of hopes and chances, upon Passion's wild, tempestuous sea. I am now going to talk **AT** you, individually, with considerable more mustard than meal in my mouth.

You, sir, who sit over there by the window, with your chin resting upon the ball of your thumb and the knuckle of your forefinger—you, among whose raven locks and black grisly bear whiskers, scant thirty-five years have sprinkled numerous grains of salt—I know by your pale, yellowish, pond-lilied visage, that you used to 'go it while you were young' with genuine kangaroo jerks. You were fond of cards, wine, too many women people, balls, routs, theatres, horse racing, gambling, and Old Dan Tuckerish hours for going to bed. Your care-worn brow and time-tor-



ed countenance are the tell-tales. You seem to look down, as your boot needed toe-capping; but that is not the case: you are ang to cypher up how many golden minutes you have let slip to the bottomless pit of the Past—how much they would amount to a dollar a-piece, and how much you are the loser after reckoning injury to character and outlays for repairs necessary to a aged constitution. You seem repentant. Well, amid the clouds that surround your soul, I perceive the bright beams of a firmament morn gleaming above the dark horizon of thoughts. There is hope for you yet, sir. You are in the prime of life; in the centre of a wide and fertile field; and all the implements of which the God of Nature has generously given you the loan, are in good order for use. Go ahead, human steamboat! you are not condemned, neither is your boiler yet burst. Live—do—work—to the world that, although you were a wild, hot-headed, reckless boy once, you are a MAN now; and that you seasoned yourself in your younger days for a good stick of timber in the hard-work of present society.

Now, young lady, yonder by the post!—you with roses red upon your bonnet, but none blooming upon your cheeks! Alas! Twenty-five winters have not yet cast their snows and dangerous perils upon you; still, those lips, that resemble a tenantless shell upon a barren beach—those lustreless eyes—sunken cheeks, and pulmonary cough, utter ‘Fifty,’ with a feeble whisper. I speak of thin shoes, tight lacing, the blighting ball-room, dissipation, and the ‘mouldering urn.’ Can I say ‘hope’ to you? No! you are a withered flower, whose sweetness has been dried upon the desert air—whose bright petals are fast dropping away, and whose beauty can never be renewed till Spring, everlasting, shall ‘dawn on the night of the grave.’

Now for you, old brandy-guzzler, with nose extra-jewelled, and watery eyes—your appetite began early to do mischief to your mental and physical faculties. It evidently is playing the same game still; and, probably, will continue on till, one of these days, you accidentally forget yourself for ever—and none to remember you but your particular friend in black, down below—the dark basement.

Now for the nigger, over there by the stove!—I shan’t say anything to you. You are cast in such an impenetrable shade, that I

shall not venture upon a scrutiny. Both your mental and physical epidermis is so confoundedly opaque, that my philosophical spectacles fail to pierce it. All I have to remark is, that you were a happy nigger in the beginning—happy now—and always will be—till the world turns to whit-leather.

My dear hearers: without looking back to see what mischief we accomplished in our care-for-nothing days, let's see what good we can do now. Seeing that HONESTY is at a premium—since the 'City Fathers' have disposed of so much of the article—suppose we all try to act according to the rules of strict integrity. We shall be gainers in the end by it, as was old Sol. Sloane, whose epitaph I recollect of having once had recited to me:

Beneath this stone  
Lies old Sol. Sloane,  
Who meant his neighbor no evil:  
When sounds the last trump,  
Up he shall jump,  
And scratch his —— head,  
And triumph o'er Death and the Devil!

So mote it be!

#### ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

TEXT.—Judge not from looks, though foul or fair—  
Appearances deceitful are.

MY HEARERS: If you had never seen a toad, and were to find him sitting in your path, or anywhere else, you would judge by his looks that he couldn't jump farther than a mud-turtle; but if you touched him with the toe of your boot, you would find not a little fugaciousness about his fundamental machinery. So you are deceived in regard to thousands of things, in this uncertain world and in a thousand different ways. Now, to look at me, upon my making a noise (I was about to say for NOTHING) for your benefit, you wouldn't think that I could preach any more than a man made of putty and beeswax; but I tell you what it is, my friends, I have me plenty of pulpit room, an encouraging audience, a glass of (water I mean) and a clean shirt, and if I can't skin a text,



how you the fat of it, quicker than a fish-woman can flay an eel, you can take my hat for a temporary spit-box.

My friends: behold the distant landscape!—

So quiet and so fair,  
It seems as if a paradise  
Were surely planted there.

Yes, it looks lovely in the distance. It seems a mixture of the heavenly and the sublunary—a happy commingling of the celestial with the terrestrial, where Peace has built her bowers, and calm Contentment dwells; but you go there, and you find it, after all, a rough foreground to another fine picture. And so it is with the Future, my friends—always lovely in itself, but when transuted into the Present, it is as ugly as a pretty little sucking pig grown up to an old grunting porker. To-morrow appears to you a beautiful green island in the stream of time—gilded with sunshine, and festooned with flowers; but when turned into To-day, it is no more to be compared with the to-morrow that is to come, than an old April-fool's day is equal to a fresh Fourth of July. But all to-morrows are deceitful—as deceitful as the phosphorescent marsh-lamp, which the traveller never reacheth.

My dear friends: if you are guided by appearances alone, in this half moon-lighted sphere, you are very liable to be deceived. What seems to be a smooth and solid foundation for the foot often turns out to be merely a sky-polished puddle. Look out for the hypocrites!—dressing in black doesn't make a saint. If it does, the devil is one of 'em. It is said that fine feathers make the bird. There is much truth in this: for when you see young men and women dressed beyond the mark of propriety, you may take it for granted that they are 'birds,' and nothing else. The best-looking women often make the worst wives, and worse puddings; however, I would not have you, my dear bachelors, search every nook and corner of female society for the ugliest specimen of the sex, through fear that one more prepossessing might turn out to be, as my friend Josephus says, stained basswood instead of true mahogany. I mean to say that you can't tell how good eating a fish may be by the color of the scales.

My hearers: a beer-bloated man has the appearance of having a goodly supply of flesh upon his bones—but you know he has not: so many a lean mind gets bloated with vanity and parasitical

praise, and is mistaken by the superficial as possessing the true adipose of talent. As upon the grape and cucumber vines, so there are false flowers upon the vines of friendship. Button up your pockets in the face of him whose new-made friendship exhibits an extra fine polish—for appearances ARE deceitful. Where there is a general fog, don't imagine that your neighbor is in a thicker part of it than yourself; for he can see just as far as you can—and, haply, a little farther, if his optics be keener. There is so much counterfeit in the world, we hardly know what is genuine. Vice assumes the garb of Virtue, and gets beamed about by Mr. Respectability, as though she were a beautiful creature from soul to surface, and her breath didn't smell bad—there's so much fashionable flummery about Piety that you can tell her, in church, from a heap of silk-swaddled sin—and Immorality is as much disguised as poison in a baleful blossom.

My dear friends: it is a very deceiving world we live in, and you must judge of nothing merely by the looks. The adder that stings has as harmless an appearance as the snake that has the will, but lacks the power, to injure. To tell whether a thing be hot or cold, you must feel of it—to ascertain its flavor, you must taste it—to test a man's honesty, you must try him—and to find out all about a woman, you must marry her. But put not your trust in appearances; put it not in princes; put it not anywhere upon earth; put it higher up—stick it in heaven. So mote it be!

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#### ON FLYING.

**TEXT.**—O, fly with me! by these sweet strings,  
 Swept o'er by Passion's fingers—  
 By all the rocks, and vales, and springs,  
 Where Memory lives and lingers—  
 By all the tongue can never tell—  
 By all the heart has told so well—  
 By all that has been or may be—  
 And by Love's self—O, fly with me!

**MY DEAR HEARERS:** There are various kinds of flying practised between heaven and earth. Flying into a passion is one thing; flying off the handle is another; and flying newspapers at the printing press is still another—to say nothing, at present, of no-



vigating airy space with a pair of feathery sculls. Time and money fly without wings; and so do brickbats in a street row. Woodchoppers make the chips fly; ugly-looking girls, and the blacksmith's hammer, make the sparks fly; belligerent cats make the fur fly; and boarding-house caterpillars make the butter fly. Madam Rumor flies, or rather flutters, about like a fidgetty popinjay; and News, that once paddled along upon lazy, crow-like pinions, now borrows the wings of heaven's red lightning, and darts to the uttermost ends of the earth in less than two throbs of a scared kitten's liver.

My respected friends: let us now confabulate about flying in a more literal sense—about making headway through the air, propelled by vibratory motion, supported by nothing—in pursuit of nothing in particular—and pursued by nothing that one might fear—not even a police officer. By the pulse of the times—by strong-pinioned women, new-pluming themselves for a higher perch—(though I fear that, in this, they will fall short, as I have seen hens, in endeavoring to gain a roost above their capacity to reach)—and by the perpendicularity of my mental polar needle, I feel just as confident that this state of things will yet come to pass, I am sure that lawyers will never go to heaven any other way than by degrees.

O, won't we then have a glorious time of it! Won't there be joy, jollity, and revelry, in the blue-curtained halls of the sky! Farewell, then, to every earthly care and toil: let the earth become a wilderness, yielding spontaneous food, both animal and vegetable, for happy mortals: good riddance to horses, and prosperity to wild cattle. Could friend Pope only be with us at that time, then might he well and most truly exclaim:

'ARISE, my St. John! leave all meaner things  
To low ambition, and the pride of kings!'

We shall then not only be enabled to 'read our titles clear to mansions in the skies,' but take actual possession of them. Yes, my brethren, Utopia will then no longer possess an imaginary whereabout, but occupy a defined locality; and air-castle builders, and 'speculators,' stock speculators, and others who have invested all their energies in aerial architecture, will have a chance to see for themselves 'how the work goes on,' and what dividend will probably be declared as the result of their outlays. What an interesting

spectacle it will be for those who have folded their weary pinions and are resting themselves for a while, by perambulating the soot-dusted dust, to behold the moonlight darkened by clouds of petticoats and trowsers sailing majestically above, or dancing Spanish reels and cotillions, like so many insects in the bright sunshine of a summer's day! 'High times, Billy!' methinks I hear butcher Joe exclaim; 'everybody's up now—no mock-turtle aristocracy to ride over us up here. All we have to do is to fly a little higher than such upstarts and highfliers, and let the old tobacco chaws gravitate. Can't we spree it, though, clear from California to Australia without the ghost of a shill'n atween us? G'long!'

O, my brethren, it will be a funny sight, indeed, to see an 'old coman' flapping through the air, with a gabbling brood wiggling in her wake, while the 'old man' is off upon a short exploring expedition to the highest peaks of the Himlaya Mountains: fat aldermen, wagging and waddling their weary way through a lower atmosphere—scarcely high enough to prevent their abdomens from being tickled by the tops of cedar bushes; and lovers, too—happy lovers!—billing and cooing in their felicitous flight, accompanied by chaste Diana—'queen of the silver bow'—up to where the busy gods are engaged in distilling night's balmy dews—snuffing delightful odors, at the very portal of Paradise, until the lark's merry breakfast-call, below, summons them down to the vulgar reality of beefsteak and coffee. Yes, my friends, for young folks having courting jobs on hand, that will be 'the good time come,' for a fact. Yonder little brat in button-ups, if he grows up to mow grass with a scythe and beard with a razor, may possibly be heard to address his heart's idol something after this sort:

'O, fly with me, and we will wing  
Our glad way through the sky,  
And hear the cherubs revelling  
In happy halls on high;  
The envious angels when we pass,  
Shall cease their songs, and cry 'Alas!'  
For it will break their very heart  
To see how fair and dear thou art!  
Then fly with me, my Sally dear!  
O, fly with me, your grenadier!  
And leave th' 'Old Folks at Home!'

My dear friends: when I think of this glorious time and its untold joys, I feel vastly Elijaherish. I feel as if I should go up



spite of myself: as if the hempen cords that bind me to mother Earth were too brittle to withstand the powerful jerkings of spasmodic aspiration; and yet, just as I have given a squat, preparatory to the first flap, something whispers to me 'Fly not yet!' and so I philosophically conclude to hold on a bit. Well, brethren, to be cool upon the matter, I am content to remain upon this revolving dunghill so long as Providence sees proper to allow me, without jumping higher than into an omnibus or railroad car. Even if I were impatient of soaring aloft, I am so old and shackly now that I wouldn't venture to set my corporeal bark afloat upon such a dangerous sea as the one above, freighted, as it is, with so valuable a cargo of worldly hopes and joyous anticipations. Therefore, I shall cling to mother Earth, as close as a tick in the wool; nor fall at last from some giddy height, but gently topple over, and calmly resign myself to the sweet slumbers of the tomb.

As for you, my young saplings, the time is still far distant when you will hold companionship with hawks, or compel eagles to seek refuge in brier bushes. So, content ye yourselves to grovel for a while longer upon the vulgar ground. Here, at least, you can get something like a firm foothold to push ahead 'in spite of wind or weather;' and I can't promise you this, should adverse fortune overtake you somewhere betwixt heaven and earth—millions of miles from the one, and at an alarming distance from the other. The free and firm soil is the softest, by all odds. True, you may sometimes get stuck in the mud; but a little patience, perseverance, and a good stock of cheer, will put you through as sleek as goose oil. Remember that, like bats and flying squirrels, you can never rise from the level ground; you must climb to a certain elevation before you take wing. So, commence, my ambitious youths, to work your way up while you have strength of limb, vigor of body, and activity of mind; and then, when the good flying time shall come, you will only have to spread yourselves, and pitch off from some lofty pinnacle of fame, and partake of the privileges and rights enjoyed by hawks and turkey-buzzards, and all other occupants of the air.

But hark'e, my brethren! you are not to reach another world by any such artificial means of conveyance. No,—men once undertook to get there by heaping up a vast pile of bricks and mortar; but Omnipotence confused their tongues, and scattered them in

remnants to every point of the compass, and they became mere ground-moles again. So, if you, instead of ascending the ladder of faith, hope and charity, and genuine good works, make the attempt to fly into the window of heaven, you will come down with the force of a hodful of bricks from a staging; and, when thus you fall, you will fall like Lucifer—never to rise again. So mote it be!

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ON HUMAN AND ANIMAL LIFE.

TEXT.—Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!  
 See all but man with unearned pleasure gay:  
 See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,  
 Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!  
 What youthful bride can equal her array?  
 Who can with her for easy pleasures vie?  
 From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,  
 From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,  
 Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

MY DEAR HEARERS: Man, in his life-time, experiences more extatic joy, more exquisite pleasure, and by far more real misery, than any other living object; but that calm and careless content enjoyed by the brute creation, he knows no more about than Satan does of psalm-singing. He can't be EASY over an hour at a stretch to save his soul; but must keep hitching and wriggling about, like a monkey in a menagerie. It is morally impossible for him to sit still and suck the sweets of peace and contentment through a straw, as I used to suck new cider in my boyhood; but he must dive over head and ears into a half-hogshead of pleasure, and come out feeling as satisfied, sick, sleek and slippery as though he had been taking a hip-bath in a tub of soap-grease. He must go to extremes—be either dancing with delight in the highest heaven of happiness, or grunting and groaning in the lowest hell of misery. He enjoys no medium, but goes it with a rush from extreme to extreme; and paltry are the pleasures snatched up in his everlasting oscillations. Yes, he goes it with an entire rush. He wants but five minutes to consume half an hour—a week to demolish a month—and a year to spoil the best prospects of a life-time. He



earns his pleasures, and he devours them : he entails trouble upon himself, and then curses his stars, or kicks the first dog that has the misfortune to fall in his way : he accumulates mountains of riches, but not a single gem of happiness can he find in the whole heap : the riches perchance take wings, and poverty is his companion to the grave. Here he sits himself down, and overhauls the pack of trumpery picked up during the journey through life. On one side he puts whatever joys, pleasures and blisses were contained in the bundle, and on the other, all the cares, pains, perplexities, griefs, sorrows and woes that existence has gathered. Heavens ! how he rolls his eyes in astonishment, when he compares the little, glittering parcel upon the one hand, with the vast melancholy pile that frowns upon the other ! ‘Talk about the joys of life,’ he exclaims ; ‘it is true, the few that mortals gain have a nominal value, as precious metals obtained at a vast deal of toil and trouble ; but sell the ills of existence for poudrette, at a penny a cart-load—give me the receipts—and if the whole kingdom of heaven were put up at auction, I think I should be able to purchase it.’

My worthy hearers : and pilgrims of the earth in general ! behold how all creatures, except us humans, are gay with unearned pleasure. Look at the hog !—he has his pleasures without toil or care : he takes it easy, and I don’t know but he enjoys himself as comfortably as anybody. He slanders no one, and cares nothing for what is said about him : neither envy, nor jealousy, ever disturbs his digestion—he eats his swill in peace, and sleeps soundly with a full stomach and an easy conscience ; and sometimes, too, risks about as though he had a joy in perspective beyond the privilege of rooting in a potato-patch. The toad don’t care whether he is admired for his ugliness, or traduced for his patience : he sits and winks in a thunder-storm as composedly as I smoke a pipe amid the din and battle of politics. He jumps for joy as well as flies ; and though he goes through the world with a jerk and checkered jacket, he is as happy as he is wanting in whiskers and fashionable apparel. See the butterfly—that pretty emblem of liberty and pleasure ; see how she flits from flower to flower, upon feathered pinions, with a little heart stuffed as full as a pincushion, with joy and gladness. Her innocent sports and amusements are accompanied with expense ; and unlike our two-legged butter-

fly belles, she is satisfied with her comely array, and never changes it for the sake of capricious fashion. Every beast, bird, fish, and reptile, sees more true happiness in its brief existence than we humans could get hold of, if we lived a thousand years, and have every wish gratified as it bubbled up from the ever-boiling waters of the heart. Man! the outcast of nature; man! the wretched thrall of dripping sweat and sweltry pain—of cares that eat into his peace, as rats gnaw into a cheese—of views that poison his bosom and deaden his soul—finds no rest upon earth, and sometimes can scarce find a peg upon which to hang his hopes of a hereafter. He struggles, prays, cheats, praises, duns, flatters, lies, fawns, pays visits, and swindles, to procure for himself a whole loaf of enjoyment; but he only gets a small slice, after all—and that has not enough of the butter of bliss on it to grease the nose of a cockroach. But, my friends, as we can't have heaps of happiness in this world, we must try to be content with the few crumbs that Providence lets fall from her table-cloth at our feet. Though few, they are not far between, and, though small, they are deliciously sweet. As it is, we are prevented from making hogs of ourselves; and, therefore, ought to be thankful that our pleasures are dealt out to us in small parcels, that we may always appreciate them, and have our appetites in readiness for their enjoyment. So mote it be!

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PLUVIOUS WEATHER.

TEXT.—The weathercock has rusted East,  
 The blue sky is forgotten,  
 The earth's a saturated sponge,  
 And vegetation's rotten.  
 I hate to see the 'darkest side,'  
 I hate to be complaining,  
 But, hang me, if my temper stands  
 This raining, raining, raining.

MY DEAR HEARERS: The weather, for a month or so past, has been most pluvial indeed. Selah! In sooth, ever since my particular, smooth, and straight-forward friends, the Quakers, last brought rain upon us, the clouds have been troubled with an extraordinary incontinence—they have made many and oft-repeated



attempts to hold up, but all have proved abortive, until now; whereat, I am happy to say, that we have a prospect of brighter skies and days of a more smiling countenance. Amen! Yes, my brethren, Euroclydon has long been the favored president of the dull-pinioned winds, and a surly master over the gay and gauzy-winged breezes. He has scarcely given us aught but rain, rain, rain, as if solely for promoting the pleasure of young ducks, and producing a good crop of potatoes. The summer flowers, so long accustomed to hanging their heads and weeping, seem to make laborious attempts to look up and laugh, as is their wont. The weathercock appears to have seen something vastly interesting to rivet his attention to the East, whether it be the cholera, the doings in the Celestial Empire, our Foreign Relations, or the stray ghost of Fifty-Four Forty, that he is so intently watching, is beyond the narrow limits of my comprehension. At any rate, he has been a long time THERE, and manifested a FIXED determination of purpose, that ought to serve as a pattern for politicians, hypocrites, and the veering portion of mankind in general.

My dear hearers: the blue sky has been as much forgotten as though it were only put up for a temporary purpose—the earth is completely saturated sponge, and vegetation has grown rank even to the verge of rottenness: but ‘the Lord REIGNETH; let the earth be glad, and rejoice in the FULNESS thereof.’ However happy old Terra Firma may be in the plenitude of his pluviosusness, it is impossible for a human to be anything like jovial with a wet jacket and spirits as damp as a meadow at midnight. Now, a good smart shower, in the middle of a sultry afternoon, after a dry spell—one that comes down with an earnestness of purpose, as if it really meant to do something and have it done with—one trimmed with lightning of the latest fashion, and accompanied with the long-celebrated Native American thunder—is interesting, pleasing, and refreshing. The farmer feels grateful, and thanks come bubbling up from the well-springs of his heart, as he sits smoking his pipe by the door, and watching the big rain-drops as they rush down to quench the thirst of his parching fields, and bathe the fevered brow of Nature, fast sinking into a fainting fit. It is a pretty picture for him to behold. The hens and chickens (old cock-a-boodle with the rest) scud for the barn-shed, as if careful of their lives; the ducks, on the contrary, squaddle along the swollen

gutters, enjoying a heyday of delight; the pigs look out of their pens, philosophizing upon the mysterious changes of an ever-changing world; the grass looks greener, and the flowers look fairer, humbly bending beneath the shower, as ought you to do, you stiff-necked children of pride, when visited by the storms of affliction and adversity. Anon shines out the sun in all his majesty, might and glory. The beautiful rainbow of hope and promise glows upon the back of the receding shower—the birds sing as though they couldn't help it—butterflies flit about—toads hop—worms crawl—everything looks gay, animated and cheerful; and the heart of man almost jumps into his hat for joy. This is the kind of rain that I should like to subscribe for, and have served REGULARLY, as they say of the newspaper; but your everlasting drizzle, without a middle, latter part or end, is enough to soak one's soul with melancholy, rendering it as heavy as a log that has lain in the water from time immemorial up to—54 40.

My dear friends: when I revolve the matter in my mind, I can't forbear saying, in conclusion, that there is no use in grumbling about the thing. Although the dark side has long been presented to our view, we must recollect that the bright one is sure to come round in the circumgyrative course of nature. There's no use in grumbling; you can't fret the weather into fairness, nor swear the clouds out of sight. Providence knows what is best for you all; and, if you are only willing to leave the management with Him who 'rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm,' you will come out as straight as a rat's tail in the end—reckoning from the Fourth of July for ever. So mote it be!

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#### WHY DO WE LIVE OR DIE?

**TEXT.**— We are born; we laugh; we weep;  
           We love; we droop; we die!  
 Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?  
           Why do we live or die?  
 Who knows that secret deep?  
           Alas! not I.

**MY HEARERS:** One thing is certain: we are born. Nobody ever broke into this world unless a woman had a hand in the matter,



except our first parents; and how they were made, out of the shavings and whittlings of creation, is a couple of miles beyond my comprehension. Although we have no recollection of having been born, yet the fact is evident. We are brought here, *NOLENS VOLENS*, and we must endeavor to make the best of our troublesome terrestrial situations. If man's ingress were voluntary, and could he foresee the trials and perplexities that await him, he would stand doubting a long while at the door of existence ere he summoned resolution to enter. Yes, and many a one would turn back to nonentity, with a shiver, as soon as he put his nose into the cold and uncharitable atmosphere of the world. But we are here, and we laugh at it: laugh a great deal when we are children—somewhat less as we ripen—and still less as we near the sober, melancholy twilight of the tomb. We weep—weep for ourselves when we come into the world, and others weep for us when we go out of it. We love; the amorous spark is merely alive in the bosom of childhood: it becomes a burning flame somewhere between fifteen and twenty-five; and then gradually decays, till but a few feebly-glowing embers are left upon the hearth-stone of age though I have known it to produce considerable of a conflagration about the hearts of old boys and girls of sixty and seventy. It still keeps me warm the coldest day in winter. We droop—we droop like summer vines paling and sickening in the lap of September. When the flowers of youth have faded, and the green leaves of manhood have grown yellow and sere by the blighting blasts of time, our carnal stalk presents as dull and drooping an aspect as garget at the grave of autumn. Man goes drooping to his long home, like an old rooster to a barn-shed in a thunder-storm. We die, and make room for somebody else. The mighty mass of posterity, ever crowding onward, pushes us from the platform of being; and down we tumble, like so many buffaloes over the precipice. So we go!

My friends: why do we laugh or weep? That is the question, once said Bill the Immortal. We laugh for a variety of reasons: to brush away the cobwebs that the spiders of melancholy went to weave along the alleys and avenues of the heart; to drive dull care away; and to momentarily forget sorrows, with which Memory is so prone to associate. We laugh at trifles—laughing more. What is more than a trifle commands serious at-

tention. We laugh for joy—laugh to scorn—give a hectic laugh when excited with rage, and a frozen apology for a laugh at a joke that we can't understand. In short, generally speaking, we laugh because we are tickled at something. Why do we weep? Because there is so much sin, sickness and sorrow in the world. It is enough to bring heart-juice into the optics of the angels to witness the wickedness and the wretchedness of the human race. Ask the cherubim why they 'continually do cry,' if it is not for the sins and miseries of man, or for Mr. Currier's cakes. O, it is a most lachrymary world! Notwithstanding the many joys and pleasures that lie scattered by the road-side, still we go weeping like big boobies to our graves. The poor man weeps to think he has so little; the rich man weeps for fear he shall lose what he has. The new-born infant weeps the moment it draws its first breath—the school-child weeps for the birch, worms and the belly-ache—the lover weeps for he knows not what, and the sexagenary weeps to think how fast his heart-blossoms fade and fall in the sad October of life. No age nor condition is exempt from tears. The Saviour of the christian world was often seen to weep, but never to smile. Peter wept—Alexander wept when he had reached the highest pinnacle of earthly ambition—and I saturate four or five cotton pocket handkerchiefs a week in mourning over the follies, frailties and miseries of mankind.

My dear hearers: the question naturally arises, why do we live or die? That's a mystery which no mortal can solve. Why are we put here to crawl, bustle and buzz about upon a little ball of earth, like so many insects, for a brief hour, and then are gone for ever, is utterly beyond human comprehension. Does the great Creator put us here for His amusement? Decidedly not. Is it for His benefit? It cannot be. Mystery, mystery! all is mystery! Let us not ponder upon this difficult question, but content ourselves with the idea that we are brought into being to enjoy ourselves during the little time allotted us upon earth—which we can never do by partaking of pleasures that poison, and diving into excessive indulgences. So mote it be!





## ON POLITICIANS.

**TEXT.**—Now whether Jack was Pig or Pup,  
 Sure no man ever knew, sir—  
 But we believe him part of both,  
 And little foxy, too, sir!  
 In scrambling at the public crib,  
 Jack showed himself a pig, sir—  
 And loud he'll squeal for public loaves  
 As any other pig, sir.

**POLITICIANS:** I am down on you a little. Whether you be pig or pup, is difficult to determine: you are anything, everything and nothing at times. 'Pig or pup' matters not to you, so long as you are sure of the pap. You would sacrifice soul, conscience, and everything but self-interest, for the sake of an office—and yet what does an office amount to? It amounts to your ruination in the end. It incapacitates you for every ordinary avocation—unfits your faculties for the sober and steady business transactions of life—and renders you a **LOAFER**, instead of a **WORKER**, in the world. You talk about your patriotism, your country, and your love for the 'dear people!'—why, it is your pockets that dictate what sermons you shall preach; and you are just as bound to practise them as I am to keep a gentle dog-trot after my own doc-uments. What are you, 'pig or pup?' In one sense, you are pigs, wallowing after swill: in another, you are miserable puppies—crying, cringing and fawning—and seeking the favor of any one whose consideration is worth a second-hand chew of tobacco. You can't get upon a stump, and, with an harangue to the masses, make the 'people' believe that they are a ruined community—that they don't live in a free country—that they are slaves—**politicians:** you 'go for your country, right or wrong'—so you go, but you go for your bread and butter, 'and nothing else.' I care no more for the real welfare of the country, so long as I can get a good sop from the public pan, than I care whether you go to the devil or not. I have seen so much of you and your kind, that I am heartily sick and disgusted; and will have nothing more to say to you than offer you this bit of advice: Let your hands alone, put your hand to the plough, and obtain an honest living. So mote it be!

## KEEPING THE COMMANDMENTS.

TEXT.—P r s v r y p r f c t m n ,  
V r k p th p c pts t n.

Persevere, ye perfect men,  
Ever keep the precepts ten.

MY HEARERS: You that are already perfect in grammar, goodness arithmetic, and righteousness, need not expect to be further perfected by preaching; and, therefore, I shall direct my discourse to the common mass, who are as far from perfection as a pond full of pollywogs: to those who pay no more attention to the 'precepts ten' than do renegade puppies to the requirements of the dog law.

What, then, my dear, degenerate hearers, is the first precept? Thou shalt have no other gods before me. There is no danger of some of you violating this commandment, inasmuch as you don't trouble yourselves about any God whatever; and acknowledge no devil superior to one in petticoats when she has a mind to let herself out a few extra links. The second precept is, Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down to them nor serve them. Herein you transgress like pigs in a wheat-field; for you make multitudes of graven images. Your churches, theatres and public squares give evidence of a sacred violation. Images ivory, images brazen, images marble, images wooden, images plaster, images iron, and images painted, are as abundant in the centre of civilization and christianity as idols of stone in the land of the heathens. If you don't actually bow down and worship them, you come so near it that heaven alone can make the distinction—and that without a marked difference. But you do make gods of pieces of gold and bits of silver. Yes, you put them before the great I AM himself; and, for their sakes, you put your souls in jeopardy, and turn up your noses at the offers held out in the Bible for salvation. As you know very well that you can't serve both God and Mammon, you say, Give us the mammon, and we will build up a kingdom of heaven for ourselves, and ask no odds but listen to the words of truth and soberness! You will succeed no better than did the builders of Babel, who literally labored un-



er the mistaken idea that they could get to heaven by piling up  
ricks upon the plain of Shinai.

And what, my hearers, is precept the third? It is, Thou shalt  
not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. You care as much  
about this as does a parrot for family prayer. To speak the words  
of truth and soberness, there is enough profane swearing going on  
in the community at large to curdle the milky-way in the skies.  
The most awful oaths are let loose among you, from children up  
to humans mature, and even from gray-haired mortals upon the  
brink of eternity—oaths horrid enough to give Nature the delirium  
tremens, and sufficiently powerful to set a saw-mill in operation.  
It is so natural for you to indulge in profane epithets, that if you  
lack the boldness to utter them in the most common and approved  
style, you substitute some others which mean precisely the same.  
What though, instead of saying 'I swear to God,' you say 'I de-  
clare to Goodness?' It is as much the same thing as a bobolink  
with a new coat of feathers. 'I vum' is just the same in spirit as  
'I vow,' and a 'diabolical falsehood' is perfectly synonymous  
with a 'devilish lie.' A simple yea, and a mere nay, my friends,  
are sufficient for all the ordinary purposes; but when you men  
and women confess your loves for one another, or give witness  
before a magistrate, I don't know but it is well enough to put the  
English on a little bit thicker.

The fourth precept is, Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it  
holy. You are sure to remember it: you keep your eye upon it  
in advance, like a young urchin upon a militia muster; and, for  
fear that it may not be kept holy, you are out and looking after it  
about the lots. In words of truth and soberness—although you  
go to meeting, and look as pious as a portrait of a Presbyte-  
rian—you don't, in reality, care any more about the sacredness of  
the day than a hog does for the beauty of a flower-garden.

Honor thy father and thy mother is precept the fifth. To your  
shame, I am bound to say that you generally do this; for he can-  
not be called human, who does not love and honor those who so  
carefully watched over him in his helpless infancy, and who ever  
watch his progress through life, as the angels of heaven watch  
with anxious solicitude the career of a new-made christian.

The remaining five precepts, I am sorry to say, my friends, you  
violate to a most outrageous extent. You kill—not only innocent

lambs, but your own brothers-in-blood, with a coolness that is shocking to humanity. I make no distinction between legal warfare and downright murder. You commit adultery a great deal more than the advancement of civilization or the good of posterity requires; you sometimes bear false witness against your neighbor; and, with sorrow I say it, you covet your neighbor's house and all that belongs to him—even to his ass.

But turn about, my dear hearers, and listen to the words of soberness and truth. Plant your footsteps in the path pointed out by the precepts, to which you, at present, pay so little attention and you will find it as pleasant travelling from this world to better as a mortal could wish—all circumstances considered. S mote it be!

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PLEASURE WITHOUT PAIN INSIPID.

TEXT.—Alas! by some degree of wo,  
We every bliss must gain:  
The heart can ne'er a transport know,  
That never knew a pain.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: It is singular, indeed, that we shouldn't know exactly how sweet the honey of bliss is till after we have taken swig at the sour cider of wo: and we can't always tell then—what is new and sweet, is sure to taste sweeter than it really when partaken of immediately after what is stale and sour. There is a great deal of imagination about the matter. For instance, you fancy that a buss from a cherry-cheeked, rosy-lipped young damsel is sweeter than that of a blear-eyed, saffron-skinned old maid; but can it be shown by any chemical analysis, or philosophic deduction, that there is any difference between the two kisses? No!—one kiss is just as sweet as the other—and sweeter, too, if it contain the greater quantity of the sugar of love.

My dear friends: wo and pain are deep and dark shades thrown in life's picture to give an extra burnish to bright and sunny spots of joy—apparently. I say apparently, because, in reality, the spots are no brighter with than without the shadows. A wo covered with roses wouldn't look half so pretty as a few here and there, blooming in deserts and wilds, and beautifully contrasting



with the duller and less interesting objects of earth. If, then, the force of this reasoning be admitted, how can a mortal ever be made to enjoy a terrestrial paradise—a perpetual and unchanging paradise? Yet God told Adam and Eve to be happy in the garden He had planted for them (somewhere away off east). They were so—but they didn't know that they had been happy till after they had eaten of the apple of sin—got pierced by the thorns of sin—and had taken up lodgings in a lone wilderness outside of Eden. Consequently, their happiness, while in paradise, was no happiness at all. Now the question is, did the Creator, or did He constitute our first parents so that they could appreciate joy and bliss without having a slight acquaintance, at least, with pain and misery? If He did, He don't make folks so nowadays. So man, not appreciating the happiness of heaven, because there isn't anything else there, kicked up a row and got expelled from his country; and it is a matter of no great surprise that he coolly remarked, on taking his leave, that he'd rather be a boss in hell than a boot-black in heaven. Anything for a change was all he asked for; and now see what a poor, miserable, despised devil he has become. Don't have anything to do with him, my friends—he is the meanest dog that ever skulked a corner.

My friends: making my discourse like a double-and-twisted knot, it is by some degree of woe that we gain what are called pleasures—which are nothing but air-blown bubbles, after all, bringing a little mimic world of joy for a moment, and then burst and evaporate for ever. We wander in the woods of woe, wearily search for some wild flower of delight, that fades as soon as we touch it—sweat, fret, and tear our moral trowsers in climbing to the mountain-top of Fame, whose shining summit, instead of being warmed by a warm, golden sunshine, is crowned with eternal snow and slave ourselves for the wheat of wealth, and find the harvest smutted with sorrow, and filled with the tares of care and anxiety. In the walks of love, there are thorns, thistles and briers, as well as roses—bitter almonds and aloes in our cups of pleasure—opium, tobacco-juice, pokeberries, and a worm that dieth in the gin, brandy, and port wine, that we swallow to give our spirits a boost. This is the case in the town where I was born, and I haven't the tail-feather of a doubt but it is so all the world over.

My hearers : there are two distinct species of petty troubles real and imaginary. Your only study should be how to get rid of the one, and to prevent the other. You who are tormented with tight boots are actually afflicted—so much so that you lose all patience and your temper becomes as rough as the backs of moles and hedgehogs. You go limping about—kicking inoffensive curs and giving short and offending answers to civil questions—and assume perhaps, that the world is nothing more nor less than a tight boot full of pegs inside, and causing him to sin and swear most wickedly who has been so unfortunate as to ‘put his foot in it.’ If you are touched with a slight toothache, you look as sour as vinegar, and snap like a steel-trap at every-thing that comes in contact with you. At such moments, the sweet cream of kindness is curdled and soured in your bosom—the elixir of love is turned to the bitterest gall—the fine fabric of friendship is spotted and stained with the madder of momentary animosity—and you look upon the world as a miserably fitted up concern for the comfort, convenience, and enjoyment of anything possessed of life and being. So it is in matters of love. If, in the end, your hopes are blighted by a dead refusal, you mourn with a most murderous melancholy, and become totally unfit for cheerful society.

My friends : ideal or imaginary troubles are apt to molest you more than there is any reason for. They are insects generated down in the gloomy swamps of fear; and you can escape just as well as not, by keeping the sunshiny, upland road of unconcern. They are chimeras that haunt the brain in the absence of reason and common sense; but can be as easily made to disperse by saying ‘shoo!’ as a regiment of mice in the cellar-kitchen. Should they battle at once, and you will be sure to do some damage at least, as the chap did who fought a duel with himself before a looking-glass. We know, my friends, that troubles are strewn between us and our graves as thick as grasshoppers in a cow-pen; but it is the quintessence of foolishness to multiply them by acts of incubation. He that continually broods, under his sorrowful wing, like an old hen, a lot of these lousy chickens till he becomes as thin and emaciated as a shad after spawning, might as well hang by his throat and quit the world at once; and there is no doubt he would, if he wasn’t afraid the act of jugulation would be so painful for ‘human nature to bear.’



My dear friends: you must experience more or less of pain before the heart can be sensible of a transport. Therefore, it is necessary that you should suffer a considerable some here before you can be prepared to enter upon, and rightly appreciate, the extrawelled joys of a hereafter. If you think you are taking the world too uncomfortably easy, go and butt your heads against that post—wear tight boots—put your noses to a grindstone—get upon a tread-mill—edit a newspaper—stick pins in your own cushions—or sit upon the seat that Nature has given to all, and slide down a rough plank to poverty, against the slivers. Do all this, and your joys, blisses and pleasures will shine with unwonted lustre—when you find them. Everything must be well rubbed before it can be polished: so you, my worthy brethren, need vast sight more rubbing than you get to make you reflect the joys of happiness, or even good humor. But don't look for perfect peace or pure joy among the rottenwood and rubbish of this earth. They are not to be found here: if they were, they would have been discovered by somebody, years and years ago. Look, then, among those glittering stars! There all is peace and tranquillity; and as for joy—why, we see it for ever sparkling in those witching eyes of heaven! So mote it be!

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#### THE IMPATIENCE OF MANKIND.

T.—Patience! Preach it to the winds,  
To roaring seas, or raging fires: the knaves  
That teach it laugh at you when you believe 'em.

HEARERS: Patience is a virtue in man as well as in a jackass; there are very few of my species (the GENUS HOMO, of course) possess it in any remarkable degree. I can preach it out of my mouth in five minutes, but as for preaching into one, is entirely out of the question; for there are thousands of circumstances under which it would be as impossible for a man to keep patient, as for a leaf to lie still in a whirlwind. My friend Shakspeare speaks of Patience on a monument, smiling at grief.' I should like to see her sit on a hot stove, and undertake to smile at anything. I think she would grin like a monkey with his tail jammed

in the door. My dear hearers: there are no perfect emblems of patience in the whole universe, except the sloth and the donkey. The atmosphere has no patience to endure the transitions of heat and cold; and so it sighs in the breeze, moans in the storm, bellows in the tempest—gets up its ebenezer, and goes raving mad in the tornado. The heavens exhibit discontent in low, muttering thunders; and when Earth gets the wind-colic, or inflammation of the bowels, she makes pretty considerable of a fuss about it. The Ocean can't 'lie still and slumber' if his feet be tickled even by a feather from the pinions of the storm, and the mild moon causes his bosom to swell and heave like that of a love-sick maiden nineteen. Is Zahara a picture of patience when the simoon sweeps, and the sandy billows roll? or the old forest oak, when wrestling with the giant winds, and swinging his brawny arms and fro, as if in a knock-down-and-drag-out encounter with the wrathful demons of the tempest? No!—neither can man have a particle of patience when thunder, lightning, earthquakes, volcanoes, storms and hurricanes are raging all along within him, from brains to bosom, from bosom to b—— stomach—filling the dominion of the mind with fear and consternation, and threatening every moment to knock the soul's earthly tabernacle into a relic of antiquity!

My dear friends: Job of old is said to have been a very patient man; but his patience, like his bodily affliction, showed itself in spots. I don't mean to say that he commenced swearing as soon as he came into existence, but he CURSED THE DAY HE WAS BORN, and oftentimes did he exclaim 'O, that I were as in months past—when he had seen better times, and less of Satan. Nevertheless, Job was a paragon of patience, considering the sore calamities he had to undergo. But I think if he had to preach such sermons every week as I do—and to such a cold, dry, brick-and-mortar made congregation as mine—it would give, at least, a steam-pony-power pull at his patience. As for making any impression upon their sole-leather sympathies, or arousing them from their leaden lethargy, he might as well have undertaken to resuscitate a dead letter of the law with a galvanic battery.

My dear hearers: wake up—partially, at any rate—and try to muster sufficient patience to enable you to endure this dull course. It is an impatient world we live in, and we are all im-



tient. If we take a short journey, merely for the pleasure of the ride and to behold the varied beauties of nature by the way, we forget ourselves almost as soon as we start, and become impatient for the end. There seems to be a little steam-boiler, or some other propelling principle, in the inside of human nature that pushes us ahead—and we never go fast enough. I really believe that we shouldn't be perfectly satisfied with the speed if we were to straddle a streak of lightning and go round the world in a few fractions less than no time at all. Time, we say, drives his old wagon too fast for us; and we are itchingly impatient for the morrow! How exceedingly impatient are young lovers for the coming of Hymen with his hemp, when they know very well that matrimony will skim nearly all the sweet cream from the joys of courtship! Yes, and see, too, what impatience is exhibited to be the first to church and the first to get out of it! We are as impatient as wind-mills. My friends: there is no use in preaching patience to you nor to anybody else; for I can effect nothing. Combustible matter must burn if set on fire, and a shell must explode if the powder be ignited. Can a man be patient with corns on his feet, tight boots, raging toothache, teasing children, and twenty duns a day at his door? Can a husband be patient with a scolding wife?—or a wife with a stupid, cold, and, perhaps, unfaithful husband? No—never!—nor can they be made to be patient. As soon think of putting the troubled ocean to sleep with a spoonful of paregoric, or smothering Vesuvius with fried onions. Heaven alone is cool, calm and steady; but it is a wonder to me how Providence ever has so long had the patience to put up with, and provide for, such a little, peevish, fretful and ever-complaining mortals as you are. You are never satisfied with anything, and always in a hurry about everything. If I were to taper off my my sermons to a point, so as to give you an intimation that they were coming to a close, I should have to fling the concluding words of each at your backs, drop them upon empty benches; but, by cutting them smack as short as a bear's brush, I take you all by surprise, and pin you all to hear me say—So mote it be!

## LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.

**TEXT.**—The thorns of our lives are ten to the roses,  
 Then less the regret when death interposes;  
 Yet LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE—was the preacher's award;  
 And who that is wise will this disregard?

**MY DEAR HEARERS:** In speaking of the posies and prickers of life, it were impossible for me to consider them separately. In its most joyous wreaths are found thorns so numerous interwoven with the roses, that we cannot look upon them otherwise than as a necessary part and parcel of the whole: and so the CHEESEOLOGIST said of the skippers. Truly says my text, the thorns of our lives are, at least, ten to the roses. All our business transactions, though budding with promise and blossoming with gain, are surrounded with brambles thicker than bristles in a shoe-brush; and, in the end, we find we have scratched ourselves some in working through them. The artificial roses of happiness that many assume are very easily detected, inasmuch as they lack the living look and the rich fragrance of the real ones. In fact, the true roses of health, mirth and hilarity won't bloom upon the features while the thorns of care and anxiety are pricking the heart. But the pathway of love—young, ardent, passionate love—is strewn with roses: roses apparently without thorns, and such as are supposed at the time never to fade and die. When a couple of young lovers first begin the business, with mutual assistance, they feel as happy as hop-toads in a shower—heaven couldn't make them more so—flowers are blooming upon every side—perpetual fountains of happiness are seen gushing from the future—and whole hogsheads of joy and bliss are in store for both parties; but when marriage has made one the claimful goods of the other, and the other the legal property of one, the matter then assumes a more business-like hue, and the romance that once invested it gradually dissolves, as dissolve the glories of a bright summer's morn. Then the roses begin to fade—then fall the tender leaves that put forth so suddenly in the first warm rays of love; and thorns, that were hidden by bloom and foliage, now begin to show themselves as conspicuously as a man in the street with a night-shirt on. But don't let these little necessary annoyances deter you from entering into the conjugal state. There is pleasure in a connubial



prick, compared to the spikes, arrows, daggers, sledge-hammers and meat-axes that threaten and endanger an unmarried life.

My dear friends: LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE: that's the talk. If there be anything that money can buy to make you happy, comfortable, or contented, and you have the wherewithal at hand, do not be sparing of it; but be careful that you do not purchase the mud of misery under the supposition that you are about to obtain the pure honey of happiness. Remember that you have but one life to live here upon this mundane mound. Its spring you all do enjoy—its summer you all MAY, if you but go the right way to work about it. He that manages to always have just enough, and enjoys it as he goes along, is a wise man, and is not frightened at carecrows in the fields of the future. As strange as it may seem, it is, nevertheless, true that he with fifty thousand dollars in his pocket is foolishly afraid of to-morrow, and he with a hundred thousand is constantly executing a double-demi-semiquaver shake at the apparitions of want before him! 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' was the sage remark of one who lived longer ago than yesterday; and, I must say, that this negative choice of his is entitled to my unbounded admiration. 'Live while you live' is a blessed injunction; and you that are wise will do anything else than disregard it. But in trying to live lofty, beware lest you make a mistake and die by degrees, like a turtle with its head cut off.

My dear friends: I am now about to depart for a short time. Good-bye—as I must be to you, temporally—I shall bequeath to you, as a body, my blessing and an old pair of boots—'Such as I have give unto thee.' I am prepared to travel into a far—no, not a far—but into a FUR country—among the squirrels, foxes and esteemed friends. May you receive all the happiness that heaven can afford, during my short absence. That the girls may love the fellows, and the fellows be affectionately down on the girls, is my earnest and sincere desire; and also that you continue to love one another as badly, if not worse, than now. Adieu!—go I must. I say unto you, as once said a great and good being, who was half man and half divine, 'I cannot be with you ALWAYS.' So mote be!

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## A DUSTY SUBJECT.

TEXT.— Where did you come from ?

Knock a nigger down.

Who do you belong to ?

Knock a nigger down.

Where are you going to ?

Knock a nigger down.

MY HEARERS: The first question asked in my text is, Where did you come from ? You may think it as easily answered as a call to supper ; and so it may be, but not to my satisfaction. Methinks I hear you reply, individually : I came from the south, where the boys are always ready to take a drink but never an insult ; I came from down-east, where one man, with the assistance of a boy knows more in a minute than all Gotham in a week ; I from Jersey, the greatest country in creation ; and, I didn't come from anywhere—I was raised and brought up where I am. Now, this is all very well as far as it goes ; but where, I ask, did you come from originally ? You refer me to your parents. I know very well they assisted you in getting a foothold upon life ; but where allow me to inquire again, were you when you were nowhere. That's a knock-down, not only to a nigger, but to a white man. I will tell you where you were : your bodies were scattered in particles, hither and thither, all about these terrestrial lots, helping to form food for your progenitors, while the essence of your soul was diffused throughout all nonentity, like a drop of water evaporated in boundless space. To think what you once were, and what you are now, no doubt makes you feel rather proud and important, when you ought to be down upon your knees and humbly giving thanks that you are here at all. You should congratulate yourselves that you had the good fortune to come into the world, for the odds were astonishingly great against you, when we consider chance of ever being born ! Who knows but those myriads of embryos are lying upon the door-steps of existence weeping and wailing, and accusing old bachelors and elderly maids of downright murder ! But open the door and see if there are any to be taken in rather than be guilty of murder in the FIRST degree by wilful neglect.

My friends : Who do you belong to ? or, more grammatically speaking, to whom do you belong ? You can't belong to you



selves, because you are not self-made; and, therefore, you must belong to Him who created you after His own image, and to His own glory. Consequently, you are His property (poor property, too, some of you), and you have no right to abuse yourselves, nor one another, in any way, manner or shape. How dare you then eat, drink, and make love to excess, or commit assault and battery upon your neighbor, when you know you are abusing things that don't belong to you! Yes, and how can you have the audacity to put a razor to your throat and destroy that which was given to you by your God with an especial direction, like what you sometimes see upon a steamboat ticket: 'TO BE KEPT UNTIL CALLED FOR!' Your Maker has given you your lives for you to keep until he calls for them, and you have no more business to put them out of your hands by blowing your brains out, or getting drunk and lying down on the track of a railroad, than I have to murder my congregation—and yet I sometimes do it. But, you may ask, Have I not a right to respectfully return to the Giver what I am not pleased with? No, I answer, perpendicularly; because every one ought to be pleased with his life—and so he generally is, till he has abused and injured it by his own folly and indiscretion. So, after you have damaged the precious article, you think it all right and proper that you should throw it back into the hands of heaven with the excuse that you are not pleased with it! If you can look in the face of the Lord and do that, I don't know where there is a meanness you are not capable of committing. O, you wicked and perverse generation of self-manufactured fools! where are you going to?

Yes, my hearers, that is the question again: where are you going to? I know. Some of you are going to ruin; some are going to get married; some are going to reform—always GOING to; some are going down hill, and some are going up; some are going to their graves; and, from present appearances, you are all going straight to the devil. Religion is now either milk and water, or vinegar effervescing and foaming over with the pearlash of party—practical piety has been carried out by somebody so far that it has never found its way back—honesty is a donkey for the world to ride—sympathy is anything less than a red cent: it seldom or never shows itself in the shape of a sixpence—generosity selfishness in disguise, apparently open and liberal, yet really

mean and skulking. Instead of praying for one another, like loving brothers and sisters, you prey upon one another like the wild beasts of the forests ; and, in many respects, you are of little more consequence than they.

Now, to answer briefly the three questions of my text ; you came from the dust, you belong to the dust, and to the dust you must return ; and as you are made of dust, the knocking-down part of the text means, I suppose, ‘ down with the dust ! ’ So mote it be !

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#### THE WONDERS OF NATURE.

**TEXT.**—Who go to sea in ships, and in  
Great waters trading be,  
Within the deep these men God’s works  
And His great wonders see.

**MY HEARERS :** Those who go to sea in ships, or out of a ship as Jonah did, have a chance to witness some very wonderful wonders. They may there see water-spouts, infinitely larger than those attached to the eaves of our houses ; and spouting whales, far more monstrous, in appearance, than those ‘ whales for spouting ’ that live upon the land—and sharks, too, equally as voracious as any in Wall street. The three wise men of Gotham, who went to sea in a bowl, had as good a chance to examine the wonders of the deep as those who put out in ships ; for, not content with merely skimming the surface of the object of their investigation, they went directly to the bottom ; and saw what none of us have seen, or ever care to see, but what we all must, sooner or later, see—Death.

My dear hearers : the wondrous works of God, and the evidences of his almighty power, are manifested everywhere—upon the land as well as upon the ocean. The Alps, the Andes, the Apennines, the Rocky and the Himlaya Mountains are pretty extensive works in their way ; about as tall specimens of terrestrial architecture as you generally see. We read that, in olden times, ‘ the mountains skipped like rams.’ This is wonderful, indeed ! Why such huge monsters should have been allowed to perform hop-



waltzes and come their antics to the destruction of human life and the demolition of mole-hills, is past my understanding. But many of them, as we plainly see, have been made to smoke for it, and they keep comparatively quiet and sober; notwithstanding every now and then one of these big b'hoys breaks out in a new spot, and appears still determined on being 'bound to blaze.' Water, too, is a great wonder. By what process it could ever have been manufactured, is an unfathomable mystery. There was no rain before the fall of our first parents; nor until sin and iniquity had filled the land. Then heaven wept for the wickedness of man, and drowned the world with a flood of tears; and the Angel of Pity has continued to cry ever since for the vices, follies and errors of us all. Lightnings were first beheld, with wonderment, to play about the awful summit of Sinai—after which they were sported with by an American philosopher; and now they are so far tamed as to run upon errands, even for the humblest serf of the soil. Nevertheless, brethren, lightning is as much a mystery now as it was in the beginning. The more we experiment with it, the more are we led to wonder at the astonishing works of Omnipotence. Why, the proud but foolish atheist, who asserts that a flower makes itself, can't even begin to make the simplest of flowers. He can't make earth—he can't make vegetable matter—he can't make fire (although he imagines he can), and neither can he make water. The fact is, we have been so daily accustomed to the wonders of Nature, from our childhood upwards, that we look upon them with a cold and careless eye. Some of the less common of these command more attention. We behold a rainbow or the aurora-borealis, and we exclaim, That is wonderful! while the little plant that grows unheeded at our feet is just as wonderful as either—a terrapin more so.

My worthy hearers: you needn't go to sea to see wonders; but stay at home, look about you, and you will see enough to surprise you, if you but go to the expense of a few thoughts. The link in the great chain of Nature is curious and interesting to observe from a toad-stool up to the tall cedars of Lebanon—from a worm to a woman—from a moth up to a man. No two of us are made alike, either physically, mentally, or morally. Our figures are different—our faces are different—our thoughts are different, and our habits are different; but our propensities are all the same:

every one enjoys such carnal pleasures as eating, drinking, and kissing—the latter being a kind of dessert, not essentially necessary, nor necessarily unessential; but it is good, anyhow. So, nations differ in complexion, language, traits of character, habits, and pursuits; and, as for bringing all mankind together into a bond of unity, as some of our modern reformers are trying to do, you might as soon think of forming an association among the hawks, doves, crows, and robins—causing them all to build their nests alike, and none to take advantage of another in obtaining a subsistence. Such is the incomprehensible wisdom of Providence—wonderful, indeed, when we come to why and wherefore about it. Nations, societies and circles will differ, as well as individuals; yet it is all for the best, as the old woman said when she saw a bull-fight.

My dear friends: it is curious, and not a little astonishing, to view the vast machinery of the universe. The wheels of nature continue to roll with the same velocity as thousands of years ago and they never squeak upon their axes for the want of greasing—the pendulum of time still swings to and fro with its wonted regularity—the planets, with their satellites, never grow weary in waltzing round their suns—and not a spot nor blemish can be found to mar the apparently newly-painted and varnished structure of creation. The Earth is as fresh and youthful as when she was first pregnant with Adam—the eye of old Sol is as bright and piercing as ever—and the bald-headed Moon gets on very well without a wig. In short, my friends, there are mysteries and wonders whichever way you may look—whether into the sea, up on earth, or to the heavens above. Everything is a mystery, from a caterpillar to a king: from a king to the King of kings. But the time will soon come, brethren, when all these will cease to be mysteries to you—when you grubs will sleep in a chrysalis state till you come forth upon butterfly wings, to flit among the never-fading flowers of immortality. So mote it be!



## THE POETRY AND PROSE OF THE WORLD.

**TEXT.**— This is a wondrous world of ours,  
Brimful of poetry and—prose.

**MY HEARERS:** This world of ours (we call it ours because it does not belong to us) is the greatest, best and most curious—for aught I know—in the whole heap. It couldn't be improved, in point of shape or beauty, nor made better to suit the poor purposes of us tenants; and, therefore, I hardly believe we shall ever undertake to improve it, as a whole—yet, since man has made a railroad for lightning to carry the mail on, there is no telling what he won't undertake to do next. It keeps rolling round swiftly, but gently, and we hang on to it as affectionately as a tumble-bug to its all. There is no grating, jarring or jaggings, as it turns upon its axes—excepting now and then it rubs against an earthquake, for amusement's sake. It gives us a sunning for about twelve out of twenty-four hours, and the other twelve it puts itself over us, even as a hen putteth herself over her chickens, and broods us in darkness, silence and peace. It has hills and valleys—seas and rivers—mountains and plains—woods and bushes—weeds and flowers—and—and—and—a great variety of monkeys: besides a few snakes.

My dear friends: the majestic mountain, the peaceful vale, the flowing stream, the roaring ocean, the blooming mead, the flowery field, the dashing torrent, the silvery cascade, the rolling thunder, the swift-winged lightning, the howling tempest, the whistling wind, the balmy breeze, the melodious birds, the fancy-pinioned butterflies, the buzzing insects, and the charming women—all constitute the **POETRY** of this wondrous world: the insipid sand-bank, the dull plain, the protruding rock, the barren beach, the busy mart, the muddy street, the miry marsh, the sour-faced swamp, the travelling swine, and the grumbling men—are the **PROSE**. Love and courtship are chock full of poetry—poetry that plays upon the heart-strings and makes music sweet to the soul; but a flock of fifteen children, and half a loaf of bread, is rather prosy. Nothing can be more poetical than to see a young couple—just beginning to suck at the sweets of connubiality, or skimming the cream from the milk of matrimony—bidding, cooing, caressing, myring, my-loving, and my-ducking, with all the ardor, fondness,

fire, and foolishness that human nature is capable of sustaining without apprehension of bursting its boiler. Yes, nothing can be more poetical than all this; but, by-and-by, perhaps, the green-eyed monster comes stalking in at the very door where love made its entrance—and, then, farewell the romance!—good-bye to the poetry: Love jumps out of the window, tumbles over a swill-tub, and beats out his brains against a pig-pen; while Affection scampers down the cellar, and commits suicide in a soap-barrel. Immediately after all this, the winds cease to blow, and the devil goes to dinner. Now this is only a song for the day: there is no true love nor genuine poetry in it. No, it is no more like pure poetry than *E Pluribus Unum* is like T. Picton Milner.

My friends: you may think there is poetry in flattery, and in the paying of compliments; but it is nothing more than jingling rhyme, that tickles the ear for the moment. When you come to know that, generally, those who are the most willing to pay compliments seldom pay anything else, you will find out that it is about as uninteresting prose as was ever printed in a Dutch law book. In firm friendship and undying love, there is poetry sublime, which hearts may feel but no pen can write; but flattery, to say the best, is but a poor parody on the poetical feelings of humanity. A feather of flattery, stuck in the cap of friendship, is no adornment—no more than a goose-quill would be in the tail of a peacock, a wreath of dandelions upon a rose-bush, or a counter-cap of Liberty on a lamp-post.

My friends: it is, indeed, a wondrous world! and the great wonder is that more don't wonder at it. To say nothing of its material mechanism, the make and movements of its moral machinery are a sufficient study for a philosopher. There is the great main-wheel of self, that keeps all the rest in motion, to grind out a grist for home consumption; ambition is the working power, and love is the oil that makes the whole run smoothly. He that carries a grist to the mill of another must expect to have not a small quantity of toll taken. How pure and disinterested appear the motives of men! Their professions of friendship—their acts of kindness—their generous deeds and philanthropic endeavors—seem very pretty and poetical: but, my friends, if you could look into their hearts and behold their *REAL* motives, all their outward manifestations would fall at least fifty per cent. in your estimation.



the doctor, while with one hand he is feeling of your pulse, with the other he is feeling in your pocket. The lawyer gets your case and your cash. You think it very kind of the porter that carries your trunk from the steamboat to your lodgings, but his kindness is kindled from the expectation of a quarter. The philanthropist wants to set the bondsmen free, see the sick comforted, and the poor assisted; yet, in reality, he cares nothing about them—not so much as to drop a penny in the lap of a poor blind beggar woman. It is all for EFFECT. Your minister, too, it must be confessed, has as much solicitude about his salary as he has for the salvation of your souls. He doesn't care so much as he pretends for your eternal welfare—not he. To be frank, I myself—your patent preacher—am not much concerned about my little flock, so long as by preaching I obtain the good things of this world—afford myself some gratification—and excite the curiosity and admiration of the women. So mote it be!

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ON ROMANCE AND REALITY.

EXF.—When on some balmy breathing night of spring,  
 The happy child, to whom the world is new,  
 Pursues the evening moth, of mealy wing,  
 Or from the heath-bell beats the evening dew;  
 He sees before his inexperienced eye  
 The brilliant glow-worm, like a meteor, shine  
 On the turf-bank;—amazed, and pleased, he cries  
 'Star of the dewy grass!—I make thee mine!'

DEAR HEARERS: The immortal bard of Avon once truthfully remarked, 'The earth has bubbles, as the waters have;' yes, and bubbles, too, of which vain Man is continually in pursuit, from the moment he first creeps from his cradle, till he drops all his worldly toys, and tumbles into the fatal pit-fall. In childhood, it is sugar-plums, sweet-cake, gingerbread, and a consumptive kitten: in youth, fine clothes, plenty of pocket change, a sweetheart, and a big dog: in manhood, wealth, honor and fame—THE newspaper and a sunshiny wife: in old age, money, still money, chro- politics, perchance a pipe, and numerous pets and playthings, tickle whimsical Fancy, 'of no use to any but the owner,' but of vast consequence to him.

My dear friends: twig the blest brat alluded to in my text. To him the world is new, bright and beautiful. Care has not rubbed off a particle of its polish; Sorrow has shed no bedimming tears upon its lustre; Grief, with her dark wing, has beshadowed none of its (to him) new-born glories; nor has Slander emptied her slops at his feet. Almost everything he sees is an object of interest, curiosity, or admiration. Happy is he in his sprightly, but fruitless, endeavors to gather a hatful of butterflies, or more stealthily to lay salt upon the spasmodic tail of a chickadee. Mark the chap—gilded with joyous enthusiasm for the present—with no haunting regrets behind, nor deceiving hopes before—mark how he ‘pursues the evening moth, of mealy wing,’ unmindful whether it procure him a meal for the morrow or no. Such delight is his dinner—supper, I might have more properly observed—and beating June-bugs from rose-bushes is his morning repast. The brilliant glow-worm, shining like a meteor upon the mead at pale evening time, attracts his eager eye. Then, exultant cries he, ‘Star of the dewy grass!—I make thee mine!’ And so he does; what then? Why, before he lays his innocence down to sleep, he plucks some favorite flower, and within its perfumed cell imprisons his glittering prize. He sleeps and dreams that a thousand fairy-lamps illumine his bower; but lo! when he awakes in the morning, and hies to his glowing treasure, he weep to find himself in possession of nothing more than a disgusting grub!—rayless as an unlighted ‘old soger.’

My adult and adulterous brethren: so it is with you all—you, who commit a species of adultery with every vain and trifling attraction in this deceitful world. Unmindful of the lessons you have learned from the book of the Past, you rub up your mildewed hopes, and push ahead, through brier and bramble, bog and quagmire, to get a bite at tempting apples, which (as I can vouch for) are no sooner touched than they fall to ashes upon the barren shore of Disappointment’s Dead Sea! You rub ginger and turpentine upon the hindermost of Ambition’s lazy steed to hurry you up the hill of notoriety. Well, after an exorbitant outlay of whip, spur, and tactics, you at length reach the apex. There you find the atmosphere cold and uncharitable; and that happy heaven, which seemed to kiss its cheek, is now as far distant as ever. Its illumined peak was but a mere glow-worm, that only shone for



you while plodding the dull vale of obscurity. There was once a man, my friends, well off in the world, who put the whole of his wealth in a pair of saddle-bags, mounted 'an old gray hoss,' and set out to dig for gold at the foot of a rainbow; but just as he was getting his mouth in the right shape to exclaim 'I make thee mine!' the bow suddenly disappeared, and left him completely in the dark as to where to dig. He returned a burst-up individual, a LITTLE ruined—not wholly. No; with less presumption, and more prudence, he took an honest shovel in hand, fell quietly to digging among dung-heaps; and the consequence was, he gradually rose to a safe eminence, whence he might, had he been so disposed, have looked down with consummate contempt upon all the muck and manure that ever gladdened the eyes of despairing juvenile potatoes.

Now, my beloved brethren, will you ever learn a salutary lesson from the man with the saddle-bags and 'old gray hoss?' I know you won't. Instead of well-stored waters that almost wash the door-sills of your own homes, you would rather perform a Sabbath-day's trudge to try your luck in Dubious Dam, even as I, in my more foolish days, was wont to forsake first-rate angling at home for a precarious jaunt to Five-Mile Pond; and there to find the marginal residents of said pond off upon a piscatory excursion to Lake Uncertain. You see allurements too far ahead, for the wealth of your pockets and present happiness. I bespatter no man with censure for keeping a reasonable eye to the distant, nor plaster with praise the dull mortal who seeks only for treasures a few inches from his toes. But, as for some of you, my incorrigibles, you assert that you are in the habit of looking but a short distance beyond your noses, then all I have to say is, that you must have smellers so immortally long as to require a pinch of snuff to be conveyed by express, to arrive in season for taking the same day.

O, my vain followers!—no, not followers—don't come after me—but vain pursuers of false attractions, empty shadows, and trifling toys!—if you won't listen to Reason, harken unto me, her most beautiful mouth-piece. You see a little gold dollar glistening afar off, among the rust and rubbish of the world. You must have it, somehow—even at the sacrifice of a solitary shirt. After good deal of working, worrying, sweating (and I don't know but

some swearing), you are at length enabled to say, 'Bright star of my hopes!—I make thee mine!' You do? Well, look at the precious jewel on the morrow. There it is—transmogrified into a barrel of soap-fat, or, perchance, a bundle of hay, to stuff the skin of a sorry jackass! Then,

'Where, and O where, has my golden dollar gone?'

You woo the beautiful goddess Fancy for the sake of her charms, her imaginary wealth, and her dazzling display of finery. She plays the coquette, which but adds fuel to the fire of your love and fury to your eagerness. You open your arms for a blissful embrace, and ejaculate 'Queen of my heart's dominions!—I make thee mine!' And what have you won?—the captivating Queen of Shadows! whose beauty is but paint—whose adornments are mere tinsel—and whose wealth is but an empty bubble! You perform the act of incubation upon one solitary idea, till your nest is overshadowed by the tallest of indolent weeds, in the hopes of hatching out SOMETHING, 'by-and-by,' that shall astonish the whole world and its distinguished uncle; but after 'setting' long enough to hatch pebbles from a peck of paving-stones, the egg is accidentally broken: and to your own mortified astonishment, you find it a 'bad 'un'—worse than bad; for it has not only befouled your nest, but probably given your faith in eggs, of any sort, so severe a shake as never to recover its original strength.

And you, my young friend without the pale of matrimony—you, who, as yet, know nothing about the cares of the world, and the care of a wife—don't be in such a dangerous hurry to pick up a perpetual comforter; or you may pounce upon one of those fluttering, flaky feminines, who, like my yesterday's piece of pie, are all outside flake and crust, and not a bit of mince or apple within. I warn you to mind your eye: for, although you may joyously exclaim at the altar 'I make thee mine!' yet it won't be long before, with a sad look at the halter, you will begin to feel suspicious that you have made yourself HERS; and then—did you ever see a mouse scratching, snuffing, poking his whiskers and nervously twitching nose between the wires of his prison-house? Or hast thou ever read how a presumptuous crow once entangled his claws in the fleece of rather too solid a lump of live mutton, and was just about to 'holler' 'I make thee mine!' when he unfortunately discovered that he had 'put his foot in it!' But, I shall



leave you to draw your own cider, and wind off by reminding you all to be prepared for the King of Terrors, who is telegraphed as on his way hither. When HE lays his relentless paws upon a pack of you, and says 'I make thee mine!' you are gone 'coons; and your only salvation is in the hope of a better hereafter. So mote it be!

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MAN'S INHERENT INIQUITY.

TEXT.—The wicked men estranged are,  
Even from the very womb;  
They, speaking lies, do stray as soon  
As to the world they come.

MY HEARERS: What a vast difference there is in natures, natural dispositions, of men—women, too, of course! I don't know why it should be so, and yet it is an absolute so: men are born with different hearts just as much as with different forms and faces—and you might as well tell a nigger to look like a white man as to tell another to behave and conduct himself like somebody else. Can you take the temperament of a high-strung horse, and put it into one of a milder disposition? Can you whip the fierceness out of a bulldog and lick it into a cur? Can you transform a lion into an ass by covering him with the skin of a donkey? Can you become an ox by going to grass, like Nebuchadnezzar, and keeping company with cattle. No! Neither can you convert inherited rascality into genuine honesty, nor transmogrify radical iniquity into pure and shining holiness. O, ye hypocrites!—you hollow, silver-washed tubes of pretension! You think to pass yourselves off for solid saints; but a gentle tap with the hammer of truth will test your emptiness. You may put an extra coat of whitewash upon your hearts—apply the paint of piety unsparingly on the walls of the inner temple—scent yourselves with the perfume of godliness to an unusual height—take a double dose of vinegar, and go to church—walk, on the way, like a sick flaminio through a meadow marsh—when you are there, look as if you adn't a friend in the world, and didn't expect to find one in heaven—join in the services with a zeal sufficiently solemn to curdle

a quantity of sunshine—then go your ways, talking about the danger of **THEIR** souls, and the necessity of **THEIR** preparing for the great change that awaits **THEM**. You may do all this, and people will think that you are as pure as virgin gold; but as soon as you return to your secular concerns the gilt rubs off, and the base metal **WILL** show, in spite of you. Then, with your back to the Lord, you slyly slip the widow's mite into your pocket—play 'heads I win, and tails you lose' with the poor man's pennies—and cheat all you can, between Sundays, in a respectable and business-like manner.

My dear friends: wicked men, as says my text, are estranged even from the very womb. It is as true as it is lamentable. They are born with the seeds of iniquity in their natures; and there they will remain, in spite of the law, the gospel, moral instruction, the cowhide, and the state prison. As a pig retaketh to the mud-gutter, so these men bend their footsteps to evil. They had rather steal a pumpkin than honestly gather a bushel of peaches: they see no fruit worth tasting upon the tree of integrity: it is their delight to pick berries from among the thorns of sin: the flowers that beskirt the path of virtue are so many toadstools to them: the ways of vice are theirs, even though they lead through every swamp and slough-hole between Florida and for ever. If they accidentally found themselves going the right way, they would leap fences and ditches—dive through brake and brier, and sacrifice their coat-tails, to get upon the wrong track. While others take the proper roads and turnpikes through life, that lead through pleasant places—by the margin of silvery streams—on gentle declivities, between mountain and valley, and over plains beautifully embroidered with Nature's handy needle—they must recklessly cut across lots to the tomb, with a load of abominations upon their backs sufficient to make old Beelzebub himself give a wearisome grunt! Miserable wretches! Let us not scoff at their moral deformities, but rather pity them that they are made so, and they can't help it.

My dear hearers: as for 'speaking lies,' you all have the failing in a greater or less degree. There isn't a man, woman, nor child, living, but have lied in their hearts—and they each know it. Yes, and they will lie a good many times more ere they lie in their graves. Almost as soon as you pop into the world, you stray



about with ready-fabricated falsehoods in your mouths—all they want is a finishing touch to answer any sudden purpose. You make use of lies because they help you to turn the sharp corners of pecuniary, legal, social, and other worldly difficulties. They appear to be man's small ammunition, furnished by the devil---bullet cartridges that often do considerable execution, where the blank charge of truth but gives an ineffectual flash. Some of you tell a bold, straight lie---as straight as a ramrod, and as black as the arch inventor himself---and stick to it, like a bear to her cub. Others wrap up a thumping falsehood in a disfigured, faded remnant of truth. They are cowards---they have the heart to lie, but lack the courage to do it openly, and what I call HONESTLY. Look out for such---they are the most venomous of all lying reptiles. Now, you are all given to lying, and you know it. Whether statesman, politician, lawyer, preacher, or ploughman, you will, at times, bury the truth beneath the foul rubbish of falsehood---sometimes deeper than at others. You may call it a fib, an equivocation, a jest, or what you like; a lie is a lie, give it as respectable a cognomen as you may. You will tell untruths, because it is in the nature of all flesh, since the old serpent first lied to man, and man lied to the Lord. Nevertheless, if you try hard enough, you may succeed in making the truth answer. It will stand a poor chance at first---be unheeded, despised, contemned---but when once it comes to be known, you can ride with it to glory, amid the huzzas of an admiring multitude. So mote it be!

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#### ON FATNESS AND LEANNESS.

TEXT.—Fat paunches make lean pates, and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but banker out the wits.

MY HEARERS: Which had you rather be considered, fat and foolish, or lean and intellectual? It is to no purpose, however, that I ask this question; for, if you are naturally inclined to obesity, you must be, in spite of wishes to the contrary, and semi-starvation: on the other hand, if you were born to leanness, all the food you can accumulate through life wouldn't be enough to grease the whiskers of a muskrat. Yet there are many who are born in betweenity: neither to preponderate nor extenuate carnally; but they live with their inclinations, appetites, and indulgences, whether

their brains be buried in their bellies, or left active in the temple of reason and the palace of fancy. No fat matter has ever yet enlightened the world.

My friends: that fat paunches make lean pates is evident---no from my own experience (for my front view is rather monotonous and uninteresting)---but by particular observation. The man of fat is merry, happy and humorous---the needles of care can't pierce through his flesh to prick his heart. He is so well clothed, carnally, that his soul is always warm, and the sunshine that lights his interior is reflected in smiles upon his features; but all of his thoughts come fresh and coarse from the heart, without being ground over in the brain-mill and converted into ideas. He has little imagination, less fancy; and if there be any poetry in his system, he hasn't the implements in his head to work it into language. All his pleasures are sensual---derived from roast beef, plum pudding, probably wine, and possibly women. He has no mental garden in which to gather the honeysuckles of love---the laurels of glory---the hawthorn blossoms of hope---the lavender leaves of assiduity---and the kennidias of intellectual beauty. No, he thinks from his belly, speaks from his belly, and cares all for his belly. Now, your lean man, whose ideas are comparatively unencumbered with carnal rubbish is a different sort of being altogether. He thinks, fancies, imagines, ruminates, meditates and cogitates. He goes to the bottom of matters like a bustle; and when confronted by an equal, the intellectual sparks fly out like those occasioned by the flint and steel. But I wouldn't wish you to starve yourselves for the sake of being thought brilliant; for a body too much reduced weakens the energies of the mind as much as a superabundance of flesh stultifies and stupefies the intellect. Eat moderately; drink moderately; be moderate in your indulgences; keep the body in a fair condition, with a due proportion of animal and vegetable food; let physic alone; and your strengthened physical and mental faculties will probably make you distinguished for dollars and sense. Partake heartily of moral nourishment, put fat upon the ribs of virtue, swell the paunch of probity, imbibe the liquor of love, and you will attain wisdom; and wisdom attaineth goodness, and goodness attaineth greatness. No mote it be!